

THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1855.



BISHOP SCOTT.

AT the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church four new bishops were elected. We propose to give portraits of each, with "pen-and-ink" sketches: the latter will be very brief but accurate—the former may not be the most accurate in every case, but shall be as good as the paintings or daguerreotypes, from which our artists copy, will admit.

BISHOP SCOTT was born October 11, 1802, at Cantwell's Bridge, Newcastle County, Delaware, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church October 16, 1822. He entered the Philadelphia Conference in 1826, and was sent to Talbott Circuit, and in 1827 to Dover Circuit. In 1828 he was stationed in St. George's Charge,

Philadelphia. In 1829 he returned to the same station. In 1830 he was sent to West Chester, Pennsylvania, whither he returned in 1831. In 1832, his health having failed, he was given the relation of supernumerary. In 1833 he resumed an effective relation, and was sent to Kent County, Maryland. In 1834 and 1835 he traveled Delaware District, on the "Peninsula." In 1836 he was stationed at Franklin-street Church, Newark, New-Jersey; in 1837 and 1838 at Ebenezer Church, Philadelphia; 1839, St. Paul's, Philadelphia. In 1840 he was appointed principal of Dickinson Grammar School, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. In the same year the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by the Wesleyan Uni-

versity, Middletown, Connecticut. In 1843 he resigned his position at Carlisle, and was appointed to Union Church, Philadelphia; and in 1844 was resented to the same charge. In 1845-8 he was the presiding elder of the South Philadelphia District. In 1846 the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Delaware College, Newark, Del. He has been honored with an election to the General Conference at every session since 1832. In 1848 he was elected by that body Assistant Book Agent, in New-York, where he performed important service to the Church in the noted lawsuit case. It is a singular fact that while no Church holds more extreme views respecting the sacredness and exclusiveness of the ministerial work and the ministerial "call" or "commission," Methodism has, nevertheless, for nearly three quarters of a century, spared from its regular ministry some of its strongest men for the management of the secular business and financial responsibilities of its "Book Concern"—not merely for *editors*—that might be desirable and seemingly enough as a necessary guard of the moral or theological character of its publications, but, we repeat, for its *business management*; and no less than three men have been kept for years in this sort of "secularized" relation to the Church, who were afterward deemed worthy to stand at the head of its ministerial hosts as bishops—Emory, Waugh, and Scott.

Originally, and for years, the ministerial "Book Agent" did all the local business of the Concern—the editing, (what little there was of it,) the packing of the books, the keeping of the accounts, &c. For *thirty* years there was no clerk allowed him; and though selected from the conference ranks—from purely ministerial employments, and usually, if not invariably, without the business experience of which the management of ten thousand dollars' worth of property could afford—he is suddenly placed in the midst of the largest business of the kind, save one instance, known in this country; the largest, save two instances, known in the world—a business which includes hundreds of artisans and clerks, hundreds of thousands of dollars, steam printing-presses, binderies, a stereotype foundry, compositors, and dealers scattered over the continent! Rare resources of prac-

tical talent must the Church have possessed if it has managed properly this immense and complicated business, under such circumstances—a business and an amount of property which no ordinary capitalists would dare to trust to any other than the most able and *experienced* management. But it has grown richer and richer—a fact which no one can deny.

Whether, however, its success has, in spite of its management, been owing to the vast and peculiar advantages of its denominational market which now commands, it is estimated, about one-fifth of the population of the country, and is everywhere reached by its itinerant agencies—and whether it ought to have been double what it has been—and whether its capital yields anything like the interest which ordinary business men expect, are questions which captious critics in the Church papers have not yet decided. One thing seems plain enough, viz., that with the recent and prospective enlargement of this really stupendous interest, the old policy must be modified, either by retaining permanently, in the management of the Concern, really capable men when once they are found, as is the case in England, or by vesting its management, wholly or in part, in laymen of ascertained and first-rate business talent, who shall be under the supervision of the present clerical Book Committee. Any clergyman of good sense, and little or no business experience, must certainly feel stunned by a sudden introduction to such varied and overwhelming responsibilities, and must naturally be afraid of any other policy than one of extreme caution and retrenchment—a policy very excellent in some cases, but which with such capital and such a market may cramp the noblest energies of the Concern, and be a real though indirect and unperceived waste of tens of thousands annually—of enough to pay, a score of times over, the best salaries of the best lay business men that can be found.

This is a digression, yet not an irrelevant one; but be this as it may, and granting the best business talent in the world to Methodist preachers, we think the General Conference showed its good sense in calling from their money desks such men as Waugh, Emory, and Scott for the episcopal office.

Bishop Scott was elected the first on the list of the new candidates of 1852, and by the largest majority. He had done well in the Book Concern along with his venerable associate the Rev. George Lane, and had helped successfully to steady it amidst the hurricane that swept over the denomination at the division of the Church, North and South.

He had been on the ministerial roll during a quarter of a century, and no man in the connection stood before the Church with a purer and more exemplary reputation. All felt, at his nomination, that there could be but one drawback to his election, and that was his health, which had been frail for years. His good sense and judgment, his integrity to the Church, his prudence and impartiality in the administration of its government, his excellence as a dignified and impressive preacher, were all accredited, without a doubt, and he passed into the episcopal chair with as much approbation on the part of his brethren as modesty on his own part.

Not long after his appointment, Dr. Scott made an episcopal visit to the Methodist missions in Africa; the first visit of the kind in the history of the Church. His friends apprehended serious results to his health, from the well-known perils of the African climate, and he has suffered somewhat from it. While absent he seemed to improve much; but on returning, the insidious effects of the climate were developed, and his health has by no means been vigorous since. Still, it may be hoped that the travels, required by his office, will repair his strength; and perhaps his friends may yet find that, like most of his brother functionaries, the usual rotundity of the episcopal physique shall dignify his official presence among them. We think his improvement the more probable, as he is evidently a man of calm self-control, and therefore, the mental wear and tear of the office being its chief perils, he will be able to defend himself against them.

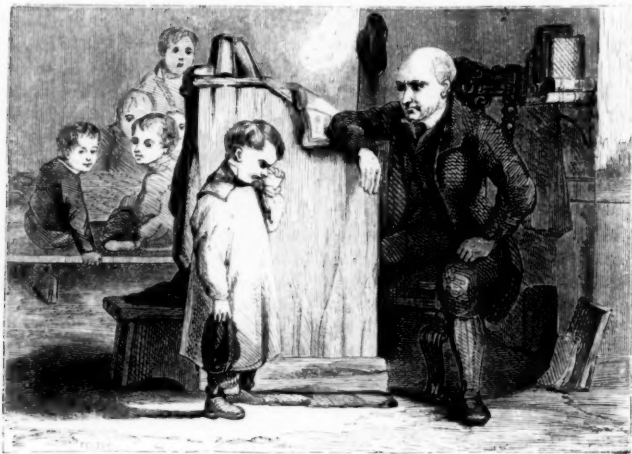
No man could preside with more simple and graceful dignity than Bishop Scott. He dispatches business—but is never in a “hurry.” Wesley had a good maxim, of being *always in haste but never in a hurry*,—it is a requisite rule with Methodist bishops. Bishop Scott is one of those rare men with whom it would

seem to be next to impossible to give offense. The suavity, the serenity, the courtesy—the *religious* courtesy, if such we may call it—of his manner in the episcopal chair, will not admit of a misinterpretation, and no man could venture to resent any of his official opinions or decisions without feeling that he did an act of as much disrespect to himself as to his officer. It takes a genuine gentleman to impress a public body in this way, and usually the “highest style” of that character—the Christian gentleman.

Dr. Scott is tall and slight in person. His features are very regular, and indicate much refinement, both moral and intellectual. His hair is sandy and is becoming slight; his craniological development full and intellectual, the organs of “perception,” “comparison,” and “caution” being most prominent; his eyes are dark blue; his nose large and well-formed; his mouth remarkably well defined and expressive of the refinement of sentiment we have alluded to. Though Bishop Scott has not any preëminent reputation, that we are aware of, as a preacher, his pulpit discourses are always good and impressive. Thoughtful hearers usually return from them pronouncing them “excellent.” They are clear, well framed, and expressed in a correct and chaste style; they are often happily illustrated by figures; there is a fragrant unction about them which is always grateful and refreshing to devout minds, and they never fail of the chief attribute of a good sermon—*instruction*. Not unfrequently they rise to a tone of chastened power and grandeur; we have recollections of such sermons, delivered by him a full quarter of a century ago, and which we shall never forget.

Dr. Scott is self-educated, but not the less thoroughly educated on that account; his attainments are classical, and he was, as we have stated, the successful teacher, for a period of three years, of the Grammar School of Dickinson College. Thus has he found, like many of his ministerial brethren, opportunities for mental culture amidst the toils of the Methodist itinerancy. Able and reliable, as he is unpretending, he cannot fail to sustain his functions with success, if he can only sustain his health.

The marked distinction of his whole character, moral and intellectual, is its perfect *symmetry*.



GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;

I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;



Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault:

The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:





In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue
still;

While words of learned length, and thundering
sound,

Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing
eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the
door;

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care:



No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to
hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toilsome pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore:
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.



Not so the loss. The man of wealth and
pride

Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken
sloth

Has robb'd the neighboring fields of half their
growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her
reign,

Slights every borrow'd charm that dress sup-
plies,

Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms
are frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;



While, scourged by famine, from the suiling
land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure
know

Extorted from his fellow-creature's
woe.

Here, while the courtier glitters in
brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly
trade;

Here, while the proud their long-
drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms be-
side the way;

The dome where pleasure holds her
midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gor-
geous train;

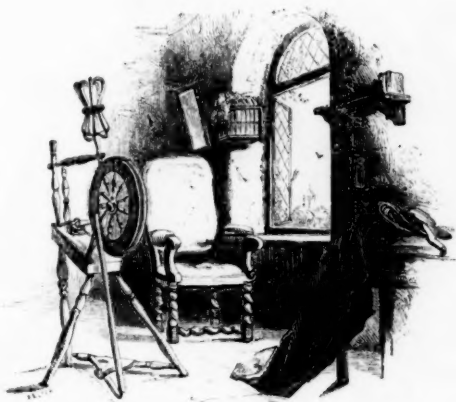
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the
blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the
torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine
eyes

Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the
thorn;

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.





Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling!
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they,

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,

The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd
that parting day, [away!
That call'd them from their native walks
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd
their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main:
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!





Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own :
At every draught more large and large they
grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part un-
sound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin
round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done :
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where you anchoring vessel spreads the
sail,

That idly waiting flaps with every gale ;
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there ;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me
so ;

Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell ! and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,

I *

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength pos-
sist,

Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift
decay,

As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

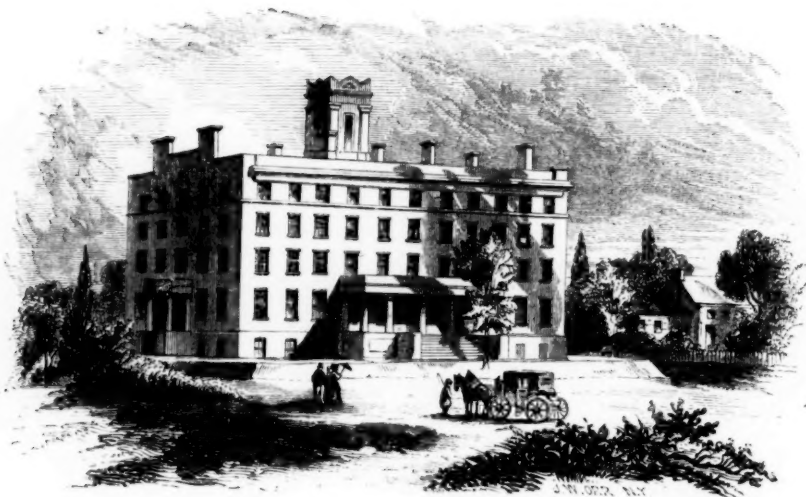
[For the National Magazine.]

JUNE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Time when violets dot the grasses,
Mingling in the meshy masses
Knots of living, blooming blue ;
When the meads are cover'd over
With the clumps of clustering clover,
Heavy with their honey-dew ;
Where, through all the sunny weather,
Buttercups bloom bright together,
Opening every morn anew.

Time when rippling rounds of song
Gush melodiously along,
Making harps of every tree ;
When the weary, heavy hearted,
Smile as in the days departed :
Time of greenness and of glee.
Hail thee ! June, most welcome comer !
Sunrise of the blessed summer,
Nature's grandest jubilee.



VIEW OF THE OLD INSTITUTION.

NEW-YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.*

BENEFICENT institutions, especially for the education of the unfortunate, are among the highest indications of an advancing civilization. They begin to abound in our noble state, and indeed throughout the Union. Those of our own city are numerous, and almost yearly assume increasing importance by the donations of the wealthy, or the liberality of the state. The institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb ranks among the first of these generous provisions.

About three centuries have elapsed since the first recorded efforts were made, contemporaneously, by Pedro Ponce, a Spanish monk, and Joachim Pasch, a German pastor, to lead to the light of knowledge and religion some few of those our unfortunate fellowmen, whom the deprivation of speech and hearing had shut out of the pale of social and religious privileges, during so many thousand years. Less than one century has passed since the benevolent and self-denying De L'Épée founded the first institution, devoting to it both his life and his own private fortune, for the free instruction of the indigent deaf and dumb; and already there are, in Europe and

America, two hundred such institutions, all but twelve or thirteen of which have sprung up within the last fifty years.

And though the oldest institution for the deaf and dumb on this side of the Atlantic, that of Hartford, is but a year older than our own, and our own has numbered only about half as many years as are usually reckoned to the life of man, there are now sixteen such institutions in as many states of the Union, all supported mainly by appropriations from the state treasuries. More than half of these were opened within the last twelve years.

Nine states, which have as yet no institutions for deaf mutes within their own borders, have made provision for educating, in some cases all, and in others, a large proportion of their indigent deaf and dumb, in a school in some neighboring state.

In the number of pupils under instruction, the increase has been equally encouraging. Twenty-one years ago all the American schools for the deaf and dumb, then six in number, contained barely four hundred pupils, six-sevenths of whom were from states north and east of the Potomac, leaving still unprovided for, nearly or quite one-half of the deaf mutes in the eastern and middle states; while south of the Potomac and west of the Alleghanies, deaf mutes, to whom the advantages of

* We condense the materials of our present article from documents, with which we have been politely favored by Dr. Peet, the president of this institution.

education were accessible, formed rare exceptions to the general deplorable doom of their companions in misfortune. Ten years later, the number of schools in actual operation had not increased, (one in this state having been merged in our own, and one in Virginia opened in the interval,) but the number of pupils had risen to six hundred. Since then the cause has received a new impulse. The present number of pupils in our sixteen institutions is not far from twelve hundred, the number of pupils having doubled, and of schools more than doubled, within the last ten years.

Our own great and prosperous state stands where she ought to stand, among the foremost, in the liberality of her provisions in behalf of the deaf and dumb. The institution which has grown up under her fostering care is nearly equal, in number of pupils, to that of London, long the largest in the world; and in that respect, at least, is far in advance of every other similar institution on either side of the Atlantic; and its conductors have successfully labored to place it in the front rank of institutions for deaf mutes, in all the requisites of usefulness—all the means of mental, moral, and religious education.

Through the efforts of a few philanthropic men, nearly all of whom have rested from their labors, the "New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," was incorporated in April, 1817, and opened for the reception of pupils in May, 1818. For the first year, its pecuniary means, with the exception of a small but encouraging donation from the city, were derived from private benevolence. A rapid increase in the number of pupils, and a still more rapid increase of applications from the interior of the state, made necessary an appeal to the legislature for aid. Nor was this appeal made in vain. The evidence presented to the legislature by a delegation of directors, teachers, and pupils, sent to Albany, of the practicability of instructing the deaf and dumb, and of the numbers of this unfortunate class in the state, awakened a warm interest and sympathy, testified by a prompt donation of \$10,000. Preceded only a year or two by a donation of money by the State of Connecticut, and a few weeks by one of land by Congress to the asylum at Hartford, this was the third practical recognition, by an American

legislature, of the claims of the deaf and dumb. And well and nobly has our state followed out this auspicious beginning. Through all the political changes of the state, there has been no retrograde movement in the cause of benevolence. To the appropriations to the school for the deaf and dumb have since been added liberal donations to the establishments for the instruction of the blind, the relief of the insane, and finally, for the education of idiots.

In April, 1822, the legislative provision for the education of the deaf and dumb first assumed a specific and permanent character. Provision was then made for thirty-two state beneficiaries, limited to three years each. This term was, however, as early as 1825, extended to four years, a period still very inadequate; but sufficient to qualify not a few of our early pupils for a gratifying degree of respectability, usefulness, and happiness. For several years, with this comparatively scanty provision, aided by the donations of some benevolent citizens of New-York, and the receipts of a few paying pupils, the institution struggled on. The number of pupils was little over fifty, more than twenty of whom were day scholars, often irregular in their attendance, and exposed to many dangers in the streets.

On October 19, 1827, the edifice in the city was begun. We give a picture of it above. Here, after anxious years devoted to the collection of funds, by repeated appeals to the benevolent, and by the practice of strict economy, encouraged at last by a conditional donation of \$10,000 from the state treasury, and by the gift from the city of an acre of land for the site of the principal buildings, the directors of the New-York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb laid the corner-stone of their first modest building. Though designed to accommodate a greater increase of pupils than was then anticipated for many years, its dimensions were only one hundred and ten feet by sixty, and three stories beside the basement.

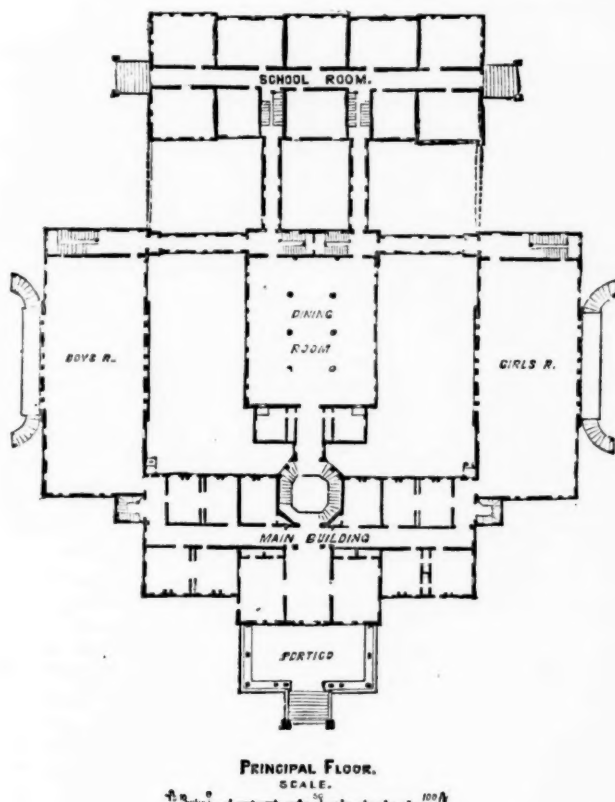
Meantime the city, which twenty years ago lay in distant prospect from its upper windows, was shooting forth its roots, in the form of canals, and railroads, and lines of ocean steamers, and expanding with a growth that outran the expectations of the most sanguine. With its increasing need of ample space for fresh air, and the outdoor recreations of so many youth, the



VIEW OF THE NEW INSTITUTION.

space available for its purposes was becoming more restricted. Where recently had been only swamps, pastures, and woods, streets were opening, and lines of building going up all around it. The period seemed not remote when a dense population would press upon it on every side. It had, by incurring a considerable debt, secured, as we hoped, grounds large enough for the necessary uses of the institution, and the indispensable out-door

exercise of the pupils; but the opening of a wide street through the whole length of those grounds, entirely marring them; and the prospect that yet another would be ordered, perhaps destroying the safe and easy communication between the different parts of the establishment, convinced its friends that it was in vain to attempt to stem the flood of improvement, and that their best plan was a speedy removal while an eligible site could be



secured on fair terms, and near enough to the business center of the city for necessary communication, yet not so near that the institution would, at least in our day, be again driven forth by the pressure of the advancing city.

By the assistance of the state, a most eligible site was secured at Fort Washington. The grounds belonging, comprise thirty-seven and a half acres, bounded by the Hudson river and the Kingsbridge road, at the intersection of the Tenth avenue, about nine miles from the City Hall. The property was purchased by the board of directors from the family of Colonel James Monroe, by whom the mansion house was built in the year 1842. The dock or pier on the river front is of stone, filled in cribs to the average depth of thirty feet. It is forty feet in width, by sixty feet in length on the northern, and sixty-five feet on the southern side, the

surface being macadamized to the depth of two feet. The cost of the pier has been \$1,500.

The site selected for the buildings is on the front lawn, at an elevation of one hundred and twenty-seven feet above the river, of which it has a commanding view, extending to the Narrows on the one side, and the Highlands on the other. To this site a winding road has been constructed on an easy grade, the average rise being one part in twelve. The road has been built in the most durable manner, with solid stone walls over the broken grounds, having four culverts for watercourses, and bank walls terraced on the inner side. The filling is mainly of stone, macadamized to the depth of from one to two feet, with paved channels for carrying off the surface water. The cost of construction has been about \$3,000.

The excavation of the principal site has

been a work of much labor and expense, requiring the removal of rock covering a large portion of the area, and extending in several parts to a depth varying from five to twenty feet. The cost of the excavation will be from \$12,000 to \$15,000.

The buildings designed to be occupied for the purposes of the institution are exhibited in the accompanying view, as seen from the south-west. A front building, with a wing receding from either end, and a school-house in the rear, form a hollow square, in the center of which is a building, connected by inclosed passages with the four exterior buildings. The principal building is one hundred and fifty feet in front, by fifty-five feet in depth. In elevation, it embraces four stories, including the basement, and is surmounted by a dome or observatory, commanding an extensive and beautiful prospect. It has a central corridor, ten feet wide, extending from one end to the other in the basement, first and second stories, and the rooms on either side are twenty feet in width. The central, projecting part of this building is advanced twelve feet beyond the front of the main part. This projecting part is sixty feet wide, giving an entrance hall of twenty feet in width. The portico in front is twenty-nine feet wide by fifty-seven feet long. The main entrance is spanned by an elliptical arch of twenty-two feet, with semicircular arches of fourteen feet in the clear, on either side. The principal floor of the front building, as described in the drawings, contains a reception room, directors' room, a parlor, rooms for the president, as also rooms for the matron and steward. The second story contains rooms for the teachers, for visitors, and for other purposes. The upper story is devoted to the accommodation of the pupils, the dormitory at either end being separated at the center by an intervening hall, which affords a passage to the lantern to the top of the stair dome. The basement of this building contains rooms for domestics, store-rooms, places for fuel, furnaces, &c.

The wings, the southernmost of which is devoted to the girls, and the other to the boys, are each one hundred and twenty by forty-six feet, and contain, in the first story, the saloon or sitting-room for the pupils; in the second story, separate dormitories, hospital-rooms, wardrobes, &c.; and in the upper story, an open dormitory

connecting with the one in the front building. In the basement of each are wash and bathing rooms, and in the girls' wing a laundry. The sitting-rooms are each forty-two by one hundred and six feet. In the construction of these rooms, the columns usually required in the center, to support the floors above, are entirely dispensed with; the upper floors being sustained by rods, suspended from the roof trusses. The wings are united to the main building by towers, containing private passages and stair-cases, through which the steward and matron may, at any time, visit the apartments of the pupils under their respective care.

The school-house in the rear is one hundred and fifty feet long by fifty-five feet wide, and contains class, lecture, library, and cabinet-rooms, and a hall of design. The latter is located in the upper story, and lighted by a sky-light.

The first story of the central building contains the dining-room, in front of which are pantries, and arrangements connected with the kitchen below, and a private stair-case leading thereto. The second story contains the chapel, which is eighty feet long by sixty wide, and thirty feet in height. This apartment may be reached from the main building by the large stair-case in front, and is approached by the pupils from the second story of the school-house, through separate passages for each sex. The dining-room may be entered from the main building in front, and from the wings, by lateral corridors. The school-house is connected with each wing by a separate corridor, and there are also separate passages connecting each story.

The basement, as well as the portico, window-sills, and lintel keys are of granite, and the other stories are indicated by courses of the same material, running around the entire building. The material principally used in the construction of the exterior walls is yellow Milwaukee brick, to which the granite affords an agreeable contrast. On either side of the wings are ornamented verandahs of cast-iron, painted in imitation of the material used for the portico. The roof is of slate, and is bordered by a handsome cornice and balustrade.

The corner-stone was laid with interesting ceremonies on November 23, 1853. Addresses were delivered by the Mayor, Dr. Peet, the president of the institution,

and the Rev. Dr. Adams. The latter gave some very interesting illustrations of the effect of deafness in sharpening the remaining senses. He said:—

“There are many interesting psychological inquiries which are suggested in regard to those who are deprived of one or more of the senses, as whether, to use the allegorical language of Bunyan, when ‘ear gate’ and ‘eye gate,’ those avenues of approach to the ‘town of Mansoul,’ be closed up, there be not some new method of access, not recognizable to our senses, by which our Father in heaven draws nigh to his afflicted children? I have no visionary theory to suggest on this subject; but it is a pleasant testimony that I am able to give, after a close examination, that in the process of instructing the deaf mute, it has been a question with me whether there be any disadvantage in the loss of human sounds of folly and error, which mislead and delude so many others. There has been an abundant success in developing the conscience, warning into life their religious sentiments, and establishing direct communion with the Father of spirits. I have often been delighted at the clearness, simplicity, and promptness of the replies which have been made by the mute to questions of a religious import.

“Who made the world?” was the question once proposed to a little boy in the institution. Without an instant’s delay, the chalk had rapidly traced the answer:—

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”

“Why did Jesus come into the world?” was the next question proposed. With a smile of gratitude, the little fellow wrote in reply:—

“This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” The astonished visitor, desirous of testing the religious nature of the pupil to the utmost, ventured at length to ask:

“Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?” With the sweetest and most touching expression of meek resignation on the face of the boy, the rapid chalk replied:

“Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight.”

“We rejoice in the privilege of taking part in the services of this occasion. We count it a pleasant thing to be present at the beginning of an edifice, where ampler accommodations shall invite multitudes of the afflicted to its fostering care. We welcome them not only to a safe shelter, to kindly protection, to useful arts, but to the teachings and consolations of religion. We congratulate those who will come after us, afflicted like those who are now with us, in the advantages which will accrue to them from what we have founded to-day. Here let knowledge and religion receive and educate them. On these pleasant lawns let their playful feet find recreation long after our own have rested from the pilgrimage of life. Here may God speak to them in the vision of the morning, and of the stars; and within the chapel here to be consecrated to his worship, may generations be prepared for the temple on high, where no tongue is silent and no ear is deaf.”

MOHAMMEDANISM.

THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

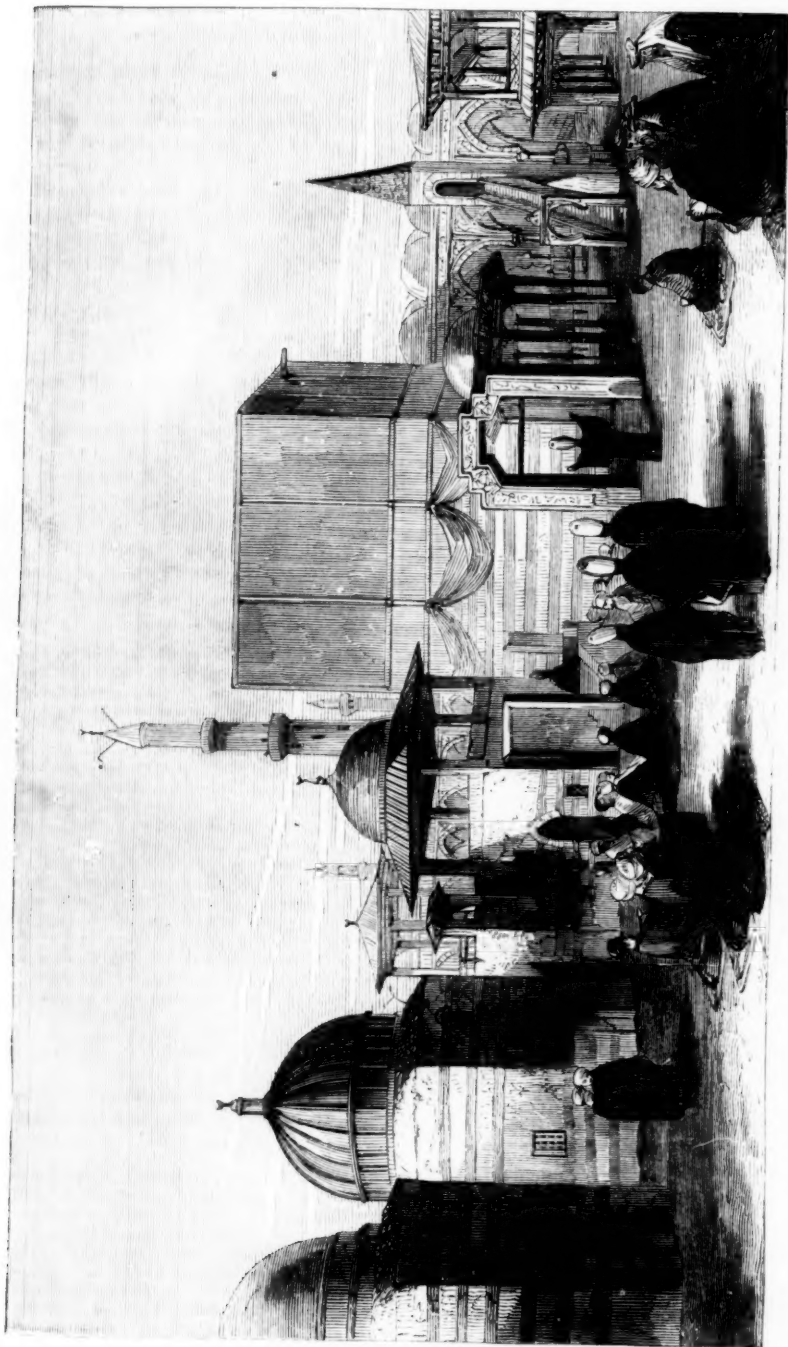
MOHAMMEDANISM is an intermediate religion—it arose out of the incompleteness, perversions, and semi-paganism of the Christian form of worship that prevailed in the sixth century. The populations that subscribed to the tenets of the Greek Church were only half converted; even in Constantinople, the old formula of worshiping images was preserved with scrupulous exactness.

In Arabia, the doctrines of the magi had by no means been extirpated; in fact, the Christianity that prevailed in the Eastern Churches—and we might consistently add, the Western—was merely a dogma ingrafted on the old trunk of paganism. The spiritualism of the creed was entirely neglected, and its expounders, like people groping in the dark, busied themselves almost exclusively with the discussion of scholastic subtleties. Sale, the historian, aptly describes the deplorable declension and ignorance that prevailed. He says:—

“If we look into the ecclesiastical historians, even from the third century, we shall find the Christian world to have then had a very different aspect from what some authors have represented, and—so far from being endowed with active grace, zeal, and devotion, and established within itself with purity of doctrine, union and firm profession of faith—that, on the contrary, what by the ambition of the clergy, and what by drawing the abstrusest niceties into controversy, and dividing and subdividing them into endless schisms and contentions, they had so destroyed that peace, love, and charity from among them which the gospel was given to promote, and instead thereof continually provoked each other to that malice, rancor, and every evil work, that they had lost the whole substance of their religion, while they thus eagerly contended for their own imaginations concerning it—and, in a manner, quite drove Christianity out of the world, by those very controversies in which they disputed with each other about it.”

Bishops fought like maniacs for episcopal seats; and Sale adds, in his old-fashioned, but forcible way:—

“These dissensions were greatly owing to the emperors, who, confounding the pure and simple Christian religion with anile superstitions, and perplexing it with intricate questions, instead of reconciling different opinions, excited many disputes. This grew worse in the time of Justinian—and corruption in the doctrine and morals of the princes and clergy was necessarily followed by a general depravity of the people:—



THE TEMPLE OF MECCA.

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those of all conditions making it their sole business to get money by any means, and then to squander it away, when they had got it, in luxury and debauchery."

If we add to this moral depression the political weakness of Christendom, we shall be still less at a loss to account for the extraordinary spread of a new and, in discipline, more virile belief. By Mohammed's time, the western half of the empire was overrun by the Goths, and the eastern so reduced by the Huns on the one side and the Persians on the other, that there was no power existing capable of resisting a powerful invasion. The very vitals of the Christian world were in a state of decay—so that the period in every aspect was favorable to an enterprise of a novel and daring character. Absolute paganism and the worship of the Virgin Mary and a host of saints were so much alike, that the popular mind was reduced to intellectual stagnation—it had not a prop on which to rest its bewildered head.

At this crisis, Mohammed, at the mature age of forty, stepped into the agitated arena, with the bold project of uniting the jarring creeds of Jew, Christian, and Magian in a new religion, adapted to the clime and the people. The world was prepared for a wonder, and it greedily received the latest. We cannot follow this prophet throughout his marvelous career; but this much we can confidently say—that, having a willing soil ready prepared for the exertions of his industry, no man in a similar vocation ever went to work more cautiously or skillfully. Like Zoroaster, he first converted his own kinsfolk and neighbors, and then gradually enlarged the sphere of his missionary labors, until he was received by a multitude as one upon whose shoulders the mantle of true inspiration had fallen. Mohammed, having been bred a Pagan, was early initiated in the mysteries of the Christian faith, and had he not been ambitious—or, what is equally as likely, not had any faith in the divinity of his mission—he would probably have been the Luther of his age. Had he been so, the Christian development would undoubtedly have been accelerated a thousand years; but he was not—his temperament and spiritual idiosyncrasy rather inclined him to consult his individual gratification; and, accordingly, he framed a doctrine which, in the course of a few years, advanced him

to the position which Christ had held in the popular mind for three centuries. Taking Judaism for his text and the groundwork of his mythology, he borrowed largely from the New Testament, from the Zenda-a-Visla, and the practices of his own tribe, and compiled the Koran—a work of not much literary merit, but, as far as its consequences were concerned, one of the most wonderful ever published.

But destiny favored Mohammed. Arabia, of all countries in the world, was then the most susceptible of a religious revolution. It was the asylum for the disaffected and persecuted of all the eastern nations. Romanist and Greek fled to it for shelter—all the Christians that dwelt in it were, in fact, Jacobites or Nestorians; they were the proscribed of the two great divisions of the Christian Church; and, living in harmony with the worshippers of idols and the stars, can it be wondered that their preachings had created such a ferment in the public mind, that it was ready to receive the latest and newest impression? In such a fertile soil Mohammedanism speedily took deep root, and, under the caliphs, penetrated with extraordinary celerity into Persia, India, and Tartary; and, inviting hordes of barbarous tribes—the Seljukian Turks among the number—to conquests in regions westward of their flat pasturage and hunting-grounds, led to the subjugation of the whole of the eastern Roman empire, and the annihilation of its Church as a secular establishment.

The intermediate doctrine flourished amazingly, brandished the sword in one hand and salvation in the other, and would have subjugated the three continents, had it not been for the personal ambition of its princes, and the conversion to Christianity of those warlike northern barbarians who infused valor into the veins of degenerate Europe, and, with a resolution that laughed at destiny—as interpreted by fatalists—courted danger as a bride, imparted to the trembling fragments of Christendom that unity, consistency, and courage which ultimately beat back the common enemy, and gave to the new and improved condition they created that intelligence and largeness of purpose which soon elevated the cross far above the paler rays of the crescent. In fact, their natural antagonism was adjusted by the growth of new circumstances, and Mo-

hammedanism may now be said to be in some of its last throes. Its services are no longer required—hence the violence of the current which has set in against it.

But whether the waning crescent is to be extinguished in the human sky in this generation or another, its beginning was auspicious, and a number of conflicting elements liberally contributed to its tremendous success. Not the least of these were the peculiar characteristics of Arabia. A spurious Christianity was ingrafted on the Sabian idolatry. The majority of the people, however, followed the latter belief. They adored "the host of heaven," and practiced the worship of images. Their idols, it must be said, were all representatives of men of great piety and merit. They had seven temples dedicated to the seven planets. One of these was the Temple of Mecca, which was consecrated to Zohal, or Saturn.

This celebrated temple—of which, in its Mohammedan guise, we give a faithful view—is said to have contained three hundred and sixty idols, equaling in number the days of the Arabic year. Its antiquity ascends beyond the Christian era. It is mentioned as the Kaaba, or the Temple of the Black Stone, by Diodorus Siculus. The linen or silken vail, which is annually renewed by the Turkish emperor, was first offered by a king of the Hamyarites seven hundred years before the time of Mohammed. Of this superstition—of which this temple was the repository—the prophet largely availed himself; for the same rites which are to this day accomplished by the faithful Mussulman, were invented and practiced by the Sabian idolaters. At an awful distance they cast away their garments. Seven times, with hasty steps, they encircled the Kaaba, and kissed the Black Stone; seven times they visited and adored the adjacent mountains; seven times they threw stones into the valley of Minna; and the pilgrimage was achieved by a sacrifice of sheep and camels, and the burial of their hair and nails in the consecrated ground. Each tribe either found or introduced in the Kaaba their domestic worship. The temple was adorned with three hundred and sixty idols of men, eagles, lions, and antelopes; and most conspicuous was the statue of Hebal, of red agate, holding in his hands seven birds without heads or feathers—the instruments and symbols of

profane divination. This statue was a monument of Syrian arts. The devotion of ruder ages was content with a pillar or a tablet; and the rocks of the desert were hewn into rocks or altars, in imitation of the Black Stone of Mecca.

Our illustration shows the Kaaba, covered with black cloth.

The temple known to all true Mussulmans under the name of *El Haram*—the Holy Place—is situated nearly in the middle of the city, which is built in a narrow valley, having a considerable slope from north to south. In order to form a level area for the great court of the temple, the ground has evidently been hollowed out, subsequently to the erection of the Kaaba, which is the only ancient edifice in the temple: so that, on entering it in any direction, you descend several steps; and the oval surface, paved with marble, that immediately surrounds the Kaaba, upon which the pilgrims perform their rounds, is the lowest part. The great court forms a parallelogram of about five hundred and thirty-six feet by three hundred and fifty-six, surrounded with a double piazza; the fronts of the two longer sides presenting thirty-six, and the two shorter sides twenty-four arches, slightly pointed, supported by columns of grayish marble, of different proportions. Each side is composed of two naves, formed by a triple row of arches—so that there may be counted more than five hundred columns and pilasters. Instead of a column, between every fourth arch there is an octangular pilaster of hewn stone, about three feet in diameter. The capitals of the columns which front the court are very fine, although they do not belong to either of the five orders of architecture; but the capitals of the interior columns are stated to be all of either the Corinthian or the Composite: some are exquisitely carved. The pedestals are of various form and proportion: some have, by an extravagant whim of the architect, a Corinthian capital reversed. The arches that front the court are all crowned with little conical cupolas: the interior ones have low, spherical vaults. The four fronts are also surmounted with stone ornaments, very much resembling *fleurs-de-lis*. All the galleries, as well as the paths crossing the area to the Kaaba, are paved with hewn stones of quartz rock, of which also the walls of the temple are built. Like the Mosque of

Omar, at Jerusalem, *El Haram* is partially surrounded with houses, which join the walls—so that it presents no external front; and some of the houses have windows that overlook the interior. The eastern angle of the temple is rounded off, to conform to the line of the principal street—so that the gallery is narrowed at that angle, hardly allowing space enough to pass between the wall and the column. In the southeastern gallery there is, for a short distance, a fourth row of arches. The temple has seven minarets, nineteen gates, with thirty-eight arches.

The greatest curiosity, and the only part which lays claim to high antiquity, is the Kaaba itself—otherwise called *Beit Allah*—the House of God. It is a quadrilateral tower, the sides and angles of which are unequal—so that its plan forms a true trapezium. The size of the edifice, and the black cloth which covers it, make this irregularity disappear, and give it the figure of a perfect square. It is built of square-hewn but unpolished stones of quartz, schorl, and mica, brought from the neighboring mountains. Its height is thirty-four feet four inches, and the sides vary from twenty-nine to thirty-eight feet in length. The black stone is built or “incrusted” in the angle formed by the north-east and south-east sides, and is believed to face exactly the east. It is raised forty-two inches above the pavement, and is bordered all round with a large plate of silver, about a foot broad. This miraculous block, which they call *Hajera el Assoud*—the heavenly stone—is believed by all true Moslems to have been originally a transparent jacinth presented to Abraham by the angel Gabriel, who brought it from heaven; but, being touched by an impure woman, it became black and opaque. It is, in fact, a fragment of volcanic basalt, sprinkled throughout its circumference with small, pointed, colored crystals, and varied with red feldspath upon a dark-black ground like coal, except one of its protuberances, which is a little reddish. The continual kisses of the faithful have worn the surface uneven—so that it has now a muscular appearance, with one deep hollow.

We need scarcely allude to the Arabic tradition that this stone fell from heaven. That it is of volcanic origin is undoubted, but whether shot or transported by human agency from the neighborhood of Vesu-

vius or Etna, we leave it to all unbelievers in the supernatural to determine.

Mohammed, having founded a religion, and provided it with temples taken from the Pagans and the Christians, refrained with scrupulous exactness from interfering with the domestic habits of the people whom he had converted to his doctrines.

In early life he had been a strict monogamist; for, while his first wife—the kind widow who had befriended him in his poverty—lived, all accounts concur in stating that his marital fidelity to her was unimpeachable; but no sooner had she cast off this mortal coil, than he conformed to ancient usages as regards marriage, which had prevailed all over the East. He became a polygamist, and by giving his sanction to polygamy, riveted still further the bonds which held woman in subjection to man.

The jealousy of the Persians that their females be not seen by any but their legitimate lords, is remarkably strong. The observance of this custom among the ancients of the East is first instanced in Rebecca covering herself with a veil at the approach of her affianced lord. The females themselves are equally jealous of being seen—as in the times of “Vashti, the queen, who refused to come at the king’s commandment to show the people and the princes her beauty.” The observance of this custom is thus enforced in the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran:—

“And speak unto the believing women, that they restrain their eyes, and preserve their modesty, and discover not their ornaments, except what necessarily appeareth thereof; and let them throw their veils over their bosoms, and not show their ornaments, unless to their husbands,” &c.

They imagine it perfect pollution to the female for any strange man’s eyes to light upon her.

In Turkey this oriental jealousy blazes with quite as much fury. The women have a little more liberty than in Persia: they are allowed to visit the bazaars and make purchases—but they must be closely veiled. When they walk, they patter about in yellow Morocco boots and slippers. Many of the Constantinople ladies wear Wellington boots! and about the head and faces the never-failing white yastmuth. In this horrible disguise they look like ghosts flitting about in bandages. But the Koran enjoins it.



MOUNTAINS OF USDUM.

THE DEAD SEA.

IN our last we passed in our route around the Dead Sea to the Mount of Usdum, or Sodom. The position of the Mountain of Sodom will be seen indicated on the map. The shore, here composed of loose sand and dangerous pits, is about one thousand feet in breadth. Here also are small pools of water, constituting real salt wells, and producing a perfectly crystallized salt of the most dazzling whiteness. Bedouins are employed disposing of this salt in heaps, preparatory to conveying it away for sale.

On the northern declivities of the Salt Mountain, and on the plain contiguous to it, we meet with huge masses of ruins, among which can be distinguished the

foundations of very ancient structures. They cover a space of twelve hundred feet in extent. On the northern face of the mountain especially there are vast excrescences, or projecting hillocks. Many of these present an extensive surface, on which disjointed accumulations appear, "exhibiting infallible evidence of the existence, on this point, of a very considerable town." Other huge fragments of primeval habitations are scattered about in the neighborhood, bearing every stamp of high antiquity upon them.

In the eastern face of the Salt Mountain is the entrance to a cavern, which is said by our guides to penetrate to the opposite side, and to be a refuge for robbers,

who here waylay and plunder solitary travelers. Owing to the late rains, we find the entrance nearly blocked up by huge masses of salt, which have been thus detached from above. Some of the more enterprising of our party resolving to explore the interior, we light our torches, and enter the crystalline grotto—not, however, without some dread, inspired by the apprehension that we may encounter a band of freebooters in their own rocky fastness. We timidly advance, until the cavern resolves itself into a small irregular gallery or fissure, with a murmuring water-course at the bottom, which at some seasons probably resounds with the hoarse roar of a torrent. Having penetrated to the very heart of the mountain without making any particular discovery, we are glad to return to daylight and the company of our anxious friends.

The general aspect of this mountain is very singular. It consists of a solid mass of rock-salt, and towers to an average height of about two hundred feet. It is in most parts coated with a stratum of clay, of a dingy white hue, though some of the upper layers are tinged with green and red. Through this covering, however, the pure rock crystal often breaks in precipitous columns, giving a fantastic appearance to the mountain. The whole hill-side abounds with fissures and furrows, produced by the action of the rains, and is continually undergoing a change of aspect. Through the six miles of coast at its foot, the ground is strewn with masses and lumps of all sizes and shapes, that have, at different times, been detached by climatic influences.

The existence of so remarkable a mountain in this region, and conterminous with the chief city of the Pentapolis, sends some of our explorers—in the absence of any Murray's hand-book—to the works of earlier travelers, which they have wisely brought with them, for information on this curious phenomenon. One of them, accordingly, seated on a block of prostrate rock-salt, having found some appropriate remarks in Dr. Robinson's work, reads to the group that gathers around him the following passage:—"The existence here of this immense mass of fossil salt, which, according to the latest geological views, is a frequent accompaniment of volcanic action, accounts sufficiently for the excessive saltiness of the Dead Sea. At the time of

our visit, the waters of the lake did not indeed wash the base of the mountain, though they appear to do so on some occasions; but the rains of winter, and the streamlets which we still found running to the sea, would naturally carry into it, in the course of ages, a sufficiency of salt to produce most of the phenomena. The position of this mountain enables us to ascertain the place of the Valley of Salt, mentioned in Scripture, where the Hebrews, under David, and again under Amaziah, gained decisive victories over Edom. This valley could well have been no other than the Ghor, south of the Dead Sea, adjacent to the Mountain of Salt; it separates indeed the ancient territories of Judah and Edom. Somewhere in the neighborhood lay probably, also, the city of Salt, enumerated along with Engedi, as in the desert of Judah."

Having thus identified this strange locality with interesting Biblical events, we are again on our way, eagerly searching for the remarkable pillar seen by Lieut. Lynch, and which some recent writers have understood him to represent as being the monumental effigy of Lot's wife. An ancient tradition of the kind prevailed in the time of Josephus, who declares that he had seen the pillar into which the disobedient woman had been changed. Other early writers also mention the same circumstance, and Reyland even goes so far as to assert, that as fast as any part of this pillar was washed away, it was supernaturally renewed. Among the superstitious Bedouins, the pillar seen by the American expeditionists is regarded as the "monument of an unbelieving soul." But the position and dimensions of this cylindrical rock are fatal to the hypothesis of its being the pillar into which the mistrustful woman was transformed. It is perched upon the top of an oval hill, about fifty feet above the level of the sea, and is itself at least forty feet in height. Its physical formation is ascribed by travelers to the action of the wintry rains. Indeed, De Sauley speaks of the existence of vast numbers of needles of salt, and expresses his regret that the American officer did not happen to examine the Salt Mountain on two different occasions, and in the rainy season, when "he would have found a hundred Lot's wives instead of one." Besides these objections to the supposition in question, the death-stricken woman was overtaken

by the divine judgment on the *plain*, and not in the midst of a range of hills like Usdum; while, from all that is known of the relative positions of Sodom and Zoar, she would in this spot have been miles out of her route to the city of refuge.

As we have thus undoubtedly stumbled upon the ruins of the metropolis of the Pentapolis, many of our company—knowing that Zoar was situated at no great distance from Sodom, and remembering, moreover, that we only just now passed the mouth of a valley, which our Bedouin guides designated the Ouad-ez-Zouera—are bent on retracing their steps, for the purpose of exploring the valley in quest of some vestiges of that celebrated retreat. Cheerfully acceding to this desire, we turn our faces northward, and soon find ourselves again amid the huge fragments of the fallen city, at the extremity of the Salt Mountain. Here we enter upon a large and beautiful plain, planted with mimosas, and which in ancient times had probably been rich in fertility. Beyond this plain is the mouth of the Valley of Zoar, which we enter, and soon find ourselves among gigantic ruins, of the same age and description as those of Engedi and Usdum. The locality is called by the Arabs, Zouera-et-Tahtah,—the lower Zoar, or Zoar at the foot of the hills. It has taken us twenty minutes to reach the spot—the distance being about one mile and a quarter—which corresponds singularly with the time occupied, and the distance traversed, by the fugitives from Sodom, referred to in Genesis xix, 15, 23. Lot is expressly said to have departed from Sodom “when the morning arose,” and to have entered Zoar when “the sun was risen upon the earth.” Now, in the short interval elapsing between these phenomena in Syria, it would have been quite impossible for Abraham’s nephew to have crossed the plain now submerged beneath the southern bay of the Dead Sea, and reached the spot on the eastern side which is usually regarded as the site of Zoar; while *this* locality fulfills all the requirements of the case. Seated among the gray fragments of fallen edifices, one of our number is engrossed in the perusal of the masterly arguments by which De Sauley has sought to demonstrate that *this* is the very spot where the fugitives found an asylum from the desolating storm that raged around them; and these arguments are felt by the most dis-

putations among us to be well-nigh conclusive.

No description can give an adequate idea of the present dreary aspect of the Ouad-ez-Zouera. On all sides, nothing is to be seen but immense chasms, rocks violently torn from their original masses, and hurled down into the bottom of the ravine; together with perpendicular cliffs of a soft crumbling stone, resembling volcanic ashes. Mountains there are, too, that look as if they had been calcined by intense fire.*

Tearing ourselves from a spot consecrated by so many mournful and monitory associations, we hasten to retrace our steps once more, and find ourselves soon emerging from the shadow of the Salt Mountain, and entering upon the great southern plain. A considerable portion of this region is a mere salt-marsh, which the sea overflows

* During the recent march of the French party through this valley, they were so fortunate as to witness a storm of appalling grandeur burst over the Dead Sea, and which gave them a vivid conception of the terrible catastrophe that had destroyed the doomed cities. It is thus described by M. de Sauley:—

“When we began ascending the first acclivities of the Ouad-ez-Zouera, large black clouds, driven by the westerly wind, passing above our heads and over the Djebel-Esdoum, rushed down upon the Dead Sea in the direction of the Rhôr-Safieh, then rising again along the flank of the mountains of Moab, soon cleared the view, and allowed us to contemplate the expanse of water, resembling a vast motionless sheet of molten lead. By degrees, as the storm hurried toward the east, the western sky became again pure and radiant; then for a moment the setting sun darted above the mountains of Canaan fiery rays, which seemed almost to cover the summits of the land of Moab with the flames of an enormous conflagration, while the bases of those imposing mountains remained as black as ink. Above was the dark lowering sky; below, the sea, like a metallic sheet of dull leaden gray; around us, the silence of the desert, and utter desolation. Afar off, in the west, a bright, cloudless sky, shining over a blessed land, while we seemed to be flying from a country condemned forever. It is impossible to describe this scene, which to be fully understood and felt must have been witnessed. Our Bedouins themselves, though accustomed to the grandest operations of nature, participated in the sensations by which we were completely mastered. ‘See, sir, see,’ they exclaimed: ‘the Lord is smiting Sodom!’ And they were right. The tremendous spectacle which was witnessed by Lot, from nearly the same spot where we were now standing, must have borne a striking resemblance to the magnificent repetition with which we had just been favored by the same presiding Providence.”

Dr. Robinson, who passed through this ravine on his way to Kerak,—which he calls Wady-ez-Zuweirah,—saw the sea from this spot by sunrise, under an aspect altogether different from the one just described. He says:—

“When at the last descent, the sun rose over the eastern mountains. As we looked down through the narrow opening over the valley, the calm glassy waters of the lake became liquid gold, and the verdant shrubs along the shore, tinged with sunny hues, gave for the moment an impression of beauty to a scene in itself stern and desolate as death.”

during the rainy season, and abounds with sluggish water-courses and mud-pits, in which the traveler, if not careful, is in danger of being engulfed. To this flat and dismal tract succeeds a region covered with a growth of gigantic reeds, so densely planted that it is difficult to make our way through them. Escaping at length from these, we enter upon a prettily-wooded country, interspersed with open districts, cultivated with wheat, barley, and tobacco. Some of the wild plants flourishing here are of a remarkable appearance. Ever and anon, as we press onward through scenes delightful in contrast with the dreary realms recently trodden, we find ourselves entangled in a forest of a most novel description, consisting of clumps of slender trunks of trees entwined together like sticks in a fagot. Thousands of prickly branches interlace each other around these impenetrable clusters, forming countless thickets, which it is impossible to pass without leaving portions of our dress suspended from the thorns. Traces of the wild boars and panthers that infest this region are everywhere visible. Beautiful little pink doves look down upon us from the branches of the trees, and exquisite humming-birds, with emerald and ruby frills, flutter joyously around us. Even floricultural products are met with on this part of our route.

The next point of interest inviting our examination is found beside the path generally traversed on the way to Kerak, and consists of some extensive and very ancient ruins, which have been often visited and described by modern travelers, some of whom have supposed them to mark the site of Zoar. De Sauley having, as we have seen, fixed the locality of Zoar on the opposite coast, has, with a better array of argument, indentified these huge fragments of architecture as the remains of Zeboim. He finds a strong corroboration of this view in the name still attached to the spot—Sebâan—in which he recognizes the Zeboim of the Scriptures. The ruins, too, are said to be manifestly of the same age as those of Sodom, while there is no known record of any other city of ancient times having stood in this region. But let us turn aside and see this sad sight. In doing so, we diverge from the direct course when arrived at the heel of the peninsula, and, as will be seen on the map, enter the mouth of a valley, and ascend toward the

higher ranges of the land of Moab. On reaching the spot indicated by Sebâan, the ruins in question first appear, and extend from thence, in greater or lesser quantities, as far as the presumed site of Zeboim. Here we find ourselves surrounded by remains of so stupendous a character, that it is at once evident they could not belong to a town or city of inferior extent to that of Sodom. Several terrific craters still frown upon the devastated position, and suggest to the beholder how instantaneously, by their simultaneous explosion, they must have accomplished the annihilation of the doomed city. It is a solemn, a grand, a thought-inspiring scene, and willingly would we linger here awhile, and indulge in profitable musings; but time presses, and we have still a wearying distance to travel.

As we descend the ravine, on our return, a large extent of land, spreading into the sea, lies before us. This peninsula was known in the old Hebrew times as "The Tongue," (see Joshua xv, 2, margin,) and it is very remarkable that by the Arabs it is still designated by the same name—El-Lisan. In shape, it is said by Lynch to resemble an outspread wing; but a better comparison would be with a huge human foot, the sole being parallel with the western coast, and the toes pointing northward. It is a bold, broad promontory, with a steep white ridge running like a spine down the center. Myriads of dead locusts strewed its sea margin when visited by the American expedition. It is doomed to utter barrenness. The scene indeed is so dreary, and the atmosphere so stifling and oppressive, that we feel no temptation to linger in its neighborhood; and, accordingly, climbing the reviving uplands of Moab, we hasten onward toward the termination of our rambles.

III.

IN the excursion round the shores of the sea, thus completed, we have bestowed scarcely any notice on the waters themselves. This has been reserved for the present division of this paper; which is designed to describe, with great brevity, a few of the aspects and phenomena that arrest the attention of the circumnavigator of the bosom of the lake. With the view of keeping up the idea of a personal trip, we will suppose (if the anachronism can be pardoned) that just as we have reached

the green banks of the Jordan, in the month of April, the boats of the American expedition are gayly sweeping by on their enterprise of science; in which, through the frank courtesy of the commander, we are permitted to embark, so as to share with them in the privileges and the privations of the voyage. In narrating some of the sights we may see, and the experiences we may meet with, we shall not scruple to draw freely upon the journal of our leader, Lieut. Lynch. Of course, only such incidents of the voyage can be noted as will directly serve to illustrate the peculiarities of the region. The course pursued will be found indicated on the map, which also represents the varied depths of the soundings in different parts of the lake.

Deep is the anxiety that presses upon our minds as we draw near the point that will usher us upon that mysterious abyss of waters where several of our predecessors inhaled the miasm of death; nor are our feelings of dread at all likely to be assuaged by the reception awaiting us on our entrance. For as we emerge from the Jordan, which at its mouth is about one hundred and eighty yards wide, we are assailed by a violent wind, which gradually increases to a gale, lashing the usually quiescent surface of the lake into heavy, foam-crested billows. As we tremblingly labor on toward the eastern coast, the spray, evaporating as it falls, leaves incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands and faces; and while exciting a prickly sensation wherever it touches the skin, is especially painful to the eyes and lips, which it causes to smart excessively. While thus tempest-tossed, and expecting every moment to founder, we cannot repress the feeling that the divine Avenger is frowning upon our attempt to navigate a flood environed by the monuments of his dread displeasure. These apprehensions, however, are of short duration, for, as the wind suddenly abates its fury, the water, from its ponderous, leaden quality, speedily settles into a placid sheet, with the gentlest possible ripple, over which we at length are gliding tranquilly.

As the sun shines upon the sea, it justifies the comparison that has sometimes been made between it and molten lead. When about a mile from the western shore, we pass a solitary duck, swimming toward his cane-brake on the shore—thus refuting

the old tradition that no animal or fowl can live upon these waters. By the time we have been several hours upon the briny sea, our arms, instruments, and everything metallic, have become bronzed by the saline atmosphere. Some stones, in the bottom of the boat, are so incrustated with salt as to look as if whitewashed. The outward surface of the boats, too, we observe, exposed to the friction of the brine, is as bright as burnished gold, though, after contact with the air for a short period, it is found rapidly to corrode. The hands of the boatmen engaged in taking the soundings are covered with a continual lather; while a book, which was accidentally dropped into the lake, can no how be dried.

When about midway between Engedi and the point of the peninsula, one of our seamen picks up a dead quail; and about the same spot, in one of the deep soundings, the line, singularly enough, brings up a blade of grass from the briny abyss, faded indeed in color, but of as firm a texture as any plucked on the margin of any mountain stream. That it is the product of the bottom of the salt lake is incredible: it must have been washed down from one of the tributaries in connection with a heavier substance. While referring to the soundings, we may observe that the bottom consists in different parts of various materials—the line sometimes bringing up blue, yellow, or brown mud; sometimes crystals; while at other times it descends upon a hard stratum of gravel. Hitherto, no indication has been discovered of any submarine ruins which would imply that either of the cities of the Pentapolis has been engulfed beneath the flood.

As we approach the southern extremity of the sea we perceive large pieces of a black and shining substance floating on the surface of the waters. Rowing toward one of them, we find that it consists of bitumen or asphaltum, similar to what is so often picked up on the shores. This natural product of the region seems to be most plentiful at the shallow southern end, and, according to all local traditions, flows from concealed fountains in the submerged plain. It is supposed that, issuing from its springs, it spreads and accumulates like a coat of lava over the adjacent sea-bed, from which position it is from time to time detached and brought to the surface by the earthquakes that still visit those volcanic precincts. Stories are told by the

Arabs of islands of bitumen occasionally appearing in a sudden and inexplicable manner, and which they are accustomed to dispose of to advantage.*

These remarkable facts seem to point to the conclusion, that in that shallow portion of the sea south of the tongue, or peninsula, we have the site of the Vale of Siddim, which from the most ancient times was full of slime-pits, or wells of asphaltum. And thus, too, in the bitumen, the sulphur, and the Mountain of Salt, we find collected in this region all the combustibles that needed only to be ignited to produce the most tremendous conflagration and catastrophe.

But to return to the incidents of the voyage. Many attempts are made, as we glide along, to ascertain the existence of aquatic life in the waters beneath us; but in none of our endeavors have we been successful. Although birds, beasts, and insects are met with upon the shores, there appears to be no living thing within the sea itself. Sometimes, it is true, a dead fish is found, which leads to animated discussions on the subject; yet the result of a careful and intelligent examination invariably is, that the object of so much scientific curiosity has been borne into the sea by some of its tributary streams, where it is speedily poisoned and expires. And to place the matter beyond further doubt,

our commander, subjecting a portion of the water to a powerful microscope, is unable to detect any animalcula or vestige of animal matter whatever.

The proverbial density and unusual specific gravity of these waters, as might be expected, have been subjected to numerous tests by some of our companions. So early as the time of Vespasian experiments were tried by tying the hands of criminals behind their backs, and casting them into the lake, where they are said to have floated like corks upon the surface. Dr. Robinson bathed in the sea just under Engedi, and states that so buoyant did he find it, that although he could not swim before, here he could sit, stand, lie, or swim in the water without difficulty. The experiments made under the direction of Lieut. Lynch fully corroborate these representations. Among these are trials with a donkey and a horse, which swim without losing their balance. A muscular man, too, who has just fallen out of our boat, floats nearly breast high, without the least exertion. Two fresh eggs, too, which would certainly have gone to the bottom in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, here contrive to support themselves on the surface. As another proof of this extreme density, it is observable that our boats, with the same freightage, draw one inch less water here than in the Jordan.

As we enter the southern basin, where the bottom of the sea is visible to us as we glide along, and the surrounding mountains reflect upon us an intolerable glare, the feelings of drowsiness, which have long been creeping over us, become quite overpowering. A hot, blistering hurricane is rising from the south-east, which soon converts the air into a consuming furnace, beneath whose withering blasts the physical strength of the rowers rapidly sinks. The men pull mechanically with half-closed lids, and every one else, except the commander, has sunk into a state of stupor and temporary helplessness. With the view of seeking shelter from the sirocco blast in the shadow of some ravine, the toiling rowers strive to reach land, which they at length accomplish. But now a new difficulty awaits us; for, on attempting to gain the shadow of the rocks, it is found that the shore is heated to such an extent as to render it just like running over burning ashes—the perspiration streaming from us as we painfully urge our way. The ter-

* Dr. Robinson, in support of this statement, relates the following striking facts:—

"The Arabs believe that this bitumen only appears after earthquakes. The sheikhs of the Ta'amirah and the Jehalin related that, after the earthquake of 1834, a large quantity of asphaltum was cast upon the shore near the south-west part of the sea, and of which the Jehalin brought about sixty kuntars into market. My companion (Rev. E. Smith) also remembered that, in that year, a large amount had been purchased by the Frank merchants at Beirut. During the last year, also, after the earthquake of January 1st, 1837, a large mass of bitumen (one said like an island, another like a house) was discovered floating on the sea, and was driven aground on the west side, not far from the north of Ushun. The Jehalin and the inhabitants of the Yutta swam off to it, and cut it up with axes, so as to bring it to shore. The Ta'amirah heard of it, and went to get a share. They found seventy men already upon and around it. It was carried off by camel-loads, partly up the pass of Engedi, and sold by the Arabs for four piastres the pound. The share of the Ta'amirah brought them more than \$500; while others sold to the amount of \$2000 or \$3000. Except in those two years, the aged sheikh had never known of bitumen appearing, nor heard of it from his fathers."

This account will corroborate the assertions of several ancient writers—Josephus, Diodorus Siculus, and Pliny—to the same effect. The latter describes the existence of islands of several acres in extent, from which the Egyptians, he adds, drew their store of resinous matter for the process of embalming.

rible sirocco at length subsides, but our expeditionists are evidently beginning to suffer seriously in their health. The figure of each is assuming a dropsical appearance; the lean are growing stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale-faced are becoming florid, and the florid ruddy; while the bodies of the men are covered with pustules and festering sores. These alarming symptoms of indisposition, coupled with the remembrance of the fatal character of the climate, induce the commander at once to propose a land excursion to Kerak, that, on the breezy highlands of Moab, their health may be reëstablished. As it forms no part of our present purpose, however, to visit that rocky region, and as our allotted time is well-nigh exhausted, we cordially thank the American expeditionists for their companionship, and take our leave of them.

IV.

It but remains for us now, in conclusion, to say a few words as to the probable origin of this extraordinary lake. Seating ourselves, accordingly, on the pinnacle of one of the loftiest western hills, from whence a large portion of the region is visible to us, bathed in the mellow light of the setting sun, we will pass hastily in review some of the hypotheses which have been entertained by the learned, as regards the primitive condition of this blasted and desolated region.

Some writers have expressed their belief that the lake has, from the earliest epoch, occupied the full extent of its present basin. Such a view, however, can be maintained by no one at all acquainted with the physical features of the surrounding country; for where, then, are we to look for the fertile "vale," or "plain," so often referred to in Scripture, and by whose luxuriant productiveness Lot was allured to the spot? It must be clear at once that such a position is quite untenable.

The next hypothesis—perhaps the most popular, and that enrols many great names among its advocates—is, that no great reservoir of water originally existed here at all; but that the Jordan pursued its beneficent way across this sunken plain, and onward, through the valley El-Arabah, to the Elanitic gulf of the Red Sea, into which it emptied itself. In favor of this theory is the remarkable fact related by Lieut. Lynch, namely, that, through the

northern and more depressed portion of the bed of the sea, there may be distinctly traced an ancient channel or ravine, evidently a continuation of the bed of the Jordan, and which seems to correspond with a similar ravine at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. The American writer also states, in confirmation of the same conjecture, that the lateral valleys examined by him have a *southward* inclination near their outlets. If this be so—though it is right to remark that his statement is directly in opposition to that of Dr. Robinson—the circumstance is not without an important bearing upon the question. For if the northern chasm of the lake had formed the primitive reservoir in which all the waters of the region were collected, we should certainly have expected to find a northern instead of a southern deflection, distinctly marking the outlets of all the wadis situated south of the peninsula.

The great and apparently fatal obstacle to the reception of this theory is the fact, that a few miles to the south of the sea there runs a transverse ridge of hills, which forms a watershed that divides the valley, causing the waters of the surrounding region to flow in part northward into the lake, and in part southward into the Elanitic gulf. This natural barrier, which was not long ago discovered, is deemed by many sufficient to explode the notion that the Jordan formerly traversed the Arabian valley. By others, however, it is regarded as by no means so conclusive; since, as it is argued, the tremendous disturbing agency that was adequate to submerge the plain of the Dead Sea to a depth of thirteen hundred feet, was surely equal to the upheaving of the ridge in question. Another fact hostile to this theory, moreover, is, that the Red Sea, according to Rusegger, lies more than thirteen hundred feet above the present level of Lake Asphaltites. As a kind of compensation for this adverse assertion, the conjecture is hazarded by some authorities, that when the ancient channel of the Jordan was interrupted by the volcanic convulsions that upheaved the watershed, an under-passage may have been riven in the strata of rocks below, through which a large portion of surplus water annually flows off into the Elanitic gulf. In favor of this view, we are told by Captain Moresby, who has lately explored the region, that at the head of the gulf he could find no bottom at a depth of



APPLES OF SODOM.

sixteen hundred feet; while not a few persons feel themselves necessitated to resort to some such speculation, in order to account for the disappearance of the enormous volume of water continually flowing into the Dead Sea, (six millions of tons being daily discharged by the Jordan alone,) and which, in their opinion, cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by the process of evaporation.

The only other theory to which we can here advert is one which, perhaps, at the present time, commands the assent of the largest number of distinguished topographers and Biblical scholars. Finding no trace of any natural outlet for the confluent waters now pent within the basin of the Dead Sea, they are led to conclude that a lake of smaller dimensions than the present one existed in the plain of Sodom anterior to the catastrophe that destroyed the profligate cities. The southern boundary of this lake was probably formed by a line of coast drawn somewhere from the northern part of the peninsula to the western shore. All the level district south of this sea-boundary constituted, as is supposed, the "Vale of Siddim," bisected by the Jordan, which, after having emptied itself into the lake, emerged again, and resumed its fertilizing course through the plain to the very foot of the transverse hills, where its further progress was effectually barred. "Here, then," to use the words of the author of the 'People's Dictionary of the Bible,' "we have a luxuriant and prolific vale, covered with a population who lived on a volcanic soil. Such is the state of things which anteriorly science would lead us to expect. The Jordan would of necessity diffuse its waters abroad, as the Nile does in Egypt, and that the more because denied an exit in the direction of the Elanitic gulf. This diffusion of water would produce rank fertility, especially in the hot climate of the sunk valley. Rank fer-

tility would afford a ready subsistence to human beings. Hence a dense population, and society quickly organized under what are termed 'kings,' (Gen. xiv, 2,) or petty independent chiefs. Yet, as in Herculaneum, were the inhabitants in constant peril. Ease brought forth luxury, luxury begot vice, and general turpitude awoke the wrath of Heaven, which, causing a volcano, punished those guilty men, and converted the fruitful vale into a barren and unsightly desert." According to this view, which seems to us highly rational, it is not at all likely that any of the overwhelmed cities were situated in the plain, thus exposed to periodical inundation, but were probably built on the rising ground on the borders of the well-cultivated valley—on the spots, in fact, where their vestiges have recently been met with by M. de Sauley.

In bringing about the dire catastrophe that has made this entire region a perpetual desolation, the righteous Avenger of sin found all the elements of destruction here stored up and ready for the work of judgment. The surrounding hills bear ample witness to their decidedly volcanic character, showing that they were prepared at any moment to obey the mandate of their divine Maker, by opening their destructive batteries upon the objects of his holy indignation; while, as we have seen, the whole plain abounded with springs of slime or asphaltum, which had probably, in the lapse of years, largely accumulated, and spread extensively both beneath and above the soil, and which only needed the flashing fire from heaven to kindle it into one universal and tremendous conflagration, before whose appalling ravages everything living must perish. If, in addition to these agencies, we suppose the simultaneous visitation of an earthquake, we have all the phenomena which the most literal interpretation of the sacred records can demand. (See Gen. xix, 24, 25, 28.)

But our imaginary visit must now abruptly terminate. The sun has already sunk below the horizon, and the moon is beginning to shine across the ghastly flood on whose deadly beauty we have thus lingeringly gazed, as we turn into our tent for the last time, filled with sad and solemn thoughts, together with more ardent aspirations after the favor of that glorious Being who, if thus terrible as a foe, is not less faithful as a friend.



DANTE.

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

OF one who laid so broad and deep the foundations of elegant literature as DANTE (corrupted from *Durante* or *Durando*) ALGHERI, it must be interesting to know something more than that he lived and died; for *he*, at least, did not vegetate out his existence like many plants of the human species. He was born at Florence in May, 1265. The earliest event of his existence taking important rank in his history was—love. *He* was at the end of his ninth year, *she* but at the commencement of hers, when, at a banquet given at the house of her father, Folco Portinari, Dante imbibed that adoration of his sainted Beatrice which afterward transfused her image in his burning verse with the ideal spirituality of all his soul deemed good or glorious. She died, it is true, after an interval of sixteen years; but death could not obliterate the love of Dante. Exposed to imminent danger as a young soldier of twenty-five, fighting in the foremost troop of cavalry at the memorable battle of Campulдино, the vision of Beatrice hovered near him. As a lay brother of the Minorites (Fratelli Minori) Dante worshipped a saint of his own canonization. Laying aside the habit, however, before having professed, Dante, after the death of Beatrice, married Gemma, a noble lady of the Donati family, the mother of his numerous children. Gemma, unfortunately, had a *temper*.

Unable to banish the ideal Beatrice from his mind, he busied himself enshrining her in the allegory of his *Divina Commedia*. Gemma, at this, became jealous, and instigated her kinsmen, the Donati, to have

him exiled, and his possessions confiscated—rather a needless ceremony after the pillage to which they had been previously subjected. Such was the treatment which “Florence the beautiful,” as she is still called by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, or, “Florence the most fair and renowned daughter of Rome,” as she was long before apostrophized by Dante, had in store for the warrior and the poet. “Alas!” exclaimed Dante, “had it pleased the Dispenser of the universe that neither others had committed wrong against me, nor I suffered unjustly the punishment of exile and poverty, since it was the pleasure of the citizens of that most fair and renowned daughter of Rome (Florence) to cast me forth out of her sweet bosom, in which I had my birth and nourishment, and in which, with her goodwill, I desire with all my heart to rest this wearied spirit of mine, and to terminate the time allotted to me on earth. Wandering over every part to which this our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant, showing, against my will, the wounds with which fortune has smitten me.” It would appear, from one of Dante’s epistles, that the option of returning to Florence was extended to the banished bard in 1316; but it was under the ignominious conditions of paying a fine and acknowledging his political delinquency. The glory which his compositions had gained him, in some measure reconciled him to exile, and he spurned indignantly the proffered terms. One day, however, he promised himself prophetically to return—

“———And standing up
At his baptismal font, to claim the wreath
Due to the poet’s temples.”

At Ravenna, Dante, by a sort of sympathetic retribution, found refuge and protection with Guido Novello da Polenta, a kinsman of Francesco da Rimini, whose touching story he has expended all his pathos in relating. It was in a paroxysm of grief at the rancorous spirit manifested by the Venetians toward this prince, himself a poet, as well as a munificent patron of learning, that Dante, the most glorious and generous of the Florentines, breathed his last, A. D. 1321.

Dante’s portrait, by the great Giotto, has been preserved in the Chapel of the Podesta, at Florence. He was a man of middle stature, grave deportment, lengthened visage, large eyes, aquiline nose, dark complexion, large and prominent cheek

bones, black curling hair and beard, the under lip projecting beyond the upper. He was plain in his attire, temperate in his diet, absent and abstracted, but apt at repartee and given to sarcasm. At the table of Can Grande, when asked why the company were amused by the tricks of a buffoon, while they failed in deriving pleasure from such talents as his own, "All creatures," replied Dante, "delight in their own resemblance."

In the callousness of cotemporary criticism, Landino regarded Dante as a close imitator of Virgil. "Have we not among ourselves," says he, "Dante, a man replete with the highest and most varied learning, an author of the most solid parts? He, in his journey through the universal world, from lowest Tartarus to the heavenly kingdom, feigns him (Virgil) to have been his guide. In this work, wherein the writer seeks the *summum bonum* of man, 't is wonderful with what ingenuity he has adopted the *Æneid* as his sole model, so entirely, that even on occasions when he seems to relinquish the model for a while, if we examine more closely, we shall find that no such departure has taken place." The world now rebuts this cold-blooded estimate of the intense and fiery master of Italian song. A spirit like Dante's was not formed for imitation. His accordance with Virgil in the sources to which they mutually looked for inspiration, his amplification, in the descent into *Hades*, of an idea of which Virgil had supplied the germ, should no more implicate Dante as a servile imitator of Virgil, than similar traces of relationship between the two great epic poets of antiquity would be held to stamp Virgil as the imitator of Homer. Yet nothing will admit of wider and broader distinctions than the Virgilian and Homeric schools of poetry. The founders of both are great and original. The test of the independent reputation of Virgil is the fame which posterity has accorded him—a fame that would have long since been submerged beneath that of his master, had he simply been Homer's disciple. The latter is ardent and impetuous, the former polished, placid, and modest. The contrast between Virgil and Dante is equally striking. With Dante, as with Shakspeare, and almost every illustrious author, research has revealed in the bewildering multitude of sources it has delighted in suggesting for their invention.

But with Dante there is little appearance, and less certainty, of his having condescended to be a borrower, amidst the grandeur, the magnificence, and perfect development of design that distinguish his conceptions.

Dante's great poem embraces a description of the heavens, of men—their deserts and punishments, their happiness, their misery, and intermediate position, expressed through the medium of spirits conversing upon topics diversified by the peculiarities of countries, ages, and circumstances, in a rapid and magical succession. It has been traced at one time to the *Vision of Alberico*, a work of the twelfth century, in barbarous Latin prose. At another time, to an ancient romance called *Guerrino di Durazzo il Meschino*; while the English critic, Warton, determined to adduce the real clew to the Italian poet's merits, refers it now to *Le Voye ou le Songe d'Enfer*, a poem of 1180, by Raoul de Hondane; and again to that favorite apologue, the *Somnium Scipionis* of Cicero, which, in the words of Chaucer, treats

"—— of heaven and hell,
And yearth, and souls that dwell therein."

The *Divine Comedy*, better explained, according to the genius of our language, by Cary's title, derived from its three parts—"A Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise,"—is held to have imparted tone and coloring to the poetry of modern Europe, to have animated the poetic genius of Milton, and inspired the pencil of Michael Angelo. Chaucer owes to the old Italian bard many spirited touches; Spenser largely profited by Dante's labors; Roger Bacon, Abulfeda, Thomas Aquinas, Buonaventura, Giotto the painter, Albertus Magnus, William of Decam, Michael Scot, Marco Polo, Cimabue, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, his cotemporaries, drank largely at the fountain of his spirit. Imbued with the quick and keen perceptions of a sensitive, lofty, and cultivated mind, Dante's great poem has been well described as a chronicle of learning and of discovery for the times in which he lived. He called it simply *The Comedy*, from the circumstance of its style being of the middle kind, and its story (if story it possess) ending happily. Modern readers will scarcely realize in it their notions of comedy.

The opening of the first canto exhibits the writer, who, having lost his way in a

gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil. The Mantuan bard promises to show the Florentine the punishments of hell, and afterward of purgatory, intimating that he shall then be conducted by his love, Beatrice, into Paradise. The poem opens as follows:—

"In the midway of this our mortal life
I found me in a gloomy wood astray,
Gone from the path direct; and e'en to tell
It were no easy task. How savage wild
That forest—how robust and rough its growth—
Which to remember only my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discover'd there:
How first I enter'd it, I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dullness in that instant weigh'd
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where
closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night so pitifully past;
And as a man with difficult short breath,
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to
shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; even so my spirit, that yet fail'd,
Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits
That none have pass'd and lived."

The inscription on the gate of hell, celebrated for its familiar closing line,—

"Ogni speranza lasciate voi chi entrati,"—
is this:—

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved.
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal; and eternal I endure:
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

"Such characters in color dim I mark'd
Over a portal's lofty arch inscribed."

This brief and beautiful description of the vesper hour is from the *Purgatoria*. Dante seems to have taken a view seaward of the curfew scene, which Gray, in his famed English elegy, restricted to the land:—

"Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love,
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day."

Another snatch of Dante's poetry paints in beautiful contrast the sisters Leah and Rachel—the personages of the exquisite allegory rendered in stone by Michael Angelo, in his two celebrated figures on the monument of Julius II., in the Church of San Pietro in Vinculo. Leah and Rachel are here finely suggestive of Dante's allegorical system, which had in it nothing mundane; for, by Leah, he means not animated being so much as an abstract embodiment of active life; while by Rachel, he simply implies the contemplative state of being in contrast to the other:—

"About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lighten'd on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems always glowing with the fire of love,
A lady young and beautiful, I dream'd,
Was passing o'er a lee, and, as she came,
Methought I saw her ever and anon
Bending to cull the flowers, and thus she sang:

"Know ye, whoever of my name would ask,
That I am Leah! for my brow to weave
A garland those fair hands unwearied ply
To please me at the crystal mirror here
I deck me. But my sister Rachel, she
Before her glass abides the livelong day,
Her radiant eyes beholding, charm'd no less
Than I with this delightful task. Her joy
In contemplation as in labor mine."

Of all the poets of the middle ages, it may be said that they were eminently Christian—monkish, no doubt—but Christian after the manner of their age. The wars and chivalry of their era were religious. The infidel was abhorred, alike in the person of the abject Jew, who had spurned the truth, whose evidence shone bright around him, and in that of the ruthless Pagan, who had never known its ray. The common philosophic infidel or skeptic, however, was unknown. Deeply would his sentiments have been execrated, if obtruded on the age of Dante, who has been termed "the seer and inspired priest of nature, the enlightened poet of Catholic faith and knowledge." No, it was reserved for a latter era to descend to such refinements of iniquity; for Volney and Gibbon to poison with oriental malice the founts of history; for Voltaire to sap the foundations of philosophy; and for others to sully the spotless inspirations of poetry itself with their sarcastic skepticism. How dull and dwarf-like are their most gorgeously blown bubbles beside the grand, severe, stupendous allegories of Dante and descriptions of Milton!

[For the National Magazine.]

OLD CHRISTOPHER.

BY ALICE CARY.

POOOR old Christopher! On a briery-hill, sloping toward the setting sun and into a dismal wood, far from human habitations, and where only once or twice in the year the traveler turns from the clayey road, winding near, to look curiously and sadly over the broken fence, he is lying, fast asleep.

The precise spot where his grave was made, not one of his children could tell, probably—for he was abandoned by even his own sons and daughters long years before all the friend he had, death, took him to himself.

But though his grave is forgotten of men, the angels know where it is; and the last trumpet will have a call for him.

Of all the pictures of childish memory, none is more vivid than his as I used to see him—oftenest when I went to school; for he was crazy, and much given to wandering habits. I was afraid of him; for many curious stories were afloat of his having been seen, of moonlight nights, fighting with demons, or in pleasant converse with angels. I had never seen him so engaged, to be sure; but often and often I had seen him talk with himself, and, to my childish apprehension, his cocked hat and red hunting-shirt were strong suppositions in favor of his supernatural endowments. He wore buckles on his shoes, too, and sometimes the sword, with which, in his younger years, he had done good service for his country. He was quite harmless, so far as his intercourse with mortals went; but still he was shunned by the children as one who had power to do great harm, if he chose. The school where I went was a mile and a half from my father's house, and in a dreary piece of woods through which I had to go was where it seemed to me I oftenest met old Christopher. The road was very crooked through these woods, winding over and around steep clayey hills; so that, try as I would, I could not see on entering whether I would meet him or not. It was a dismal sort of place, and I don't wonder now that I was afraid to pass it alone. There was a grave-yard at the entrance as I went from home, a spot near which children are apt to tread timidly,

and the trees which grew thick on either hand, met, and frequently interlocked their dark boughs overhead. On one side the ground lay low and flat, moist throughout, and with here and there a great shallow pool of black sluggish water; opposite ran a deep hollow, through which a creek, wide and muddy, dragged itself along.

Never a crow called to its mate in this lonesome part of my daily journey, but that it startled me; every mark along the dust I construed into the trail of a snake, and every tree, taller than the rest, I singled as a mark for the lightning. About midway of this forest-road, a narrow path was seen trodden among the leaves, and winding among logs and around patches of underbrush, till it was lost in the thick wood through which no glimmer of light from the clearing beyond could be discerned. This path was my special terror, for it was worn by the feet of old Christopher, and led to his dismal hut, which himself had built in the middle of that dreary wood. He cultivated a small garden, and it was his habit to carry the products about the neighborhood for sale during the summer and fall, so that we were often in the high road together. He walked slowly, feeling his way, as it were, with a rough thorny cane, and bearing a basket of his own rude workmanship on one arm, filled with fruits or vegetables, and far streaming down over his red garment fell his white beard and hair, neither of which had been shorn for many years. I used to speak to him when we met, at first from fear, for I fancied that civility might ward off the imprecations which it was rumored he sometimes called down on the heads of those who offended him. I suspect, however, it was only rudeness that brought upon itself his anathemas; for he uniformly showed his pleasure in my little attempts at politeness—always by a sweet smile—sometimes by offering me an apple or a tomato, or whatever his basket held.

With very light and very fleet steps I walked after having passed him; nor did it lessen my trembling to see, as I often did on looking back, that he was standing still in the dusty weeds of the road-side, gazing intently after me. As I grew older, my courage or my curiosity, or both, grew too; and I would stop sometimes, especially if a team were in sight, and exchange a few words with the crazy man.

Whether or not he was a prophet, he enjoyed about the country the reputation of one; and so soon as I dared say anything to him, I inquired whether or not it would rain that day. Turning his clear, deep-blue eyes upon me, he replied, "A prophet has no honor in his own country; nevertheless I will tell you." And having leaned thoughtfully on his staff for a few minutes, he told me there would be rain about the fifth hour of the evening; and lifting up his eyes he continued: "Woe unto you, if you be a daughter of the faithless!"

I told him I believed; and though I perhaps exaggerated somewhat my credulity, I certainly felt a vague impression that to his strange deep eyes the future was more open than to most mortal men. Not a cloud was visible in the sky, but at noon they began to gather; and when at night I walked under the leafy arch of the gloomy road, I heard the rain pattering above me, and my faith was confirmed. Ever after that I designated the old man as father Christopher, a title which gave him the greatest satisfaction.

My schoolmates warned me in vain against tampering with the devil—the imputed necromancy had a charm for me; and in course of time a strange joy mingled with the tremor I felt, when I saw in the distance the red mantle of father Christopher fluttering in the winds; and perhaps I was the more willing to listen, from the fact that he often promised to bestow his prophetic powers upon me when he died. Sometimes if I met him as I was returning from school, and so at leisure, I would sit down on some log by the road-side, and listen till the stars came out to his curious talk, half mad and half inspired. Sometimes he saw funerals in the clouds, and more than once I remember that his predictions of death in the neighborhood were verified as he foretold—marriages also, and other occurrences of less importance. It was his delight, however, to wander in thought beyond the limits of this world, and bring back the lights and shadows that he met. The songs of the angels, the chariot of the Lord, the trumpet of Gabriel, death, and the death after death, were the themes of his highest eloquence. Many and many a time he told me that he had the day, or the night past, seen his angel wife, Mary—that he had been with her in Paradise; or that she had

come to his bedside in the night time, and given him a flower, or mingled on his pillow her golden locks with his white ones. She was beautiful when she lived in the world, he said, and now that she was an angel, he could not tell that she was more lovely than when long ago she sat by his fireside with their baby on her knees. Often he talked wildly—madly almost—of other things, making fearful combinations of light and darkness, love and hate; but when he talked of Mary, it was with the tenderness and pathos of a bereaved lover, and with consistency that impressed me very deeply. Her hair had the same golden brightness always—her hand the same lily beauty, and her eyes the unfathomable splendor of the blue midnight—her voice was always low and loving; and often he said to me, that no serpent ever crossed his garden for forty days after his beautiful Mary had been to his cabin. One time he took from his bosom a flower, which, he said, she had given him the last midnight, calling him softly out of sleep, and putting her arms about his neck as she did so; but if the flower were the gift of any Mary, it must have been years and years away; for it was withered almost to blackness.

I was grown quite to womanhood without having ever been to his house; though we were grown to be friends, and many times he had asked me to visit him. Gladly would I have done so, but was not permitted to go alone; and if I suggested any inclination to any of my friends, they were quick to say I was scarcely less crazy than old Christopher himself—and so they would tell me of the great black dog that was chained at his cabin door, to devour alive any one who dared go near it; and of the sword that shone against the wall, and with which it was supposed he had some time done a murder, about which he had gone crazy; and of the poison herbs that hung in bunches along his ceiling; and of other mysterious furnishings of his house: at all of which I only laughed, and was accused of a disposition to tamper with things forbidden.

If I made inquiries about his history, I learned only the common and obvious facts: he was old crazy Christopher—supposed to have lost his reason in consequence of too much thought about the future; but nobody really knew or inquired—they regarded him as one of the belong-

ings of the neighborhood, that could provide for its needs—giving him no more sympathy than they gave the worn-out horse turned loose to die. His own children sold from beneath his feet the ground his own hands had earned; for he had come, a widowed man, with three little children to our neighborhood a great while before I could remember—cleared the land, built him a home, planted an orchard, and digged a well; and while he was doing all this, the children he brought grew to maturity, and the once clear intellect of the father went blind, and knew them not; and they—O to the shame of humanity be it written!—forsook him; and to a strange hard man sold him, with the ground he had earned by the sweat of his brow.

It was not regarded as any very wicked transaction that I remember of; and with certain pieces of silver in their hands, the sons and the daughter of the mentally blind and doubly pitiable father took honorable leave of the neighborhood, to buy broader lands and build new roofs over their own heads, leaving the gray hairs of their father to bide the peltings of the storms. And so they did, for he refused to sleep beneath the roof of the oppressor, as he called the new proprietor of his estate; and building a small house of logs in the midst of the woods, retired, and lived thenceforward alone. That he was unconscious of the grievous wrong done him I was never satisfied, and sometimes questioned him as to the extent of his lands, the variety of his fruits, and the like; and the propriety and correctness of his replies persuaded me that, however bewildered, neither memory nor the light of reason was altogether lost.

It was a keen, clear, pitiless winter day, that made the beast shiver and man seek the fire; at the close of which I found myself with a walk of two miles and a half before me—for I had been visiting for a day at my grandfather's house. I might shorten the distance for half a mile, I was told, by crossing the fields and woods; and as any shortening of the distance was desirable under the circumstances, I resolved to follow the directions which my friends had very carefully given for my guidance. I must follow the lane till I came to the woods, where I would find a path, in which I must keep till within sight of a designated barn—then I must cross a meadow toward a certain tree, at which place I

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would find a run, that for another indefinite distance would be my guide; but at a certain turn where a sycamore-tree had fallen, I must leave it, and strike into the woods, and by keeping a north-westerly course I would soon find myself in the main road—home nearly in sight—and besides the shorter journey, the woods, it was argued, would be a protection to me, as the wind must be a good deal broken by the trees. I shaped out the way very clearly, I thought, in my mind, and with a brisk step and the most perfect assurance in my ability to find my way, set forward. The sun was near the setting—the last rays glittering on the steep frosty gable of my grandfather's house as I looked back where the lane terminated in the woods, and before I emerged from their shadows, all was shadow. Such bitter and biting cold I never saw—the clear sky was like a dome of ice, and the meadow grass cracked beneath my feet as I went, so stiff was it frozen—and every track made by man or beast was crusted with a shell that cracked and rattled together in a mass as I passed along. The black, bare branches of the trees stood still—there was no voice of bird or fall of water, but all was as if everything had been frozen, or was freezing into silence.

I don't know how it was, but I failed to see the barn of which I had been told, and thinking I must have gone far enough in one direction, for the intense cold made every step painful, I resolved to be guided by my own apprehensions, and strike at once into the woods. The sun had already been down some time; there was no moon; and the stars that seemed shrunk by the cold, made only here and there a shiver of light through the darkness. Over fallen logs and around them I went, across ponds of ice, and along flat leafy distances, down into deep hollows and over steep hills, looking and looking to discern the light through the woods. In vain—it grew darker and darker till all was dark. I could not see any light, nor hear any sound when I stopped to listen—which I did time and again. At length my feet began to feel like clumsy pieces of ice, and sitting on a log I felt of them with my hands; but they too were numb, and I could not tell which was frozen, or whether one or both. I was now seriously alarmed, but gathering up all my energy tried to retrace my steps. I soon

learned, however, that I could find no landmarks, and though within a short distance of home, was completely lost, benighted, and probably freezing. I walked one way and another for an hour, perhaps, very fast and with no object except the necessity of motion; for though it was possible, it was no longer probable that I should find my way out of the woods that night. Suddenly, I heard a voice, apparently in angry menace; but little cared I whether angry or not—any sound like humanity was welcome. I listened close, afraid that I had deceived myself, or was losing my senses: but no, it was in verity a human voice, and proceeding toward it I soon became aware that it was the imprecations and denunciations of father Christopher, and I understood that he was fighting with the fiends which he supposed to be about him.

More and more distinctly I could hear his beating of the ground and his curses, and fearful noise I confess it was; but demons just then had less terrors for me than the darkness and the cold, and fast as I might I hurried in the direction of his voice. At length I was very near, and stopping, for I was afraid of the weapon which I felt he was wielding with all his might, though I could not see it. I called—"Father Christopher!" "Make as sweet a voice as you may," he cried, "you shall not deceive me, vile imp of the pit—I will stab you through and through;" and as he spoke he made a desperate rush, hewing the darkness as he came. Screening myself behind a tree, I waited till his overwrath had somewhat abated, and then told him my name—reminding him of the times he had prophesied for me, and assuring him that I was lost in the woods, and would die unless he would take me to his house, and allow me to warm by his fire.

He presently knew me, and begged me to forgive him for what he had said, assuring me that he was not to blame, for that it was the demons who persuaded him that I was of their number; and taking my hand he led me carefully and softly as though I had been his own child. I confess that I trembled a little at first, and especially when he led me around something, assuring me that in that spot he had slain a dragon, and that I must, if possible, avoid treading in the blood. The darkness, he said, would not permit

him to see how many bad spirits he had slain, but from their howling and crying he believed it could not have been less than ten thousand. I confirmed him in the belief, for it seemed pleasant to him; and moreover, I feared he might be tempted to renew the fight. I told him I had trodden over great numbers, and that he was no less a soldier than a prophet. I had, in truth, great reverence for him, and in some sort I loved him; for the wrongs he suffered from his children and the world first kindled my pity, then grew to interest, and interest to faith and trust. And who is so blind in mind and heart that they are unconscious of trust reposed in them—of love entertained for them? These are the media through which even idiocy sees more clearly; the wild beast is tamed by love, and the madman made at least peaceable.

He no sooner felt that I was not only not afraid of him, but that I besought his protection—that I had confidence in him—than his broken and ruined manhood seemed to be built up into strength and beauty. He fenced the winds from me as he best could, as we went along, and with the utmost tenderness assured me that I should have every care and attention his house afforded, and that I need not fear being frozen, for that it was quite impossible I should be more than severely chilled. I could now and then see the gleam of his white beard, or the shining of his sword blade as we walked, frozen sticks and leaves crushing beneath our feet, and the still cold smiting our faces like sharp blades of steel.

At last a little light shone through the darkness—nearer and nearer we came, and presently were at the door of father Christopher's house. I forgot the black dog I had heard of, and the poison herbs, all but that I had found shelter and fire, and went in with the old man more gladly than I had ever entered house till then.

He hastened to stir open the great bed of coals that lay in the fire-place, and having thrown on some hickory boughs, a warm red light filled all the little room in a few minutes.

The ample hearth was laid with stones, and beside the fireplace was a rude chair in which Christopher made haste to seat me—the floor was of planks, a bed stood in one corner of the room—a table under the small square window, (the only one

in the house,) upon which stood a jug of water and a basket of apples. On a shelf at the head of the bed lay a Bible and a miniature case—the wall had many a chink through which the wind came, reminding us of the intense cold without. I need not linger over the aching and tingling in my fingers—over the strange sensations that possessed me on finding myself alone at midnight in the hut of a crazy man, shut out by woods and darkness from help, if danger there were. My suffering from the cold prevented fear, at first, and as I became sensible of new peril I suppressed its manifestation, and presently felt all the confidence I at first affected.

"They call me crazy," said Christopher, speaking at last, "and you must be afraid to stay with me in this lonesome place," and he took my hand as he spoke and looked close in my eyes as though he would see down through them to my soul. I said, "No, you are a prophet, and why should I fear you—have you not foretold storms and deaths, and done me many favors without once harming me?" He smiled at my words, and as he stooped his face toward me I smoothed away the gray hair which fell over his eyes, and when he lifted himself up I saw that they were dim with tears. "No," he said, laying his withered and trembling hand on my head, "I am a prophet, and a wronged and injured old man, but not crazy—no, no, not crazy." The light of a clear intelligence seemed shining in his face as he spoke, and I felt that he was, indeed, a wronged and injured old man, and to this day I believe that for the time the clouds passed from his intellect. While he sat sad and thoughtful at the fire, I took from the shelf the miniature, rather to divert the attention of my friend from the troubled mood in which he seemed to be settling than from any idle curiosity. It was the picture of a young and beautiful woman. Who could it be, I mused as I gazed upon it—

"Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?"

and I turned from the picture to the miserable old man in whose eyes the light of a clear memory seemed shining sorrowfully out. He took the miniature from my hand, and having kissed it reverently, placed it in his bosom, and with his eyes

fixed in the fire and quite forgetful of me, seemingly, he said:—"She loved me once—I am sure she did—we were so happy in our beautiful home. I remember one summer night when her head lay on my arm and the rose-leaves blew in at the window and fell over her head and face—there was a bird singing near, and we had no light but the moonshine—let me see, we were not many months married then—well—would to God I had no darker memory—if she were dead—but she did not die—only the death which is worse than death—could she leave her baby in the cradle, and steal away in the dark with a human devil? No, no, it could not have been—and yet in my veins there is no traitor blood—it must have been from her the children drew their serpent natures—have they not stung me, each one, and after coiled themselves separately away—O, vile mother, and vile children, curses on you all! If I should wrong her—O what a wrong it were—she may have been spirited away—I have searched the world and could never find her grave. We were walking in the garden when the tempter appeared—we had been happy till then, but from that day it seemed as if there was a great gulf between us. When I came home next she was not waiting for me at the window, and though she smiled faintly when I spoke to her, it was as if her heart were elsewhere. One moonlight summer night I came with a quick anxious step, for something boded me evil; I knew not, felt not what it was, but a voice seemed to say to me, Haste, O haste. When I came within sight of the house I almost ran—there was no light at the window as there had always been till then. I opened the door with a trembling hand, for I heard no voice singing, and no footstep in the house—the moonlight streamed over bed and cradle, and the three children slept alone. With the burning lamp I searched the house, feeling at every step how useless was the search. I called aloud through all the house and in the garden—no voice replied—from that night my home was desolate, and more than that my heart was desolate. Once again I saw her like a golden shadow in the dark—what matters it when and where—I never sought to see her again, but with my children crossed the mountains, and with all the strength that was left in me tried to make a new

home. Sometimes there came a little light to me when my children played under the trees I had planted—but the serpent's egg hatches a serpent—they grew to maturity and sold me with my oxen and my land—well!"

I knew not then, and know not now, how much of this soliloquy was to be attributed to a wandering imagination; it impressed me like a fragment of truth; perhaps it was so, perhaps not. At daylight I made my way home; Christopher attending me till my path struck into the main road; gentle and loving he was so long as he stayed with me, but when we had been a few minutes divided and I turned to look for him, I heard his voice sounding angrily through the woods; he was fighting with the demons again.

Many years after this occurrence he continued to live his lonesome and isolated life, and was at length, after a colder night than the one I passed in his house, found dead by the fireless hearth: when or how he had gone no one knew; but when they dressed him for the grave, they found, lying close on his bosom, the picture of a fair-faced woman.

Whether or not she were his Mary I cannot tell; or if indeed it were not all a dream—if it were so, God grant the dream may have been only a prophecy, and that he knows now its bright fulfilment. For is not he our Father "who setteth an end to darkness and who searcheth out all perfection?"

[For the National Magazine.]

LOVEST THOU ME?

BY LUTHER W. PECK.

* Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee." John xxi, 15.

JESUS in prayer conversed with God,
While on the lonely mountain-side;
And anxious crowds pursuing trod,
To spread his healing power wide;
Then Peter follow'd near his Lord,
And oft his deeds of mercy told;
In temple, or in mount adored,
Jesus beholds his followers bold.
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
The answer, then, will surely be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

* The Greek lines may be rendered as follows:—

"Son of Jonas, lovest thou me?
Thou knowest that I love thee."

When on the wild Gennesaret,
The laboring ship was tempest-toss'd;
And with the dashing surges wet,
The trembling band gave all for lost;
When rose along the blast a cry,
That seem'd to check the mighty wave:
"Fear not," said Jesus, "it is I;"
Then Peter, sinking, cried, "O save!"
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
He answers from the billowy sea,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

Where tower'd proud Jerusalem,
From fragrant, grape-hung Olivet,
Advanced the Prince, whose diadem
Was not with fading diamonds set;
But round his mild, unearthly brow
Heaven's dread imperial splendor hung;
Along his path were seen to bow
The hosts, from whom hosannas rung:
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
Jesus! though all for sake, and flee,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

The heavens are changed—the clouded sun
Grows pale before his Maker's frown;
Redemption's closing rite begun—
Angels to earth are thronging down;
Within a tyrant's judgment-hall,
The calm, unsinning Jesus stands;
Ah! terrors now all hearts appall,
And Christ is mock'd by hellish bands:
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
He answers, weeping bitterly,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

The rugged steep of Calvary,
The rending rocks, the rising dead,
Attest that Jesus loveth thee,
As in his holy word is said;
The awe-struck guard, the bursting tomb,
The angels watching at the door,
The day of death, the day of doom,
Tell Jesus loveth evermore.
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
In heaven the rapturous song shall be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

The friends of Jesus saw him stand,
All radiant, on the sunlit shore;
The nail's torn mark was in his hand,
Deep battle scars the conqueror bore;
The Lord of life, from heaven he came,
And stood by calm Gennesaret;
Though risen, he is still the same,
And his disciples loveth yet:
Σίμων Ἰωάννα, φίλεις με;
Forever more the answer be,
Σὺ οἶδας ὅτι φίλῳ σε.

THE VASTNESS OF DIVINE LOVE.—We stand upon the sea-shore, and survey with admiring delight the wide-extended ocean, whose distant waters lose themselves in the blue horizon. But what is this great abyss of waters compared to that ocean of Almighty love, which is without a bottom and a shore?—*Brooks.*

HISTORICAL WOMEN.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

IN her own court, the conduct of Isabella merited the warmest praise. A "nursery of virtue and generous ambition," here she watched over the education of those among the daughters of the nobility who were committed to her care, portioning them generously in marriage; while her own example led them to regard with indifference the luxuries of life; to be temperate, unostentatious, careless of extravagant dress or equipage, unless state occasions warranted a magnificence, which none more fully or easily than herself could assume. Early the victim of adversity, she had been thrown when very young into all the profligate levity of a corrupt court; but the lessons she had imbibed from her mother shielded the princess from harm,—and the queen retained the remembrance of their benefit, and strove to render it universal. But with these Isabella had also received strong religious impressions, closely verging upon bigotry, and, unfortunately, far less happy in their result. Her own natural temperament was in all other matters strangely self-reliant, but in spiritual concerns completely subservient to the dicta of her religious advisers. When Talavera (afterward Archbishop of Granada, but then a simple monk) attended her upon the first occasion after being appointed her confessor, she observed that he remained seated while she bent before him for confession; and, whether to test his sentiments, or from actual annoyance at a proceeding doubtless unexpected, she reminded him "that it was customary for the priest also to kneel." "This," he replied, "is the tribunal of God; I am here as his representative; it is only fitting that I should sit, and that your majesty should kneel before me." Upon which the queen questioned him no further, but humbly went through her confession as he ordained it, so pleased with what she considered an evidence of his righteous independence, that she exclaimed at its close, "This is just the confessor I desired." Many years before the present epoch, a Dominican monk, named Torquemada, her then religious adviser, had either deluded or terrified her into a promise, that "she would devote her reign, if ever she became queen, to the

extirpation of heresy, and the aggrandizement of the Catholic faith." The fulfilment of this fatal promise was now pressed upon her; but it is only due to her otherwise almost unblemished name, to state that the form in which it was proposed—the establishment of that fiendish tribunal, the masterpiece alike of ignorance, bigotry, and tyranny—the Inquisition—was so repellant to her gentle and magnanimous nature, that she refused to sanction it until months, even years, had elapsed. During these she had endured the importunities of the whole body of the clergy, those of her nearest personal friends, and perhaps still stronger arguments on the part of her selfish husband, whose policy, even more than the bigotry of which he has generally been accused, urged him to "fasten its odious yoke" upon both their dominions. Had she been capable of foreseeing the horrors this sanction entailed, we may suppose that she would rather have cut off her own right hand, than have permitted it to subscribe the petition which obtained the papal coöperation, and launched, even within the next year, thousands of miserable Jews, under the pretext of religious zeal, into eternity.

But we readily pass to events which, however melancholy in their detail, are yet less harrowing than those connected with the revelations of this horrible institution. The curtain is rising upon the conquest of Granada—the stage is covered with Arab warriors clad in their characteristic costume—they mix with Christian cavaliers in the knightly tourney; while down from the balconies, hung with rich silks and cloth of gold, glance the dark-eyed Moorish maidens. Anon, the scene changes its character: it is no longer a gentle feat of arms—it is a mortal combat—cimeters flash, lances and javelins are hurled along in rapid *mêlée*, ordnance peals, and fire and smoke obscure the palace court and the mountain fortress; while through every scene of blood-red carnage or victorious triumph, glides the form of Ferdinand of Spain, and, woe to say, too often that of the nobler and gentler Isabella!

The city of Granada, so justly vaunted by its adoring people, lay completely in the center of the Moorish territories, sheltered by the Sierra Nevada, a chain of snowy mountains, delicious breezes from whose icy tops tempered the most sultry

heat of the summer sun, and wafted salubrity and luxury through the vast halls of the beautiful city. The two lofty hills upon which Granada stood, divided by a valley, concealing within its bosom a swift-flowing river, were crowned respectively by the fortress of the Alcazaba, and the renowned palace (also a fortress) of the Alhambra. This immense building, planned and executed in the extreme of barbarous magnificence, was said by tradition to have been the work of a king, who, versed in the mysteries of alchemy and magic, had thus supplied the unlimited funds requisite to complete his undertaking. The vine clambered, hanging its dark treasures in rich profusion over the walls; the orange, citron, pomegranate, and mulberry, luxuriated within its gardens; and delicious fountains tossed their spray high into the air, or fell musically from carved images grouping the gilded and painted courts, whose airy porticoes and turrets seemed the creation of a fairy hand. The city was surrounded by high walls, fortified by numerous towers, and beyond these stretched the fertile vega or plain, intersected by streams, and studded with groves, "rejoiced by the perpetual song" of the nightingale.

It appears to have been understood in the marriage treaty of Isabella, that her husband was to lead her forces against the possessors of this enviable territory. It was deemed by all, and mostly by the queen, derogatory from the Castilian dignity, that its power should be resisted by the inhabitants of so narrow a tract lying between themselves and the sea; religious feeling, too, was here also Isabella's excuse, and she entered enthusiastically into the war, which was to the last degree popular with her subjects. The Moors gaining notice of the warlike intentions of their warlike neighbors, resolved to strike the first blow. Their king, Aben Hassen, assailed the fortress of Zahara, hitherto considered almost impregnable, in the middle of the night, took the garrison prisoners, or put them to the sword,—an outrage which was speedily and terribly avenged by an attack upon Alhama, a town filled with incredible riches, within a short distance of the capital, belonging to the Moors. This ancient and stately city was reduced to ashes by the Christians: its wealth formed booty for the soldiers, and the melancholy romance

translated by Lord Byron, with its lament, "*Ay de mi, Alhama*"—"Woe is me, Alhama!"—composed by one of the Moors shortly after the catastrophe, testifies the deep grief and dejection elicited by its fall. But Alhama had nearly been retaken, and Isabella herself found it necessary to fan into flames, by her own enthusiasm, the spirits of the Castilians, terrified by the vicinity of the Moorish king. Upon taking possession of the city, she not only furnished the churches with plate and other requisites of her faith, but herself worked a covering of elaborate embroidery to decorate the principal altar. After this period Isabella invariably accompanied Ferdinand in his campaigns: she was said to be the "soul of this war," and appears to have regarded it in a wholly conscientious point of view. Animating and encouraging the wavering or dispirited, she was everywhere active and vigilant, and so wrought upon the "grandeas," when fatigued and all but retiring, that, "mortified at being outdone in zeal for the holy war by a woman, they eagerly collected their forces, and returned across the borders to renew hostilities."

The earliest idea of providing camp hospitals emanated from the pity and tenderness of Isabella; frequently visiting the sick in person, and carrying with her liberal supplies of money and clothes, she furnished them with medicine and attendants at her own charge, and the tents appropriated to the wounded were known as the "queen's hospitals." She was repaid by the most romantic and chivalrous attachment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than glance at the various sieges and surrenders which resulted in the complete destruction of the Moors, and the capture of their cherished metropolis. Velez, Malaga, and Baza, successively succumbed, until the cross was raised above the towers of the Alhambra. At Malaga an attempt was made to assassinate the sovereigns; and the queen is considered by her historian to have been inspired from above in averting the threatened catastrophe. A Moor named Agerbi undertook the crime, and being brought to the tent of the king professed to have secrets of importance to communicate. Ferdinand was taking a *siesta*, and the queen refused to awaken him, desiring that the

Moor should be conducted for the present into the adjoining tent, where were seated, conversing together, the Marchioness de Moya, Isabella's early friend, and Don Alvaro, the son of the Duke of Braganza. The assassin deeming he was in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, drew a dagger from the folds of his *albornoz*, and darting on the Portuguese, wounded him on the head; then turning upon the marchioness, he aimed a blow at her, which was fortunately rendered abortive by some heavy gold ornaments she wore; and the guards, warned of the danger by her screams, rushed in, and dispatched the intended murderer. Shortly afterward, when the city capitulated, Ferdinand and Isabella entered it in state, and a multitude of Christian captives, heavily manacled and wasted with confinement, were set at liberty, while their Moorish detainers were, in their place, condemned to the horrors of slavery. It is only fair to state that Isabella remonstrated strongly against the summary method of punishment employed for their unfortunate patriotism; but a stain rests upon her memory for not using her authority for its total prevention.

In the year 1487, shortly after the king and queen, together with their children, had paid a visit to Arragon, to insure the proper succession of their only son, Prince John, the royal army marched to reconnoiter Baza; but it was not until the December of 1489 that Isabella, who had arrived at the request, not only of her husband, but of the whole body of the troops, accompanied by a glittering train of cavaliers and ladies, took possession of the conquered fortress; and Almeria, with its Moorish sovereign, El Zagal, soon followed the example of submission. Throughout the long period of these successive sieges Isabella had displayed the usual energy, suffering fatigues, furnishing funds raised by personal sacrifice, and ever restoring enthusiasm by the quick sympathies of her woman's heart, while she directed the movements of her forces with all the comprehensive intelligence of the other sex. "The chivalrous heart of the Spaniard," says Mr. Prescott, "did homage to her as to his tutelar saint; and she held a control over her people such as no man could have acquired in any age, —and probably no woman, in an age and country less romantic."

In the April following, the young Isabella, Infanta of Spain, was betrothed by her parents to Alonzo, heir of Portugal; the ceremony took place at Seville, and the tourneys held in its honor were succeeded by others in sight of the besieged, when within a few weeks Isabella —often to be seen at the head of her troops, habited in complete armor, like her prototype, Zenobia, of old—encamped beneath the battlements of Granada. A narrow escape of her life occurred during this campaign. She was lodged in a superb pavilion belonging to the Marquis of Cadiz, and, owing to the carelessness of an attendant, a lamp placed near the hangings set not only them but those of the adjoining tents in flames. The queen and her children escaped with difficulty; she sprung hastily from her bed, her first thought being for her husband. Ferdinand had armed, and put himself at the head of his troops, apprehending a sally; none however was attempted, and no other mishap resulted beyond the loss of much valuable property in the conflagration. The accident suggested to Isabella the idea of building a regular city to guard her soldiers from similar disasters, and provide them with good winter quarters. This extraordinary task was performed with wondrous celerity; like the magic palace of Aladdin, the town of Santa Fé arose in the sight of the besieged. Though originally intended to be named after herself, the idea was overruled by the pious queen's gratitude to that Providence which had sustained her arms throughout the war. It is the only city in Spain, writes a Castilian author, "that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy." The performance of this work by the Spaniards threw the devoted Moors into utter despair; for in it they perceived the determination of their opponents never to relinquish the rigorous blockade they had instituted until Granada had fallen. The surrender of the city was further precipitated by the fears entertained for the safety of Abdallah, the Moorish monarch, who had entered into unpopular conditions with the conquerors. The last scene of a war, which had endured nearly the same period as the famous one of Troy, was now to be enacted, and everything that could heighten its effect was carefully arranged by the Castilians. The court had assumed mourning for the

accidental death of Alonzo, their young infant's bridegroom; but it was hastily thrown off, and festive apparel substituted. Ferdinand and Isabella, attended by a gorgeous retinue, took up their station at Armilla, and waited with impatience until the large silver cross, the "great standard of this crusade," should be elevated on the Torre de la Vella, or watch-tower. One prolonged shout greeted its appearance; it was closely followed by the pennon of St. James, and the royal banner of Castile,—and at these "signals of possession," the sovereigns, followed by the whole assembled host, fell on their knees, "giving God glory" for their triumph.

Not far from the Hill of Martyrs they were met by the royal Moor Abdallah, (or Boabdil,) who would have prostrated himself at her feet, but was prevented by the courtesy of his conquerors. Here the unfortunate monarch received back, from the hands of the queen, his son, hitherto detained as a hostage; and delivering in return the keys of the Alhambra to Ferdinand, with "an air of mingled melancholy and resignation," they were handed on to Isabella, and then to her son, Prince John. After so doing, he moved forward with a dejected air to rejoin his family; but upon reaching the elevated ground commanding a last view of his beloved Granada, the heart of the poor king, overwhelmed by emotion, found relief in a torrent of weeping; and it was only when his high-spirited mother, Ayxala Horra, reminded him "that it was useless to lament as a woman what he had failed to defend like a man," that he had courage to leave the spot, called to this day, in commemoration of this sad farewell, *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*—"The last sigh of the Moor." The gate through which he issued from Granada was, at his request, walled up, that no other might pass through it. Abdallah pined to the end of his days, in hopeless misery, for his departed kingdom, and ultimately threw away a life he no longer cared to preserve in the support of an African kinsman in Morocco.

It was in the midst of all the joy and triumph attending the downfall of the crescent, that Isabella found time to attend to projects which, scarcely proficient enough in science to comprehend fully, she yet was led by "the spirit of intelligence and energy" to patronize with the

whole fervor of her generous nature. "A man obscure and but little known, followed at this time the court." Stigmatized alternately as a "dreaming speculator,"—"an indigent and threadbare applicant in the royal ante-chamber,"—"a nameless stranger,"—poverty, neglect, reproach, ridicule, and disappointment, had alike failed to shake his perseverance, or lead him to concessions he deemed unworthy the importance of his undertaking. And he was right; for this man was no other than Christopher Columbus. We would we had space to note with rapid pen the history of one indeed a hero, through all its scenes of vicissitude and distress, when, after being regarded so long with coldness, the earnest rhetoric of Isabella's early and fast friend, Beatrice de Moya, kindled her warm participation in those researches which were afterward to reflect upon her so much fame, and she exclaimed enthusiastically, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." But the discoveries of Columbus so far only enter into the history of Isabella, as they are descriptive of the maternal interest she took in the welfare and freedom of the Indians, and of the extreme regard which, despite of all the fluctuations of opinion, all the ingratitude of others, she felt toward one who returned it so fully, that having "borne firmly the stern conflicts of the world, yet, on beholding the queen's emotion, he could no longer suppress his own." When received by her in the Alhambra after a temporary misunderstanding, he was unable to utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings; and so intense was the affliction with which he learned that she was, to use his own words, "received into glory, and beyond the cares of this rough and weary world," that its impression never was obliterated up to the last moments of a life prolonged but a short space beyond that of his royal mistress. His was a character which, "whether we contemplate it in its public or private relations, in all its features wears the same noble aspect. It was in perfect harmony with the grandeur of his plans."

We have already lingered too long over the records of this large-hearted princess. Isabella has had so many chroniclers that it is no easy matter to reject the numer-

ous anecdotes and details of her existence, and pages might easily swell into chapters, yet contain nothing irrelevant to her history. Touch we briefly, therefore, a few remaining incidents, which, for the most part, are descriptive only of the grief and disappointment no woman ever less deserved to experience. Devoted to her children, she was most unfortunate in their destinies: all gave early indication of talent, and she had educated them entirely upon a system of her own, proved, by its results, to have been worthy the commendation it received from cotemporary writers.

The early death of her adored Isabella, the first and fairest of her house; of her only son, the promising Prince John; and the settled insanity of Joanna, (who had married the Archduke Philip of Austria, and was mother of Charles V. :) together with the widowhood of the English queen consort, Catherine of Arragon, the first of Henry the Eighth's six wives, who was the infanta, Catalina, youngest child of the queen;—these afflictions all accelerated the death of the tender and susceptible Isabella. Fever consumed her frame, her appetite failed her, and it was evident to all, although she tried to give audience as usual, and resisted with enduring fortitude the inroads of the disease, that "while the powers of her mind seemed to brighten, those of her body declined." Conscious of her approaching fate, while prayers were put up everywhere, pilgrimages and processions of daily and hourly occurrence for the recovery of the beloved queen, Isabella calmly employed herself in dictating a will, which proves how consistent were her schemes of benefit for her people, how devoted her affection for her consort, and their remaining offspring. In it she recommended to others "the same conjugal harmony which had ever subsisted between her and her husband," beseeching her children to show the latter all the respect and love "due to him beyond all other parents, for his eminent virtues;" but while expressing her sincere conviction that his past conduct afforded a sufficient guarantee for his faithful administrations, she "required, for her beloved Castile's security, the customary oath from him on entering the responsibilities of the office." She then provided for the personal revenues of Ferdinand, "beseeching the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he

shall select; so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live the more justly and holily in this." Finally, she ordered her remains to be transported to Granada, to the Franciscan monastery of Santa Isabella, in the Alhambra, and there deposited in a low and humble sepulcher, bearing nothing more than a simple inscription; "unless," she goes on to say, "the king, my lord, should prefer a sepulcher in some other place; then my will is, that my body be there transported and laid by his side, that the union we have enjoyed in this world, and through the mercy of God may hope again for our souls in heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth." Isabella's desire was fulfilled; the remains of Ferdinand rest beside hers in the cathedral church of Granada. But a magnificent mausoleum of white marble was raised above them by their grandson, Charles the Fifth.

It rarely happens to the historian to be able to chronicle goodness, and greatness, alike eminently conspicuous in the character of a single being. The one so generally detracts from the other, that greatness draws for its expansion upon principle; or goodness, in the fear of becoming intemperate, lapses into infirmity. Hence the combination of queenly energy with womanly mildness, which, when recognized, make our admiration grow into love, and merge even envy itself in the desire of extending the influence of the individual. It is the tendency also of success to engender self-opinion; and domestic amiability and tenderness are not seldom sacrificed to the hardening effects of public astuteness and policy. Yet the disposition of Isabella was so happily molded, that independence and resolution never generated into obduracy, nor did the cares of a state render her forgetful of the duties of a parent. The facile adaptation of God's arrangement physically was in her elaborated mentally:—a limb can be softened into a support, or strained into a resistance,—a cloud may shelter or chill; and that mind is of the finest organization, which is equally comprehensive as simple, and which, without extravagance or effort, can, like the trunk of the elephant, snap an oak, or pick up the smallest straw.

[For the National Magazine.]

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY LURA A. BOIES.

THERE is music, there is sunshine,
Where the little children dwell—
In the cottage, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell;
There is music in their voices,
There is sunshine in their love,
And a joy forever round them
Like a glory from above.

There's a laughter-loving spirit
Glancing from the soft blue eyes;
Flashing through the pearly tear-drops,
Changing like the summer skies;
Lurking in each roguish dimple,
Nestling in each ringlet fair;
Over all the little child-face
Gleaming, glancing everywhere.

They will win our smiles and kisses
By a thousand pleasant ways;
By the sweet bewitching beauty
Of their sunny, upward gaze.
And we cannot help but love them
When their young lips meet our own,
And the magic of their presence
Round about our hearts is thrown.

Little children—yes, we love them
For their spirit's ceaseless flow,
For the joy that ever lingers
Where their bounding footsteps go;
'Tis the sunshine of their presence
Makes the lowly cottage fair,
And the palace is a prison
If no little one is there.

When they ask us curious questions
In a sweet, confiding way,
We can only smile in wonder,
Hardly knowing what to say;
As they sit in breathless silence
Waiting for our kind replies,
What a world of mystic meaning
Dwells within the lifted eyes!

If perchance some passing shadow
Rests upon the little heart,
Then the pouting lips will quiver,
And the silent tear will start;
Yet 't is only for a moment—
Sunny smiles again will play,
At a tone or word of kindness
Spoken in a pleasant way.

Now we see them meekly kneeling
In the quiet hour of prayer,
Now we hear their ringing laughter
Floating on the summer air;
Breathing all the soul of music,
Soft it rises, clear it swells,
In its wild and thrilling gladness,
Sweeter than the chime of bells.

Hath this world of ours no angels?
Do our dimly-shaded eyes
Ne'er behold the seraph's glory
In its meek and lowly guise?

Can we see the little children
Ever beautiful and mild,
And again repeat the story
Nothing but a little child?

I have seen them watch the glory
Of the purple sunset sky,
All the soul's unutter'd feeling
Beaming from the speaking eye:
To my heart there came a rapture
Which the lifted face did bring,
And I thought within my spirit,
Childhood is a holy thing.

When the soul, all faint and weary,
Falters in the upward way,
And the clouds around us gather,
Shutting out each starry ray;
Then the merry voice of childhood
Seems a soft and soothing strain—
List we to its silv'ry cadence,
And our hearts grow glad again.

When they talk to us of heaven,
How we listen half in awe!
As if they some holy vision,
Some resplendent glory saw.
For we know that they are better,
They are holier than we,
And they seem to us as angels
Spotless in their purity.

Little children, are ye happy?
Are ye never, never sad?
Are your brows forever cloudless,
And your hearts forever glad?
Is there light and joy forever,
Where your merry footsteps fall—
In the orchard, in the garden,
In the yard, or in the hall!

Is there freedom in your laughter?
Is there music in your tones?
Is there sunlight in your child-hearts?
Tell me, O ye little ones!
Ah! we hear no whisper'd sorrow
Breathing of the heart's unrest—
Well we know that ye are happy,
Well we know that ye are blest.

O, I wonder not the Saviour,
He, the beautiful, the meek,
To the precious little children,
Tender, loving words did speak.
'Tis a pleasant thing to teach them,
Unto Him to bend the knee,
Since He spake the words of blessing,
"Suffer them to come to me."

Yea, of such is heaven's kingdom;
And if we would enter there,
We must seek the sinless garment
Which the little child doth wear.
Father, bless the little children,
Bless them everywhere they dwell—
In the palace, in the mansion,
In the hut, or in the cell:
May the clouds of sin and sorrow
Never darken o'er their way,
And in heart may we be like them,
Pure and innocent as they.

[For the National Magazine.]

UNDER NERO.

BY J. F. WEISHAMPEL.

Laos of Numidian growth, the bull
Of Brittany; Araby's fiercest steeds,
And hideous-mouth'd hyenas, snuffing the
air,
Impatient wait, while their black keepers pull
The arena gates aside—the antagonist breeds
Panting to conflict there!

The ruffian bears do hug their iron bars;
The tigers lash themselves in ominous rage;
And water-beasts, enormous in their might,
That east knew bounds scarce nearer than the
stars,
Lean ponderously against their cage,
Boding the coming fight!

The brown colossi of the Indies tread,
Already loosed, athwart the solid floor;
And at their monstrous shape the lion's
brow

Is knit offensively, and his big head
Rears at the effort of his sonorous roar,
Fierce and defiant now!

And they have placed among this chain'd herd,
The ostrich, and the antelope, that quakes
In piteous fear at foes so close compact,
And seeks for succor with the desert-bird,
Where lean some Christian slaves on spears
and stakes,
Waiting to be attacked.

Bondmen of stalwart limb and sun-burnt hue,
Freedmen of gentler blood, but whose fell
crime
Forbids their worship 'neath the Pantheon
dome—

These in the Colosseum stand to view,
Calm and heroic—this gala day the time
When Caesar rules in Rome.

Now come in trains of splendor, camp and court,
With luxury and wine in the hot veins
Of their young emperor, at whose quick nod
The servile multitude of this resort
Is prostrate, flatter'd as the glance he
deigns—
Hailing him demi-god!

The circling stairs and galleries, now made
dense
With struggling crowds, shake under the
heavy feet
Of brutal men, glad at this sight of sin;
And while fair women, weak from shame in-
tense,
Are led to slaughter, Caesar from his seat
Bids the dread play begin!

Out from confinement by their keepers thrust
Leap the infuriated savages, with growls,
Portentous bellowings, and screams for-
lorn,
Pawing the sand till blinded by its dust—
Fiercest of all the lioness that howls
Gored by the unicorn!

Hunger'd and thirsty, strong with lust and
hate,
See how the wild beasts wrestle, crush, and
tug,

Each rival deeming there no foe too vast,
Eager to slay him in the mad debate,
Rioting bloodily on the wounds they've dug—
Carousing at death's repast!

Solemn in woe, behold these other groups—
Men, women and children—looking up intent
Toward the sky, praying and chanting
hymns—
Soon the chafed bull speeds there with cries,
and stoops
With fierce design, unsated till he has rent
Brave faces and tender limbs!

Crushingly the elephant winds his trunk
Around an attacking lion, and a slave
Climbs to the huge beast's neck; while
other men

Reel from the boar, and bear, and leopard,
drunk
In this hell-carnival, their early grave—
A brute's pouch or this den.

Some tear the tiger's tongue from its low
roots,
And slay the jackall, and the wolf, and lynx,
And crush the frightful serpent as he ties
Their wives in his embrace, and fatally shoots
The fangs from his sharp mouth; more than
one drinks
A lion's blood ere he dies!

Frighted by rougher strength and broader
bulks,
The weaker creatures, agile, leap aside,
Whom in a moment some mad tiger routs—
Then, beaten by another, cowardly he skulks
Elsewhere, to ravish some mother's pride—
While Caesar, the idol, shouts!

Hush, fool! thou thrice doom'd idol of the
hour!
Laughing amid thy murders!—Even now
Conspiracy is whetting its sharp tooth
To bite at thee and eat away thy power.
Rome weeps that worms plough'd not thy
shrouded brow,
When thou wert but a youth!

o o o o o o o o

Slain are the captives now; and all the brutes
Are scatter'd, lapping blood and licking paws,
And panting, faint—and some distorted,
dead:

Some waxing wrath at boisterous salutes
Among the populace; their manes and jaws
Dripping a gory red!

Now settle both sun and dust; and men drag
out

The carcasses, which erst swineherds have
bought,
While Rome's loud court goes back to royal
halls,

And in the streets do prate the plebeian rout
Of this day's sport, when beasts with Chris-
tians fought

In the Colosseum's walls!

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

HOW well I remember it, and yet it is more than fifty years ago since they pulled down the quaint, old-fashioned grange in England in which I was born. The spacious kitchen, with its huge fireplace, like a blacksmith's furnace; the old oak staircase, with its massive balusters; the balcony over the front door, with rose branches twined all about it; the grass plot, with its hedge of intermingled box and holly-trees on each side; and the glorious old garden, with its gnarled and bent trunks, that bore loads of fruit despite their bad looks. Yes, I remember all, as if I had but seen them yesterday.

My father, too, with his thoughtful face and steady step; my mother's sunny smile and nimble foot; and my dark-eyed sister, with her merry laugh and full-lipped kiss: ay, I remember them all as they were full sixty years ago. It was a mournful day at Hawthorne-grange when my father died. I can almost fancy I hear now the piercing shriek my mother gave when they told her he had breathed his last; and I remember how she threw her arms round me and Lucy, and cried so bitterly, that the tears dropped, or rather ran, from her cheek upon mine.

I was sent soon after this to Dr. Oakham's. How his black gown and his wig struck me dumb with awe when my mother led me into his study all covered round with books! Who would think that this withered hand is so near akin to the chubby palm which I used to put slowly forward to receive the deserved stripes from the doctor's rod; for he never punished but when we *did* deserve it. * * *

Fifty years ago this very year, I went to Ashborough to take the coach for Cambridge. I was going to college; and my mother, after tugging for a long time, had at length succeeded in getting a pile of sandwiches into a coat pocket. She kissed me at the door, and then turned sharply round and left me. I believe she could not see me for tears. I met with a pale-looking student at Stamford, and behaved very deferentially to him, for I had a great reverence for hard-reading students then. I think differently now, for I believe those succeed best who avoid study when they ought to be in bed; and, be that as it may, excessive use of the brain is as really intemperance as excessive use of the stom-

ach. I remember standing up on the coach to catch a distant view of King's-college chapel, and a tide of emotions rolled over me as I came full in view of the town. I cast a glimpse forward to a day when I should be pointed to as one of the distinguished sons of the college to which I was going; but it was a mirage; that day never arrived, and it never will arrive now.

However, I did get honorably through my college career, and took a high place at its close; but the expected happiness which I used to think I should obtain, if I reached a certain point in the class list, was still before me. That was a mirage too. It is strange to look back and see how I kept fancying, year after year, that I should be happy when I had compassed first one and then another object of my ambition. But I was chasing a rainbow; for when I attained the point whence my felicity was to commence, I always found that I had a little further to go before I reached the oasis. But I did reach it at last. I was steering in the wrong course, but I took the Bible for my chart after many disappointments, and then I found the desired haven.

But I am anticipating. I was elected second master of the school where I had myself been a scholar; and instead of shaking hands with Dr. Oakham's rod, I now shook hands with himself, and many a happy hour we spent together.

Why, my spectacles are getting quite dim. Now I know what it is that makes the red fire look so hazy. Ay, it is forty-four years since I and Mary were married. How her hand shook as I put on the ring, and mine too seemed to tremble, but perhaps it was her hand that shook mine. How I paced our garden too, and looked first toward heaven and then toward our ivy-porched door, to see the servant-maid as she came running out. I knew all was well before she came near enough to tell me that it was "a fine boy," and that "mistress" was "capital." I believe I was more frightened than Mary was, but then she was better than I am, and always had such a cheering trust in Providence. "Come what may," she used to say, "we know all is for the best." I knew this, but I did not seem to believe it so firmly as she did. Next came Edward and then Lucy; we named the first one George: we had but three.

My mother died soon after Lucy was

born. She died in my arms. I placed my ear near to her lips to catch her faint whisper. "God bless you!" were her parting words; and he has blessed me. I cannot help crying, and I should be ashamed of myself if I could, when I think of that death-bed scene.

Poor Edward, he went next; and a grievous sight it was to see him borne up the garden, with his brown curly hair hanging backward from his forehead, and the water dripping from it. We tried everything, but it was in vain. He was drowned. The stem was snapped while the flower was yet in bud. God required a sapling for his heavenly garden, and he took him—for I had hope in his death.

A heavier blow came next. Mary came home one autumn afternoon pale and trembling. Death had placed his icy hand upon her and she shook under it. And I shook at the thought of what was coming. It was a dreary time that. I crept silently about, and if anything fell and made a noise it seemed to shoot through me. Poor little Lucy, she looked so serious, and yet she scarcely knew why, for she was too young to have a full understanding of the cause of our grief. Sometimes she would forget and laugh, and then in a moment she would look grave and say: "I will laugh when mamma is better." The doctor looked more and more solemn every day, and at last he called me aside and told me what I had dreaded—that there was scarcely a hope of recovery. She died the next day; and though she could not speak, the look that she gave me as she gently glided away uttered volumes. It told of peace, love, faith within. It was the last glorious effulgence of the setting sun. I hope to see that smile again. Now that my tears are dried I will go on with my story. George went to Rugby, but I did not send him to college. He did not wish to go. He seemed bent upon being a missionary, and I gladly consented. Seventeen years ago I saw a white speck upon the horizon of the sea—it was the ship that was carrying him to his far distant home. I do not expect ever to see him in this world again. But I have his model often with me. His eldest boy is a frequent visitor at the old school-house, and I hope he will tread in his father's steps. He says he hopes so too.

Lucy, poor Lucy! it grieves me to see

her, and yet she is very happy. It was a bad sprain, and her ankle is now immovably fixed; but let us be thankful that it was no worse. Her health is excellent, and she can walk a great deal faster than I can, and without the least pain. I could see her heart was full when Edward came to see her the first time after he had learned that she must walk lamely for ever. I watched them both, and I saw her cheek flush and her lip quiver as she said, "Edward, you have heard that I am slightly crippled for life, and I now consider you freed from your ties to me, if you wish to be so." How earnestly she gazed at his features, and how they crimsoned with animation, as he replied, "Lucy, banish such thoughts, for you wrong me by indulging in them." I heard no more, for I hastened out of the room; but as I closed the door a sound fell upon my ear, which, if it was not that of a kiss, was certainly the closest imitation of it that ever was made. A few months afterward they were married; and tell me where there is a happier pair than Edward and Lucy Vernon. I never saw one yet, and I am an old man. Little Lucy—for there is another Lucy now—comes and climbs upon my knees to stroke my silvery hair, and I could almost fancy that it is a miniature model of Mary. She must have been just such another as Lucy when she was a girl. How strange it is that faces are handed down in this way.

Why, how I have been talking aloud to myself, and just as if I had a listener. I have got quite a habit of doing so—it seems to bring the past more forcibly before me. How vividly some parts of my past life have flitted by! "Yes, and so you have had a listener, have you not?" said Edward, who had been sitting quietly in the room, with his book laid open on the table before him, earnestly attending to this monologue.

"Why, you went out of the room a short time ago. I never heard you return: I think my deafness increases."

"Why, really," he replied, "I thought you meant the story for me all the time."

Thinking that the tale contained some touches of human nature, I penned it down at the time, and now that my father-in-law is dead—he died several years ago—I see no reason why I should not anonymously tell it to the reader. I hope also he sees none.

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

LEGISLATION FOR IT.

WE have already endeavored to show, that the essential purposes of the Sabbatic rest, whether as affecting our relation to God or our interests as members of civil society, are independent of the day appropriated for its commemoration; but that, while the Sabbath was instituted for the accomplishment of its chief and ultimate design, it has always realized a secondary and inferior purpose, to which the day specially set apart for its observance may be subordinate, in patriarchal times symbolizing the rest of the creation, and, under the Mosaic economy, the deliverance from Egypt. And it will be noticed that the literal observance of the same day is, from the very nature of things, unattainable; it was impossible for the Jew, scattered over the ancient world; and it is equally impossible for the Christian in his still wider dispersion. The day is but a comparative accident, the Sabbath is the abiding reality.

Reasoning only from analogy, we might have assumed it as possible that when that Divine Being, who finished the work of creation, and rested after his six days' labor, had accomplished, through the Messiah, a new and spiritual creation, the glory of the greater event would, in future, be made the theme of special commemoration. And to this, not very indistinctly, the expectations of prophecy referred. Thus we read in Isaiah: "For behold, [saith God,] I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad, and rejoice forever in that which I create: for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." Isaiah lxxv, 17, 18. Let it not be forgotten, that the observance of the seventh day was to the Jewish Church the abiding and joyful token of that creation, which now, in comparison with the spiritual creation, was to be remembered no more. And so again, in Psalm cxviii, the completion of the work of redemption is represented as the stone which the builders rejected having become the head of the corner. It is to be celebrated by "the voice of rejoicing and of salvation in the tabernacles of the righteous," and the time of celebration is to be "the day which the Lord hath made." When John, in the Revelation, speaks of

being in the Spirit on the Lord's day, is not that also the day which the Lord had made?

We have occupied too much space to allow of a full discussion of those passages in the New Testament which refer, as we believe, to the observance of the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath. Let us, however, state them briefly. On the very day of Christ's resurrection it is said,—“Then the same day, at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you,” (John xx, 19;) sanctioning with his presence this first memorial of his resurrection. Then the second Christian Sabbath dawns; for “after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.” John xx, 26. It certainly appears that there is something more than coincidence in the fact, that the assembling of the disciples should have been postponed from one resurrection-day to another; and that Christ, on each day, should have manifested his presence to his Church. Once more: “When the day of Pentecost was fully come, [again, be it observed, the first day of the week,] the disciples were all, with one accord, in one place.” Acts ii, 1. And then, as Christ had previously sanctioned their meeting on that day by his twofold appearance, and not to the disciples individually, but to the congregation of the faithful, the Holy Spirit is poured forth upon the Church.

But while Peter and the other disciples appear to have observed this day as their Sabbath, Paul, and the Christians who had been instructed by his ministry, equally acknowledged its authority; and it must be borne in mind that Paul professed to have received not only his commission, but the very truths he taught, independently of the other apostles, and directly from Christ himself; for as he declares, in his Epistle to the Galatians, the apostles at Jerusalem “added nothing to him.” But it is said of Paul and his companion, (Acts xx, 6, 7,) “We came unto Troas in five days; where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, [ready to depart

on the morrow,) and continued his speech until midnight." Is it not clear to demonstration that Paul, wishing to meet the Church at Troas, waited there for seven days, until they met; that they did not meet until the first day of the week; and that, having fulfilled his purpose, Paul left them immediately after the Lord's day had closed?

Once more: when Paul is writing to the Corinthian Church, he says: "Now concerning the collection for the saints upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." But why the first day of the week, if this were not specially the time when the Church assembled for its acts of religious service? Still later in the Scriptural record, and almost at the close of the first century, the Apostle John is in Patmos; and again, as on the day of Pentecost, the Spirit is poured forth on this favored disciple. "I was in the Spirit," he says, "on the Lord's day." We hardly wonder that "a layman," who is opposed to the observance of the Christian Sabbath, has deemed it needful to occupy an entire volume of three hundred pages in the vain attempt of explaining away these conclusive texts.

And on the authority of Origen, sanctioned as it is by the concurrence of Owen, of Dwight, and of Wardlaw, we may not unfairly assume that the argument in the fourth chapter of the Hebrews is not only confirmatory of these views, but decisive on the point. The apostle says, "for he spake in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all his works." Ver. 4. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest [a Sabbatism] to the people of God. For he [that is, Jesus] that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his." Ver. 9, 10. This passage virtually declares that if God, resting from his work, appointed a day of commemorative rest, Christ, having accomplished a far nobler work, and entered into his rest, has also appointed for his people a Sabbatism as glorious and complete.

But it is said that the apostles observed the Jewish Sabbath. All that the Scriptures intimate is, that they availed themselves of that day to come in contact with the people, just as the Apostle Paul is

found constantly in the Jewish synagogue; for there is no trace whatever in Scripture of Christians, as such, convening for purposes of worship on the Jewish Sabbath. Convenience, as well as prepossession, would have been in favor of such meetings for Christian as well as Jewish worship on the seventh day, and not on the first, had there not been the intervention of authority in favor of the change sufficient to insure that the difficulty in the way of adopting it should be surmounted.

It is further said that the apostle, in his Epistle to the Colossians, declares—"Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of a holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath." But certainly this is not inconsistent with the view we have adopted, for our argument admits that the Jewish Sabbath, which, with other ordinances of that economy, the Jewish converts were desirous of enforcing on the Gentiles as Jewish institutions, had been superseded. But independently of this, many commentators, on grounds which deserve serious consideration, have agreed in the opinion that the "Sabbaths" referred to in this text were Jewish feasts, and not the day of holy rest.

It is further alleged, and with a show of triumphant assurance, that when the Gentile converts at Antioch appealed to the apostles, who were assembled at Jerusalem, as to whether the Jewish ordinances were still binding, they were informed, under divine direction, that it was sufficient if they abstained "from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood." Acts xv, 20. And it is contended that, as the Sabbath is not included in this enumeration, the text includes its virtual abrogation. But it must not be forgotten that the whole argument in favor of a subsisting Sabbath rests upon the fact of its being an institution independent of Judaism, and anterior to that economy, though for a time incorporated with it.

We are not desirous of laying undue stress on the testimony of the Christian Church, though undoubtedly it possesses much value; nor is it unimportant for the candid inquirer to satisfy himself whether tradition has any value in the determination of religious truth. The Roman Catholic assumes that our knowledge of Christianity is chiefly dependent on revelation, but is also derived from oral tra-

dition and the authoritative decrees of the Church. Amidst conflicting claims and doubtful evidence, it stands apart as God's appointed arbiter, not only a witness for divine truth, but the judge whose decision is dogmatic and irreversible. The Anglo-Catholic, on the other hand, feeling that the Church, as it is at present constituted, cannot be regarded as an infallible judge, looks back with vague unsatisfied longing to the Patristic Church for guidance and direction. But to all these claims, whether of Rome for its living power, or of Oxford for the irrefragable verity of the early Church, we boldly reply with Milton, "Let others chant while they will of prerogatives, we shall tell them of Scripture, of acts and statutes, still of Scripture, till the quick and piercing word enter to the dividing of their souls, and the mighty weakness of the gospel throw down the weak mightiness of man's reasoning."

Yet we conceive that there is an opposite extreme which implies that the Bible being in itself a sufficient guide, the opinions of the primitive Church are of no value whatever to the student of Holy Scripture. On the contrary, we believe that history, whether of facts or of opinions, may afford great assistance to the sincere inquirer, if he do not with slavish submission absolutely yield to its dictation. The New Testament, for instance, leaves some questions of ritual observance in comparative obscurity; and how they were expounded by the practice of the early Church cannot be a matter of indifference. Christ washes the disciples' feet, and couples it with an ambiguous command, and we abide by the evidence which Church history affords us, that this institution was not intended to be one of permanent obligation. It commands the communion of faithful men at the Lord's Supper, and equally from reason and the example of the universal Church, we conclude that female communicants are entitled to the same privilege. We read of the *agape*, or feasts of love, in the Epistle to the Corinthians; but we are satisfied from almost uniform testimony that this ordinance was not intended to be binding on the whole body of the faithful. We appeal therefore to such facts, not as concluding inquiry, but as a portion of that proof which the mind must diligently weigh, test by Scripture, and either accept or reject, as the balance of evidence requires. And

in this spirit only let us refer to the testimony of the early Christians, with reference to the observance of the Lord's day.

It must not be forgotten that one of the most constant difficulties to which the early Church was subjected arose from a tendency in the Jewish converts not only to retain, but to enforce some of the rites and observances of their own law, unmindful of the dispensation of liberty into which they had entered. And this practice was met by the uncompromising resistance of Gentile believers. And hence, in the writings of the early fathers, the Jewish Sabbath, as one of these enforced observances, is continually discountenanced, while the maintenance of the Lord's day is strenuously encouraged. Barnabas, in the first century, says, in the name of Christ, "The Sabbaths which you now keep are not acceptable to me, but those which I have made when resting from all things. I shall begin the eighth day, that is, the beginning of the other world, for which cause we observe the eighth day with gladness, on which Jesus rose from the dead."

In the same century, the heathen Pliny writes to the Emperor Trajan, "That the Christians were wont to meet on a certain day, and sing hymns to Christ as God, and bind themselves with a sacrament to do not evil, and afterward partake of a common feast."

Ignatius, the Bishop of Antioch, in the same age, exhorts the Magnesians "no longer to sabbatize, but to keep the Lord's day;" and elsewhere he says, "That all who loved the Lord kept the Lord's day as the queen of days, a reviving, life-giving day, the best of all days." Justin Martyr, (the apologist for Christianity,) who lived during the first half of the second century, says, in his celebrated Apology, "We all meet together on Sunday, because it is the first day on which God, having changed darkness and the elements, created the world, and on this day Jesus Christ, our Saviour, arose from the dead;" and elsewhere, in the same Apology, he writes, "On the day called Sunday, all that live in the city or country meet together, and the writings of the apostles and prophets are read to them, after which the bishop or president of the assembly makes a discourse to the people, exhorting them to follow the good things we have heard; then we all rise and make common

prayer; after which distribution of the elements is made to all that are present, and they are sent to the absent by the hands of the deacons." While his cotemporary, Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, writes in his Epistles, "To-day we observed the Lord's day."

Tertullian, who died in the year 220, the most eloquent of all the early apologists for Christianity, says, in answer to the objections of the heathen, that the Christians worshiped the sun, "Indeed, they make Sunday a day of joy, but for other reasons than to worship the sun;" and in his discourse against Marcion he adds, "The law of the Sabbath forbids all human works, but not divine; consequently it forbids all those works which are enjoined in the six days, namely, their own works, that is, human works, or works of their daily vocations."

Eusebius, who lived at the end of the third and the commencement of the fourth century, declares, "That the Logos, the Word in the New Testament, transferred the Sabbath of the Lord into this day, as the true image of divine rest, and the first day of light, when the Saviour, bursting the bars of death, completed a work more excellent than that of the six days of the creation. This day Christians throughout the world celebrate, in strict obedience to the spiritual law. The day is universally observed as strictly as the Jewish Sabbath, while all feasting, drunkenness, and recreation was rebuked as a profanation of the sacred day." In this age, the Emperor Constantine professed Christianity, and though his religious views were never very clear or decided, he did not overlook the Lord's day as the subject of legislation. And it is recorded by Eusebius, that he passed a law to except this day from juridical processes, and also promulgated an edict as to the army resting on that day.

In the year 348 the Council of Carthage decreed, "That if any forsook the solemn assembly of the Church on the Lord's day to go to the public shows, he should be excommunicated." In the year 364 the Council of Laodicea enjoined Christians to rest on the Lord's day; while the Council of Auxerre (A. D. 578) declared "that it was not lawful on the Lord's day to yoke oxen, or do any work of the like nature." And Augustine, in his sermons *De Tempore*, probably written at the close

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of the fourth century, for the celebrated Bishop of Hippo died in the year 430, (though attributed by some to Cæsarius Arelatensis,) says, "The apostles transferred the observance of the Sabbath to the Lord's day; and therefore, from the evening of the Sabbath to the evening of the Lord's day, men ought to abstain from all country work and secular business, and only attend divine service." As distinctly Athanasius declared, in the middle of the fourth century, "That the Lord changed the Sabbath into the Lord's day because of the resurrection;" and Chrysostom commended the people of Antioch for their zeal in attending the evening as well as the morning services on the Lord's day, and for their attendance on public prayer on the same day, and severely admonishes any who went to the theater or public games on the Sabbath. Not unfrequently, when the early martyrs were brought before their persecutors, they were asked one question—"Dost thou keep the Lord's day?" and upon their answer depended acquittal or condemnation. Surely if the Lord's day had been an idle and unmeaning institution, resting on no definite sanction, these Christian writers would not, in unbroken succession, have pleaded for it so earnestly; nor would the early confessors of the Church have adhered to it to the last, though it led them from the judgment-seat to prison or to death. Such is our argument on behalf of the Christian Sabbath; and we rejoice to feel that for all practical purposes it places us upon a firm and safe foundation.

Let the observance of the day be a matter of expediency, and it will shift and change like the shadow of a cloud. The rule of yesterday is not the rule of to-day, and the experience of one age is counteracted by the advancing knowledge of succeeding generations. We can gather no certain rule of conduct from expediency alone, until our generalizations are as wide as His who laid down the immutable principles of right. We feel that we do not know all which constitutes true expediency, and failing in one element, our error may be unlimited. Then can we rely on the authority of the Church; but of what Church? Does it speak by popes or councils? from Lambeth or the Vatican? or shall we look for any certain expositions of its dogmas in the Articles of the English Church, or in the Confession of the As-

sembly of Divines at Westminster; and if doubtful as to the voice of past ages, where are we to turn at the present day for assurance? Must we ask the Friend in his silent meeting; the Congregationalist in his separate churches; or the Episcopalian, who declares his convocation to be a political nullity? How, then, can this important question be resolved? for human legislation is only another name for secular expediency.

We appeal to our readers whether such grounds of belief are of any practical value when opposed to the constant selfishness of mankind. We want a distinct and irrefragable basis for belief, and we find it only in the assurance that the Sabbath depends upon divine authority, and rests on the obligation of an immutable law. And, believing in the obligation of the Sabbath, and that works of necessity or mercy are lawful on that day, as sanctioned by the precepts and examples of Christ, we have no difficulty in solving those practical questions which frequently arise as to its public or private observance.

We have pleaded in this argument for the Christian Sabbath under a full belief that it is a divine institution. Revealed in the dawn of creation; proclaimed in thunder on Sinai; revered by God's chosen people, and embodied in their moral and ceremonial law; exemplified and honored by Christ; observed by apostles and apostolic men, and incorporated with the solemn services of the whole Christian Church, until, after the lapse of six thousand years, this ray of divine light has reached us just as it fell upon Eden, and shall still beam on until it is lost in the fuller light of the Paradise of God.

But the religious authority of the Sabbath is one thing—legislative measures to uphold it are another. We contend that the Sabbath is an institution productive of great civil advantages, and that, as such, it ought to be protected by civil authority. A large majority of the people are desirous that the Sabbath should be observed as a day of religious rest; and therefore, as we believe, the passive observance of the day should be enforced. One thing is clear—the Sabbath cannot be simultaneously observed without the sanction of common authority, and this can only be secured by legal enactment.

If labor be generally permitted on the

Sabbath, the day, as a public institution, is abolished. We do not invoke the government to legislate in this matter because the Christian Sabbath is to be kept; but as we should appeal to a Mohammedan or infidel government if the great body of its subjects were desirous of observing any festival or holiday.

We ask, indeed, that the civil government should maintain the Sabbath as an institution which confers invaluable civil benefits; but we demand it as a right, because in this way it protects the great majority of its subjects in the exercise of their conscientious convictions, while it does not compel any one to do what conscience forbids. If Sabbath labor be permitted, it necessarily involves a large number of persons who are unwillingly deprived of a great privilege, and have yet, if unaided, no power to resist the invasion of these rights. For if business be permitted on the Sabbath, a crowd of dependents are reluctantly drawn within its circle who have no power of escape, and the liberty of a few is secured by the slavery of the many.

Then, if business be permitted, it places the minority in a position of great civil advantage over the majority; for while, if all desist from secular engagements on the Sabbath, there is no real loss to any, but a gain, inasmuch as periodical rest is a real economy of time and labor; yet if only a few continue to conduct it, they derive an unfair advantage from the religious scruples of others. On this ground we should not object, if residing at Lisbon or Madrid, to the law which compelled us to close our shops on a saint's day, even if we felt inclined to keep them open. Such regulations do not affect the rights of conscience. They compel no one to be religious, or to worship God against the dictates of his conscience, but simply require that the minority shall forbear from doing what must be injurious to the majority and to the general rights of civil society.

In so far we do not think that there should be any hesitation in invoking the aid of the legislature, to protect those who are unable to protect themselves; to restrain others from falling insensibly into the habit of disregarding a day which, if observed, would be a great civil blessing both to themselves and to society at large; and to prevent the majority who conscien-

tiously observe the Sabbath from being wronged and burdened by a minority who are inclined to benefit themselves at the expense of the more religious members of the community.

In one other way we invoke the aid of the civil power, namely, when we require it to avoid most carefully any act of its own which interferes with the rest of the Sabbath; and we have a right to ask it. A government, as we believe, has no title to interfere in religious matters, for it exists for civil purposes only; but none of us imagine that any man in becoming a part of the government lays down his individual responsibility, and, in conjunction with other official persons, is entitled to do in the concrete what separately it would have been unlawful to attempt.

But we have not yet touched on the grand argument in favor of opening places of amusement on the Lord's day. "Look," it is said, "at the state of mere animalism and filth into which multitudes of our laboring classes are sunk. Go into their lanes, and courts, and alleys on a Sunday, and say if it would not be a happy thing for these people, if they could be tempted to go out with cleanliness and sobriety into the fresh air of the country, instead of lounging at home to feast, to be in dirt, and to be drunken." Now no one, we suppose, will pretend for a moment that it would not be a good thing for such people to be sober abroad instead of being drunken at home, and clean in the fields instead of being filthy in their lanes and alleys. There is no dispute about that matter. But have the gentlemen who appeal to us in these terms much reason to believe that their prepared sight-seeings for Sundays would really come with a regenerating power of this sort on these low and sensuous classes of the community? Can it need to be shown to them, that for one family which they would raise from filth to cleanliness, and from drunkenness to sobriety, by such means, there are scores—hundreds—which they would help to seduce by such expedients into habits of Sabbath-breaking, thereby into a life of godlessness, and thus by degrees into the class of the unprincipled, the idle, the drunken, and the filthy? The portions of the community in any degree elevated by such customs would be as nothing compared with those who would be in all respects deteriorated by them. Such at-

tractions might be potent in disposing the decent among the middle and lower classes to neglect public worship—they would be powerless as means of raising the classes below them to something better.

It is our grave conviction that whatever shall tend to impair the religious element, as nurtured in the mind of our people by our Christian and Protestant teaching, must act as a blow struck at the root of our national manhood. The choice here lies between Sabbath observance substantially in the form familiar to us, or the sort of holidays which a pagan or popish superstition would thrust into its place. Atheism, secularism, natural religion, all these would be powerless in the event of any great religious change among us. The next stage would be a creature-worship, either after the manner of Rome, or after the manner of old heathenism. In either case our zealous liberals, Christian or not Christian, who account zeal about the sanctity of the Sabbath as a mistake and a cant, would find little in the fruit of their labor upon which to congratulate each other. Bigotry and intolerance are the natural allies of superstition, as the enemies of our earnest Protestantism would soon be made to feel, could the change toward which their labors tend be once realized.

The origin of preaching, as a religious institute, cannot be said to be older than the time of the return of the Jews from Babylon. No direct or definite instruction had been given to the Hebrew priesthood concerning religious teaching. Their services were almost wholly ritual, rarely embracing instruction of any kind. Indeed, it must have been in vain to have exacted an aptness to teach from men who came to their office for the most part simply as being born of a particular tribe or family. Even the prophets were teachers only upon occasions. They spoke as events and their special mission required, and not otherwise. If the teaching of the synagogue existed at all before the Captivity, it was not until after that event that the institute so named became national. Even then, it does not appear to have come into existence as the effect of law from the magistrate, or of exhortation from the priest. Every synagogue congregation was a voluntary district gathering of people for the purposes of religious worship and instruction. The time had

come in which the people were to feel the want of such religious help, and with the feeling of the want came the supply. The synagogue, when it once made its appearance, was soon found, not only in the principal cities and the lesser towns, but in almost every village and upland district where there were people enough to form a congregation on the Sabbath. These people chose from among themselves men who were to act as elders—some to rule, others to teach. These functionaries were, in our sense, laymen—certainly no regular provision was made for their maintenance. On them it devolved to see that the edifice was prepared to receive the congregation on the Sabbath, and to conduct the worship, which consisted of prayer and psalmody, with the reading of selections from Moses and the prophets, and generally some words of exposition or exhortation. We have no reason to suppose that the teaching in these services rose often above instruction of the most elementary kind. But this instruction came into action over the whole land, and over the whole land as constantly as the return of the Sabbath-day.*

What now was the effect of this custom? We see it in a change of national character the most memorable in history. Before the age of the synagogue, nothing is so conspicuous in the history of the Hebrews as the ease with which they are seduced, from time to time, into idolatry. However painful the consequences of the last declension might have been, the next temptation is almost sure to bring about a repetition of it. But after the synagogue worship becomes prevalent, the characteristic fact in the history of the Jew—that by which he is known and distinguished over the world—comes to be his deep, intense, unextinguishable hate of everything idolatrous. So that, while his proud neck, as that of a son of Abraham, might be brought to submit to the yoke of Cæsar, in things civil—let Cæsar attempt to bring the defilements of his heathen worship into connection with the worship of the Temple of Jerusalem, and every Jew is found prepared to become a martyr, if needs be, in resisting the abomination.

* A good argument, by the way, for our late position, in the article on "The Ministry for the Times."

Be it admitted, then, that the pulpit teachings of this country are not always—we may say, not often—of the most profound or the most felicitous description. Very common-place, very unimpressive, no doubt, they often are. But these teachings have been so diffused as to come upon the mind of the whole nation, and so constant as to have been returning with every first day of the week. Now, were it possible to strike out of the national mind all the religious intelligence which has been thus built up in it, and along with it all that rightness and manliness of thinking and feeling generally, which have been, by this means, both directly and indirectly nurtured there; and could we but look at the mind of the country as denuded of all that has been thus made to belong to it, we should then see, to an extent now but little credible, what it is that we owe to the pulpit. Since the dawn of the Reformation, the pulpit has been the great popular educator. Leave it to the despots of the world to beguile their slaves into submission by holidays and raree-shows. It has always been their policy so to do. But our sickly infidels, and not a few of our still more sickly Christians, seem to have no eyes to see the company they are in, when they talk of doing some great thing for our people by treating them as children! Woe the day when such things shall content them. The knell of all we value will not then be far distant.

It is almost with a blush for some Protestants that we insert a translation of the letter addressed by the Archbishop of Paris to his clergy, on this question, last Easter. It will suffice to show the feeling now growing up on this subject, even in France:—

"REVEREND SIR,—This day we celebrate the solemnity of solemnities, and the grand mystery which originated the Lord's day; and we select it as the occasion for drawing the attention of yourself and congregation to the observance of a law, the violation of which has so fearfully afflicted our country.

"You are aware of the 'work' in favor of the Sabbath-rest, which some fervent Christians have for some time commenced in Paris. This important 'work' progresses. Its supporters daily increase, and pledge themselves neither to work nor to give work, nor to buy nor to sell on the Lord's day. There are symptoms of a happy change in the manners and the opinions of the public. The government sets the example, and favors the movement by putting a stop to all public works under their control. The old prejudices of irreligion have considerably

diminished. And if the liberty of Sunday be not sought for the purpose of sanctifying it, it is sought for the enjoyment of calm and relaxation. In fact, from one cause and the other, many districts visibly indicate that the Sabbath-day is beginning to be respected.

"It appeared to us, Reverend Sir, that the time has now arrived when we should assist this 'work in favor of Sabbath-rest,' which is of such paramount importance in a religious and social point of view. Our duty compels us to profit by every indication, however slight, in its favor; and that we should zealously and ardently try to cure, or at least to lessen and control, this frightful evil, which has desolated France for more than half a century.

"We have three powerful means at command—prayer, exhortation, and individual and local influence.

"Let us pray to God to free us from this scandal of so flagrant a violation of an essential principle of his law. Let us pray that he may enlighten men's minds to their true interests. Let us pray that the poor misguided people, who are so much maligned, but who are so dear to us, may understand that God has commanded that there should be a 'day of rest,' to preserve and uphold their dignity as men and Christians; to protect their souls and bodies against the evil effects of inordinate desires; from being sacrificed by their ignorance and their passions. Let us pray, and induce others to pray also.

"Let us pray to God to spare the people,—to bring them into the way of salvation, which is the fulfillment of his commandments. Let us add exhortation to prayer. The faithful themselves are unmindful of their Sabbath duties. They permit at times unnecessary work, and are not sufficiently scrupulous in ceasing to buy on the Sunday. We must raise a barrier against this torrent of the times, and not allow it to engulf and destroy human souls.

"Can society exist without religion; religion without public worship; public worship without prayer? What must, in the end, become of men who never assemble to pray, to adore God, to hear the gospel, to learn their duties, and to be instructed regarding their very existence and after life? When they have broken every tie which connects them with God, how can they respect their ties and duties to their fellow-creatures?

"The duties of religious society become the foundation of the duties of civil society, and a nation without religion is eternally unsociable.

"Tell your flocks, that the name of Frenchman, of which they are so justly proud, in the eyes of foreign countries, of both civilized and barbarous nations, is tarnished with the gloss of irreligion given to it by the neglect of public worship, and more especially by the desecration of the Lord's day. In all countries, whether under republican, aristocratic, or monarchical forms of government, the Sabbath-rest is respected. The republicans of the United States of America do not think their liberty is in any way lessened or endangered by their respect for keeping the rest of the Sunday. Liberty is warmly cherished in England, and yet they respect the holy law to which we invite attention. The Catholic and Protestant monarchies

which surround us also respect it. The countries of the East, to which we are conveying our armies, know and respect it. These Greeks, whom we are about to revisit; these Russians, whom we are going to fight; even the Turks whom we are going to support, are scrupulously exact in the observance of this law of keeping a day of rest. What was the greatest impediment to the consolidation of our conquest in Africa? It was the appearance of our religious indifference, the violation of the Sabbath day of rest, the absence of prayer, and of public worship; in a word, the examples set them by which we appeared to be a nation without a religion and without a God.

"The Church wishes well to the establishment of schools on behalf of the people, that their minds may be strengthened and enlightened. For this purpose it opens a great school on the Sunday, in which the moral, social, and spiritual duties are anxiously taught. How indispensable, then, becomes the Sunday-rest in this respect! Man must not be treated as a mere machine, a beast of burden. He needs weekly rest. Work, says the law of God, is a condition of thy being. During six days, till the land, and water it with the sweat of thy brow; make it feed and clothe thee. But the seventh day, rest thyself, hold up thy head, bear in mind thou art a man, and God has added an immortal soul to thy body. The food for this soul is not bread; it is truth and virtue. Leave for a while thy worldly cares, which engross and debase thee. Come and receive the food which I have provided for thy soul. Immortal being! this earth is not thy country, it is the land of thy probation and exile; life is not the end and object, it is the way; recollect thy glorious destiny; and however rough may be the trial, hope and faith will uphold thy courage, and keep thee from sinking. Make, Reverend Sir, the workpeople understand how falsely they calculate when they think of increasing their week's earnings by Sunday labor. Explain to them how the wages become reduced in proportion to the increase of labor. With regard to the tradespeople who may fear to lose by the cessation of Sunday trading, urge them to come to a general agreement to close their shops simultaneously, and with mutual confidence. Their trade will be the same, while they will recover the liberty of a day of rest. Though we may not obtain all we desire, we must not abandon the work in favor of the Sabbath.

"Keep also in your view the conduct of the customer; because without buyers there could be no sellers; also the conduct of contractors toward the workpeople. Bad examples lead to imitations. Beg these two classes not to buy nor to give work on the Sunday, and not to compel the workpeople to labor on the Sunday, save under the most urgent circumstances.

"To diminish these evils will be a great advantage, and we must neglect no means in our power to attain this end. We must add to prayer and exhortation the aid of some permanent organization. Let us form parochial committees. They must be in communication, and act in concert with the Central Committee already in existence. Let every member try to increase the supporters,—let the tracts of the

committee be freely distributed among the people, and every support be given to the monthly journal called 'The Observer of the Sunday.' We labor for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and the preservation of society.

"You will read, Reverend Sir, this letter at high Mass on Easter Sunday. May the voice of the bishop, deriving strength from the solemnity of this great day, move with power and authority the hearts of the faithful as they crowd around the altars. May it appear to them as the echo of the voice of God, issuing this great commandment from the beginning of time, renewing it on Mount Sinai, and consecrating it on behalf of a Christian people, by the mystery of the resurrection !

"Accept, Reverend Sir, the renewed assurance of our affectionate devotion,

"+ MARIE DOMINIQUE AUGUSTE,
Archbishop of Paris."

Protestants and Catholics are largely united in this effort. Of course their *joint* object is simply to do what may be done toward bringing the people to respect the first day of the week as a day of rest. They use, then, separate means for the purpose of disposing those who resolve not to labor on the Sunday to account it a day for worship. Only then does the day rise to its true uses, but many are its pleasant influences considered only as a day of rest. The following picture is taken from another and a very different region, (*Evenings at Antioch*, by F. A. NEALE,) and with this we must for the present leave the subject :—

"Of all the seven days in the week Sunday is the one upon which to see Antioch to perfection : not that the sun shines brighter, or that the sky is less cloudless, or the scenery more magnificent, or the birds more full of song ; and yet, on many occasions, I have even imagined that Sunday seemed to bring with it a peculiar mild atmosphere of its own. But because there was an absence of all the noise, and filth, and turmoil of every-day business life on the Sabbath, and the poorest and meanest of the natives came out of their week's accumulation of filth, and flitted about the streets, if not gayly dressed, at least clean ; and then the greater majority of the shops were closed, and the streets had undergone a Saturday night process of sweeping and purification ; and the flies that infested the bazaars, finding that they are likely to be on short commons, have emigrated to the fields ; and the very curs in the streets, muddy and lanky as they usually are, have unwillingly come in for a large share of the water-carriers' last evening's sprinkling, and consequently look quite clean and respectable. Then again they, too, or at least the majority of them, are aware that there will be a sad deficit in the commissariat department to-day—not so many bones and odds and ends to be picked up from the fragments of the every-day dinners of the shopkeepers. Hence they hold a council among themselves, and betake

themselves for a picnic to the further suburbs of the town, where, if they are in luck, a cow may chance to have died ; and if not, they stretch themselves at full length in the glorious sunshine, and sleep ; not improbably dreaming at intervals of a canine festival, such as a dead buffalo might afford. Consequently, from these combined causes, Antioch on a Sunday is the perfection of calm, serene, tranquil enjoyment and beauty."

THE DEMON-ORACLE OF CEYLON.

THE Singhalese inhabitants of Ceylon profess the Buddhist religion. As this, however, is too cold a faith to exercise much influence on any people, they have added to it a multitude of superstitions, the greater part of which has been borrowed from the natives of India. Of these, one of the most interesting is that of the demon-oracle, or *dehwahle*. The affair is not carried to such an extent as about Bombay, yet it exercises a constant sway over the people. The belief on which it is based is simply this—that demons, some good and some bad, generally the spirits of long-departed kings, enter temporarily the bodies of men, and thence utter oracular responses. At each village, therefore, there is a demon-temple, or *dehwahle*. On Wednesday, the people assemble there ; the prophet, called *kapoorahle*, puts on the dress and ornaments of the god he is about to invoke ; dances wildly to the sound of stormy music, amid the burning of fragrant gums ; gives oracular answers to the questions put to him ; and at last falls into a deep swoon. There can be no doubt that the prophets themselves are sometimes enthusiasts rather than deceivers. A friend of mine saw such a one quake and grow pale, when asked to put on the dress in order that he might be sketched ; in fact, he would only put on the various articles of costume successively, saying that if he wore all at once, the god would punish him for doing so at any time except during the regular ceremonial.

The following is an account of a visit paid to the *dehwahle* of a very small village ; it is extracted from a private journal :—This being Wednesday, there was of course a meeting at the *dehwahle*. Looked in during the forenoon ; the *kapoorahle* was standing inside, the door being open. His long disheveled hair hung down his back ; the head had a constant jerking motion from side to side.

At short intervals, he uttered convulsive shrieks and sobs, or, looking upward, hissed out the sound, "Hush, hush!" in a very peculiar tone: this evidently was a call to the spirit. After a time, the bangles (bracelets) of the goddess were placed on his wrists; he then began to shake his hands violently, and to yell, and after a little while turned round. I observed that his face and arms were daubed here and there with turmeric, and that his eyeballs were turned upward, so that the pupils were invisible. His first query was:—

"Why has the raja [myself] come?"

"To see you," replied the headman of the village.

"That is well." After that he—or, as the natives would say, the goddess through him—talked a good deal about the said raja. At last a man, carrying a sick child, stepped forward, and mentioned the disease under which it was laboring.

"I will cure it!" was uttered, and papa went off contented. Some other sick persons appeared, and received similar comfort.

The more important ceremony, however, was to come off in the evening; and as I had signified my intention to be present, the villagers arranged everything as comfortably as they could. Till ten or eleven o'clock there was drizzling rain; and soon after, the hurly-burly began. On reaching the spot, I found six or eight musicians with drums, tam-tams, and cymbals. They kept time admirably; and to the sound of their own sweet strains leaped about with the agility and grace of so many giant frogs. The kapoorahle was so long of bedizening himself, that the *kohrahle*, (petty chief,) in the most disrespectful way, ordered the goddess to appear forthwith; and all the tam-tams gave a ruff that would have awakened the Seven Sleepers. I bore it with heroic patience. In the meantime, we heard, inside the *dehwahle*, the tinkling of cymbals, and the sounds of other instruments, interrupted now and then by shrieks of maniacal laughter. At last the prophet appeared. On his arms were the inspiring bangles, and in each hand he carried a piece of colored cloth, folded up like a fan; with considerable ingenuity, he had made out of various colored cloths a sort of flounced gown, somewhat like the dress occasionally seen on Malabar women. The upper part of his body was uncovered,

and his long hair unbound; the nether integuments consisted of long tight drawers. As he came out, the *kohrahle*, begging pardon, said that it was very unlucky to remain seated. I explained, that being of another religion, I could not in any way be affected; but he looked so distressed, that I stood up. However, the goddess settled the matter by saying that the raja might sit; and sit he did.

The tam-tams now recommenced, and the kapoorahle began dancing, after the native manner, moving in a circle, with sidelong strides advancing his hands, with an undulating snake-like motion of the arm. When a quicker tune was played, he suited himself to the measure, executing a figure not unlike the "one, two, three, and a hop" of dancing-school days. In the height of his antics, the goddess, to my surprise and amusement, called most importunately for beetle, the native substitute for tobacco; and as none was forthcoming, alluded to that creature comfort in terms of marked reprobation of the bystanders. At last a quid was stuffed into her prophet's mouth; and after he had been well rubbed down—good cause was there for that—the dancing went on with as great vigor as ever. Occasionally, the man would stop, and looking upward, utter the peculiar hissing sound previously mentioned; and I observed, that however violently the head might be shaken from side to side, it seemed to have no forward or backward motion at all. At one time, an amusing strife arose between the tam-tam beaters and the goddess. According to the figure, the former were to walk backward in a circle, while she constantly advanced toward them; now the musicians declared, that on no account could they turn their backs toward the raja. The goddess remonstrated; and the matter was at last settled by a smaller circle, at some little distance, being formed, and by the tam-tam beaters begging pardon each time they passed my chair of state. I sat it out for about two hours, in order to see the swoon at the conclusion, being determined to feel the man's pulse at the time; but learning that the prophet intended to exhibit his activity so long as I remained, I took pity on him, and went off to bed, soon after which the crowd dispersed.

I should have observed, that the kapoorahle's whole frame was occasionally convulsed with a curious quivering motion,

which it would be extremely difficult to imitate in cold blood. When a kapoorable dies, it is the demon itself which selects the new prophet. The natives have considerable faith in the responses, although I have heard some of them say with a smile: "Sometimes things happen as was foretold." As to the dancing being involuntary, a good many are somewhat skeptical; yet, when disaster threatens their own families, one and all rush to the dehwahle. A long and painful discussion has been going on for some time in Ceylon, regarding the appointment of persons to manage the land belonging to these demon temples. Government insists upon having a more or less direct influence on these elections, and the opposing party maintains that a Christian government should not have anything to do with such matters.

ST. PATRICK—WHO WAS HE?

IT is a common, and a no less great error for its being a common one, to suppose that St. Patrick, or Suceathus, as he was originally called, was the first who preached Christianity in Ireland. Indeed his own words in his confession or letter to the Irish—a work universally admitted to be genuine—imply the very contrary. "I went," says he, addressing the Irish, "everywhere on your account, even to the remotest parts of the island, where no one had baptized any before." Hence we may infer that in the more accessible parts of the country Christianity had been preached before the arrival of Patrick; and that "the apostle of Ireland," as he is called, only extended the gospel much more widely than it had been previously.* His name is associated with a thousand Christian monuments throughout all Ireland. His father was probably a Briton, named Calpurnius, a deacon, and the son of a priest or presbyter, Potitus; a plain proof that the doctrine of a celibate clergy was then unknown. His youth was spent in sore trials. Niall, King of Erin, in a ravaging invasion of Britain and Gaul, carried him away into slavery. "At the age of sixteen," writes Patrick himself, "I was made captive and brought into

Ireland: I was then ignorant of God; but it was there the Lord opened my heart to a sense of my unbelief, and comforted me, as a father doth a child." And then he adds this forcible acknowledgment of the wonderful ways in which God's sovereign grace "chooses men in Christ," and, when they are in darkness, "brings them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels prepared for honor." "At first a clown, an exile, illiterate. O how true it is, that before the Lord humbled me I was even as a stone lying in the depth of the mire, and he who alone is able came, and in his mercy lifted me up, and not only lifted me up, but set me on the top of the wall!" After five years' slavery, in which he often endured the extremities of hunger, cold, and nakedness, tending sheep on the sides of a mountain in Antrim, (Sleivmid,) he escaped from captivity. And such was the blessed effect of sanctified affliction to his soul, that, so far from harboring resentment against those who had done him so much wrong, he desired to give back good for evil, and to impart that gospel to his oppressors which had been so blessed to himself. The fact of the opportunity afforded him, during his captivity, of studying the language, habits, and feelings of the Irish, naturally directed his thoughts to them. But his parents and friends affectionately besought him not to leave them again after all the grief they had suffered for him already. Distracted thus between earthly and heavenly impulses, he knew not what to do, until in a dream he saw a man from Ireland named Victoricius, handing a letter thus inscribed: "A voice from the Irish;" and at the same time he heard a voice of entreaty from the west: "We beseech thee, holy youth, come and walk still among us." This vision, the effect of the natural excitement of his mind on the missionary project he had so much at heart, in God's providence determined him to go. Accordingly, once more he entered the bay of Dundrum, A. D. 432, no longer a slave, but a preacher of the freedom of the gospel. And it is a remarkable fact that his greatest number of conversions (twelve thousand, according to Nennius, a writer in the ninth century) was in that same Connaught, in which at the present day so many thousands are casting off the chains of Romish superstition. One work of his, called "The

* Mention is made of an Irish missionary, Cathalgus, who went forth to other lands, preaching the gospel, about the end of the second century, and at last settled in Italy, at Tarentum.

Three Habitations," still extant, and acknowledged genuine by many Roman Catholic authorities, is positive evidence of his not having held the modern Romish doctrine of purgatory; for there are mentioned but three habitations of man—earth, heaven, hell, and none besides. After having been the honored instrument in God's hand of fixing firmly, if not first planting Christianity in Ireland, he came to a peaceful death at the age of seventy-eight, in March, A. D. 465, and was buried, as some say, in Glastonbury in England, or, as others think, in an obscure grave in the county Down. Ever since, the 17th of March has been kept sacred to his memory, as the day on which he passed to "the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

He was supposed to be a Scotchman, because he is called Scotus. But it is notorious to every well-informed antiquary, that Bede, and other ancient writers, apply the terms *Scoti* and *Scotia* to the Irish and Ireland alone. The learned Mosheim notices the fact, that in the eighth century the Irish were known by the name *Scots*; and yet he falls into the error of supposing Patrick to be a Scotchman. Another greater and more injurious error into which he falls, and which is most widely spread, is, that Patrick was sent to Ireland by Celestine, the pope of that day. This error has had a powerful influence on the Irish, whose character is so strongly marked by the principle of veneration, in making them cling to the religion of Rome, as though it were the same as Patrick preached, and as if he had received his mission to Ireland from the bishop of Rome. By this they are led to regard the Romish religion as invested, through the vista of antiquity, with all the romance of a picturesque and melancholy grandeur, feeling a mournful consolation in turning back from their own wretched condition to the supposed greatness of their forefathers. This is, as the poet Moore in his history happily expresses it, "that retrospective imagination in the Irish, which forever yearns after the past." Patrick, however, was not sent by the bishop of Rome. In his letter to the Irish, already alluded to, he says that the Lord Jesus Christ had sent him to them, and makes no mention of a commission from the pope. He never urges his doctrines on papal authority, but al-

ways on that of Holy Scripture alone. Moreover, a most conclusive fact is, he makes use of a quite different version of the Bible from that of Jerome, which was at that time the authorized one of Rome; and his canon of Scripture also is quite different from that of Jerome. And, though allusions to prayer, advocacy, and intercession abound in this interesting document, his language always is, "The Lord is our advocate, he prays for us; the Holy Spirit kindles a flame of love within me." There is no mention made of any other intercession but that of the Lord Jesus and his Holy Spirit. Besides this truly Scriptural confession of Patrick, there is also extant his letter to the Christian captives of the pirate Coroticus, and a few fragments; but in all alike there is decisive negative evidence against Patrick having received his commission from Rome. The venerable Bede makes no mention of Patrick having been so sent, which he must have done, as being a strong advocate of Rome's supremacy, had it been the case.

It is an interesting tradition, that the origin of the great respect in which the three-leaved shamrock is held as the national symbol, was the fact that Patrick, in preaching the doctrine of the Trinity to the ignorant people in Ireland, showed under the form of the three leaves joined together, forming one shamrock, how it is equally possible that there should be three persons in one Godhead.

I shall only mention one more of the extant records of this true servant of God, the genuine hymn of St. Patrick, preserved among the MSS. of Archbishop Usher, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. As a sample of the beautiful tone of piety which breathes through it, take the following: "At Temor to-day may God's eye view me, God's wisdom instruct me, God's power preserve me!" "May Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me. May Christ be in the heart of every person to whom I speak, Christ in the mouth of every one that speaks to me, Christ in every eye that may see me, Christ in every ear that may hear me!" The original is in Irish, but it closes in Latin, thus: "*Domini est salus; Christi est salus; salus tua, Domine, sit semper nobiscum!*" Every Christian heart will respond, Amen, Amen.

MY GROPINGS NINE MILES UNDER GROUND.

IN the month of September, accompanied by a young friend, the writer gratified a long-cherished desire by a visit to the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, ninety miles south from Louisville. A tedious and fatiguing stage-coach journey of eighteen hours brought us to Bell's hotel, a comfortable road-side inn, where the coach deposits passengers for the cave. Mr. Bell, mine host, now descending the hill of life, is well known on the road, and is famed for not having seen the Mammoth Cave, although a thirty years' resident within seven miles of it. A gentleman and his wife from Lexington, Kentucky, were our sole and agreeable companions to the cave. After two hours' jolting in a buggy over a most uncomfortable road, through beautiful, rolling, oak-clad "barrens," we were housed in a good hotel erected for the accommodation of the cave visitors.

Having fortified ourselves with a good dinner as well as coarse woolen jackets and caps, we set out for our first day's excursion underground. Mat, our negro slave guide, with nothing slavish in learning, dress, or language, provided a lamp for each of us, and led us down a steep path into a deep dark ravine. At the bottom appears the Mammoth's Mouth, a wide orifice of very forbidding aspect, to which we descended by rude steps constructed of the loose rocks and earth. On entering, we were met by a flight of bats, numbers of which inhabit the outer parts of the cave.

The part immediately within the entrance is comparatively contracted, although about the size of a railway tunnel, and is known by the name of The Narrows. This expands into a more spacious section called the First Saltpetre Vats. Here was an extensive manufactory of saltpetre for gunpowder during the war of 1812-15. It was obtained by lixiviating the fine alluvial earth with which the floor of the cave is deeply covered. The wagon tracks and foot-prints of the oxen employed in the work are still distinctly visible. Lines of wooden pipes, by which the ley was conveyed to the evaporating pans, numerous wooden vats and other erections, show the great extent of the work carried on in this pandemonium—

truly a fit place for the preparation of the death-dealing material. The roof of the vat-house is a lofty dome, called the Rotunda.

The most interesting parts of the cave have fanciful designations, derived from the names of various objects to which they have a rude resemblance, or from some incident in their history. Thus, having passed the first vats, we meet the Cliffs of Kentucky River, which, the Kentuckian informs us, this lamp-lit landscape really resembles. Next appear the Church and Pulpit, where there was at one time regular preaching, and where a sermon is still delivered at times when visitors are many. It is an irregular vault, sixty feet in height. We then pass through the Second Saltpetre Vats, where the cave is wide and lofty, cumbered with hills of stones and saline earth thrown up in the process of lixiviation, and enter the Gothic Gallery. Across this division runs a ledge of the limestone rock projecting from the wall, and from this Gallery, to which we ascend with some little difficulty, we have a peculiar view faintly revealed by the scattered lamps beneath us.

Leaving the main cave here, we turned to the right, into the Gothic Avenue, in which the rocks assume a rude resemblance to Gothic architecture. Here in a niche was found the mummy of a woman. As no known tribe of American Indians preserve their dead in this manner, she is believed to have belonged to an extinct race, perhaps to those who raised the numberless mysterious mounds which are scattered over the western states—a numerous people who have left no other history.

Rousing himself from the reverie into which the mummy story will probably throw him, the tourist soon reaches the Gothic Chapel, which is well entitled to its name from the massive ribbed pillars and arches formed by the junction of the stalactites from the roof, and the stalagmites from the floor. Descending into a deep cavity called the Lover's Leap, and scrambling through Elbow Crevice, we contemplate the beauties of the Star Chamber, of which some one has truly said that the roof seems to be split open, revealing the vault of the night—heaven spangled with stars. This most beautiful phenomenon is caused by the roof, fifty feet above us, being coated with a black

crust, studded with small crystals, which twinkle in the lamp-light.

The Deserted Chamber is memorable as the scene of a curious experiment in the treatment of consumption. The air of the cave being mild, and unaffected by the changes of the season, consumptive patients were to be cured by being buried alive. Houses, which are still standing, were built in the now deserted chamber, and the voluntary immigration to a species of classical Hades duly took place. Through their love of the light, they consented to "remain in darkness as those who had been long dead." Life is sweet, but the result was as might have been anticipated. They enjoyed indeed a mild and equable though damp climate; but then the gloom, the silence, with the wakeful sensitiveness these must have produced, and the constant society of their fellow consumptives, exerted a baneful effect. It was soon found that their situation was too unnatural for healthy influences, and the well-meant scheme was gradually abandoned, "the last man" having persevered for a year without benefit.

With a heavy sigh for the consumptives, or perhaps to test the soundness of our own lungs, we trudge on again in search of other wonders. Traversing the Winding Labyrinth, we are abruptly stopped by a wall of rock, in which we perceive an opening like a Gothic window. Within this window is Goran's Dome. Our guide ignites some oiled paper and throws it into the abyss. While thus illuminated, we lean over the window sill, and perceive this grand and beautiful cavity rising one hundred feet above, and sinking as far beneath us. Such places possess an indescribable attraction, and I could not resist the desire to descend to the bottom if at all practicable. Turning back a few steps, I followed Mat through narrow, rugged, and tortuous crevices, gradually descending to the top of a water-worn pass, only large enough to admit a man's body. This pass may be compared to a chimney stuck round internally with spikes of rock, mud being substituted for soot. It was some thirty feet in depth, and opens into the bottom of the Dome. Scrambling down bear-fashion, we soon reached the bottom, and Goran's majestic dome, illuminated by the lights of our party at the window in mid-distance, towered above us to the height of two

hundred feet—a sharp cone, ribbed like a groined vault, and polished by that persevering architect, water. Picking up a few pebbles as memorials, we returned by the same rat-holes, thoroughly besmeared, but delighted.

Our first day's excursion terminated at the Bottomless Pit. This fearful place for a time set bounds to discovery in the cave, completely barring further progress. To look into it, and listen to the booming thunder that rose from an unknown depth when a stone was hurled into it, long deprived the most stout-hearted of their determination to explore. At length a subterranean Columbus crossed it at the second attempt, only escaping destruction by a hairbreadth. His ladder slipped, but a death grip of a projecting rock saved him, and he found himself on the further side. A gangway was soon after thrown across the narrow part of it. It is found to be about one hundred and sixty feet in depth. Several deeper passages have been found opening into it in different directions. Indeed the limestone formation in the vicinity of the Bottomless Pit, (to repeat that awful appellation, so suggestive of a more terrible reality,) and Goran's Dome, is quite honey-combed with caves, above, below, and around. One part of it is worn into the form of a very deep circular draw well, apparently as perfect as plummet and compass can make it. Here, however, as we have said, ended our first day's excursion, and, in miner language, we "went to grass" again.

We set out anew next morning to penetrate to the extremity of the cave and explore its various branches. Mat carried a can of oil; Albert, another slave of much intelligence, a basket of provisions; and our suite was completed by his wife Helena, a brown woman, cheerful, neat, and rather good looking. We proceed by the main cave, over the ground already described, till we reach the Giant's Coffin, a fallen rock lying near the wall. The coffin hid for thirty years, after the discovery of the cave, the entrance to the parts reserved for this day's excursion. Visitors passed and repassed close by, without dreaming that behind it lay a passage leading to avenues more extensive and remarkable than any yet discovered.

Turning sharp behind the Giant's Coffin we descend by a ladder through the steps

of lime into the Valley of Humility. Thence through the winding way, or Fat Man's Misery, a long serpentine water-worn passage, just wide enough for ordinary "humans," but in which one of the Falstaff species would be miserable indeed, and would, doubtless, wipe his brow, and heartily congratulate himself when he had wriggled himself through the pass into Great Relief. We next reach in succession River Hall; Bacon Chamber, its roof strangely worn into resemblance of scores of bacon hams hanging from it; the Dead Sea, a horrid gulf with a black pool at the bottom, that one shudders to look at; the River Styx, which is heard rushing along in a chasm below us to join Lake Lethe. We cross the river by a natural bridge, which leads us to the shores of the lake, a pond of limpid water, never once ruffled by a breeze. We are paddled over it in a flat-bottomed boat, and land upon a smooth, sandy beach, at the entrance of the Great Walk. This is a lofty and wide corridor, three hundred yards long, through which the river flows when its waters are high; but we *now* walk without obstruction over its sandy bed. Apparently it has been altogether excavated by running water, of which every part of its shelves and cavities bears the impress. It leads to Echo River. Upon its quiet and pellucid waters we embark. The lamps are ranged in the bow of the boat, and Mat seats himself with his paddle in the stern. Silently she glides through an arch so low that we must crouch in passing, but which immediately expands again into a wide irregular pass. So transparent is the water, that although sometimes twenty feet in depth, we can distinctly survey its bed, its every stone and crag, even to the bottom. While sitting in breathless admiration, the guide, by a blow upon the boat from his paddle, awakes the slumbering echo. It rolls around us, reverberates along the vaults, and dies away in the gloom, like a peal of music uttered in thunder, sinking by soft cadence into primeval silence. Then the paddle is timed to a negro melody, with an abrupt pause at the close of each verse. Hark! The echo expires with such a perfect resemblance to a bass note from a strong piano, that we may exclaim, surely there is some other instrument than rock and water here. A voice hails us from the

darkness ahead. "It was only an echo." "No; it was certainly a voice." Reaching the termination of our voyage, where the river disappears through a low conduit, we find that the voice was from a solitary fisherman who had been pursuing his sport since early morning: for the waters of the cave are tenanted by two species of fish as peculiar as their habitation—fish without eyes—divine skill, economical in all its workings, having denied them organs which would here have been useless.

Setting forward again with increasing curiosity, we proceed for a mile and a half through a wide avenue called Silliman's, which has in general the appearance of a dry river channel. Here lie what are termed, after the nomenclature of classic mythology, the Infernal Regions, traversed by a shelving slippery path, where a single false step would plunge us into a dark chasm which is close alongside. Escaped from this place of evil name, the wild and rugged Pass of El Gau soon receives us. It may be two miles long and thirty to sixty feet in height, but so narrow that our lamps can scarcely light the eye to the roof—a most strange dry river channel, wholly water-worn, with galleries of projecting ledges on either side, and at various heights. The limestone at the partings of the strata is worn into all kinds of fantastic shapes and cavities, wide low caverns and sharp shelves, their serrated outlines and deep shadows giving the pass an air of gloomy grandeur, which we frequently linger to contemplate.

The pass of El Gau, and seemingly also our pilgrimage, terminates at Hebe's Spring of sulphureous water. But no—look up. A long ladder leads to an ugly black hole which opens its jaws in the roof. Through it lies the way to Cleveland's Cabinet, another spacious avenue two miles long. Its walls and roof are almost wholly incrustated with white gypsum, in every variety of form. The *chefs d'œuvres* of the cabinet are Mary's Bower and Charlotte's Grotto, where the gypsum on the roof has effloresced into the most beautiful variety of vines, leaves, and flowers, of formal likeness the most striking, but all of spotless white. The roof of Charlotte's Grotto might be compared to a parterre of flowers—bleached, petrified, and inverted—the beauteous work of a subtle artist. The whole avenue is quite dry, but cumbered with fallen rocks, which

make walking slow and difficult. But while "forward" is the word, the weakest feels no weakness here.

The Rocky Mountains are a hill of huge fallen rocks, which we climb on hands and feet, and from the summit look down into Dismal Hollow, a chaos vast, where our lamps' feeble rays are lost in gloom. Let us descend and scatter with our lights around its verge. We have surely penetrated to the regal hall of "chaos and ancient night." Well might its vague sublimity lead the imagination of tourists astray, who have variously estimated its area at from two to eight acres; but enough remains when I say that one acre seems to be nearer the truth. There are heights and hollows, with "rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled." The dismal ruin is spanned by a vault of Titanic masonry, terribly grand; its rudely regular dome, curving upward till lost in darkness, which, above and around us, throws its mantle of mystery over the somber grandeur of the scene.

There are several avenues leading from Dismal Hollow. Following one of them a little way we come in sight of Sarina's Arbor in a nook beneath us, and a very wet and incommodious bower she seems to have chosen, tenantable only by a mermaid. The descent being precipitous and difficult, our Lexington friend sat himself down at the top and resolved to rest content with what he had seen, while his more spirited lady determined to persevere. Our way lay along a slanting slippery rock, with a black chasm at its verge. But our cheerful and attentive guide, throwing himself back against the wall beyond, and bridging the cleft with his limbs, offered his not handsome but useful pedestals as stepping stones across the treacherous surface. By them we passed in safety and reached the arbor, which well rewarded our curiosity. It is draped with wavy sheets of brown stalactites, appearing at a hasty glance like very thick leather tapering downward to sharp edges, and when struck, sounding like metallic plates in every note of the gamut. The water, ancient decorator, still trickles from the drapery, and, received into a basin, forms Medora's Spring. Let us have a draught of its limpid water, for we have now attained the "benmost bore" of the Mammoth Cave, *nine miles* from daylight.

Our stomachs now began to remonstrate

against the want of attention; so recrossing Dismal Hollow, and taking our parting look of it from the Rocky Mountains, we select a convenient flag for our dining table, and Albert displays the contents of his basket, fowls, ham, and bread; good fare for a party of human moles. Be-
thinking myself to write a letter from this novel bivouac to a dear friend "far, far away" in the world of sun and moonlight, a stone is stuck into a fissure and my lamp hung upon it; the sole of The Lady's Slipper forms an elegant writing desk, and a blunt pencil bluntly records my feelings. But now slaves and free-men have dined, and the lady has nine miles between her and rest, with abated novelty to sustain her homeward steps.

We examined some minor avenues of the cave as we returned, but left miles unvisited. The guides very properly preserve the mineral curiosities of the bowers and arbors from the hands of selfish tourists; but abundance of beautiful specimens may be picked up in other nooks and crevices in Cleveland's Cabinet, where we spent some time in collecting them. Not the least beautiful forms which the gypsum assumes are those of long crystalline needles, and straight silk-like fibres. Large white spiders, plump and jovial, the aldermen of the race, inhabit the dry fissures, and are the only indigenous occupants we saw besides the fish and bats. There are, however, we were told, some rats occasionally met with.

The estimated length of the cave, nine miles, is as near the truth as the guides can judge by the time taken to traverse it. In that distance it is believed that we *cross* our own track more than once, but at various heights and depths, as we go from end to end, turning and twisting about, rising and descending through the most unexpected openings, and with the strangest tortuosities. Probably among the thousands of unexamined nooks and holes other discoveries will be made, as some have been made lately. The proprietor forbids a survey and plan of the cave to be made—which would be very interesting—but it is the opinion of the guides that the whole lies beneath a surface embraced in a circle three miles in diameter.

Several points of minor interest solicit our notice as we repossess them, of which we may now find time to note the following; leaving many halls, avenues, and

so forth, still unmentioned:—Diamond Grotto, where alabaster varies her freaks by gemming the roofs with diamonds. Mamre Ceiling and Snow-ball Room, which she has ceiled with hailstones and snow-balls of exquisite purity. Martha's Vineyard, named from the stalactites in the form of huge clusters of grapes with which it is hung. The Hanging Rocks, which have caved in from above, and remain suspended by their angles, a stony avalanche in threatening confusion. The Great Western Steamship, a rock-shelf jutting from an angle of Silliman's Avenue. Purgatory, a difficult byway to which the guides resort when Echo River rises too high to be freely navigated. Sidesaddle Pit, sixty feet in depth, as plumb as any miner could excavate it, and water-worn to the smoothness of polished ashler. The Arched Way, a long, low, and narrow passage, regularly arched as if by compass. Floating Clouds, seemingly another startling view of the sky. Napoleon's Dome, which runs up into a cone to the height of forty feet, crusted over with white crystalline gypsum. The Register Room, the roof of which is the visitor's book, and has its mammoth pages full of their names, written in candle smoke. A natural arm-chair of stalagmite. Post-oak Pillar, a column of the natural order, we will call it, supporting the roof. The First Echo, a spot where a stamp of the foot on the floor sounds beneath us like a stroke on a huge bass drum, showing that we are upon the roof of a lower vault, and possibly raising unpleasant doubts as to the safety of our floor. This phenomenon is frequently observed.

Proceeding ahead of our party, and keeping beyond eye and ear shot of them, as we wander on in silence, the darkness receding from and following the small circle of our lamp, we realize the sensations of loneliness and awe that can only be felt in such a place. But this is an amusement that must be cautiously indulged; a wrong turn may separate us from the guide, or our reveries may be rudely disturbed by a step into one of the numerous clefts and chasms that lie in the way. Following our party at a short distance is the best way to view the cave, as we have thus the benefit of all the lights before us, and form a better idea of its heights, widths, and rugged grandeur, than those in front can have.

Let me seat myself on this stone, extinguish my lamp, and allow my companions to pass on. How unique the scene as they appear and disappear among the knolls, rocks, and hollows, their lights chasing for a moment the shadows, now there, now yonder, streaming upward and athwart with fitful gleam. The darkness advances—our distance lengthens—and now the merry laugh no longer reaches us; their voices sink to echoed murmurs, the last footfall has died upon the ear, the last gleam has vanished from yon far-off crag, not even a drop of water reminds us of motion. Hush! let breath and pulse be still. Darkness that may be felt. Silence as of non-existence. Self-consciousness the most intense. Was ever isolation so complete? Life so distant and yet so near. We listen for the "still small voice" of the Eternal, and seem to hear a "whisper" of his presence. Happy they who in such a moment feel that they are reconciled to him, and that he is their father and their friend.

Ye who bow to the powerful attraction of the unknown in matter or spirit, how you would have triumphed to be the first that stood upon the brink of the Bottomless Pit, and, bending, gazed with eager longing into the gloom beyond—resting not till you had passed the gulf, undaunted by its black terrors—hastening onward into the world of old night to lift the veil from scenes unrevealed to any eye but their Creator's—scarcely heeding the wants of nature till you had gazed upon each glassy lake, drunk from each pellucid spring, sailed upon each silent river, listened with wondering delight to its musical echoes, peered into each black chasm, traversed each dusky avenue and murky hall, rejoiced over those flowers of stone, stood awe-struck beneath the vault of Dismal Hollow, penetrated to the utmost bourn of this wondrous subterranean, and sighed that there was not such another to explore.

But it is time to welcome back the light. We strike, therefore, our lucifer match and overtake our companions, who have waited for us at a turn where the seeming exit is by a wide and inviting avenue, but the real one by an insignificant cleft which might have been blundered past unnoticed. We have been altogether no less than eleven hours underground, and our excursion draws to a close. Day again

appears before us at the extremity of the dark vista, in its mild radiance, more beautiful and grateful than ever. "Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven, first-born!" The fanning breeze again salutes us, the fresh verdure, the waving boughs, the music of the woods, their flowers and fragrance. Ah, poor consumptives, ye made a sad change!

THE MOST POPULAR PLANT IN THE WORLD.

SOME of our readers may not be prepared for the fact, that tobacco, though not food either for man or beast, is the most extensively used of all vegetable productions, and, next to salt, the most generally consumed of all productions whatever—animal, vegetable, or mineral—on the face of the globe. In one form or other, but most commonly in that of fume or smoke, it is partaken of "by saint, by savage, and by sage:" there is no climate, from the equator to the pole, in which it is not used; there is no nation that has declined adopting it. Europeans—except in the extreme East—are allowed to be the most moderate consumers, in consequence of its being with them generally an article of import and of heavy taxation; while their form of civilization agrees to refuse the luxury to the gentler sex. The official returns prove that the consumption is on an average 16.86 ounces, or considerably more than a pound weight, to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Moreover, this consumption is greatly on the increase. Between the years 1821 and 1831 the increase was at the rate of about one ounce per head; during the next ten years, it was somewhat less than an ounce; but from 1841 to 1851 it was three ounces; making an increase of nearly forty-four per cent. in proportion to the population within the last thirty years. In Denmark, exclusive of the duchies, the average consumption in 1851 was nearly seventy ounces per head. But this is nothing to what is used in warm countries, where tobacco is grown with facility, and free from taxation. Mr. Crawford, to whom we are indebted for most of these facts,* had occasion to re-

mark its prevalence in Further India during his missions in 1821 and 1826. He says: "The practice of smoking obtains universally among the Burmans of all ranks, of both sexes, and of almost all ages; for I have seen children scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it." And again: "Among the Siamese the use of tobacco has become universal; they chew it in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. A Siamese is seldom to be seen without a cigar in his mouth, or stuck behind his ear ready for use." Mr. Crawford adds: "As a matter of curiosity, I shall attempt to estimate the total annual production of tobacco—a plant, the consumption of which three hundred and sixty years ago was confined to the scanty population of the continent of America, and which was unquestionably unknown in every age to the people of the Old World. If the population of the earth be taken at one thousand millions, and the consumption reckoned as equal to that of the kingdom of Denmark, or seventy ounces a head, the produce of the whole world will amount to near two millions of tons (1,953,125) a year. Seventy ounces a head, of course, far exceeds the average consumption of Europe, in most of the countries of which tobacco, as before stated, is heavily taxed. It is certain, however, on the other hand, that it falls far short of the consumption of Asia, containing the majority of mankind, where women and children smoke as well as men, and where the article is moreover untaxed." The value of the quantity thus reckoned, at twopence a pound, amounts to above £36,000,000 sterling. One cause, no doubt, of the rapid diffusion of this luxury is found in the wide geographical bounds within which it can be raised. It is grown without difficulty from the equator to the 50th degree of latitude, the finest qualities preferring the region between the 15th and the 35th.

It is now generally admitted, that all the species—about forty in number—are natives of America, and that it was utterly unknown to the Old World before the time of Columbus, who found it in use among the inhabitants of Cuba and St. Domingo, as Cortes did among the Mexicans. Either of these individuals may have introduced it into Spain; but there is no record of the exact time when it first became known there. In 1560,

* Paper on the History and Consumption of Tobacco, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*, England, for March, 1853.

Jean Nicot, an agent of the king of France, procured some seeds at Lisbon, transmitted them to his own country, and obtained the honor of giving the plant the generic name, *Nicotiana*, by which it is known to science. It is believed that its first introduction to England was by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586—that is, not till nearly a century after the discovery of the New World. It was received with the highest enthusiasm; and the practice of smoking increased and prevailed so rapidly, that in the short period of thirty years from its first introduction, Englishmen had, it would seem, become the greatest smokers in Christendom. So we gather from the celebrated *Counterblast*, written by no less a personage than King James, and published among his other works in 1616.

The royal expostulation, as it would seem, prevailed little against the fascinations of tobacco-smoke: the consumption in England continued to increase; the very colony which the king himself countenanced in Virginia became the chief source of supply; nay, the noxious herb was raised in England with some success, in spite of the direct prohibitions of this monarch and his successor, Charles I. It needed the strong arm of Cromwell wholly and effectually to suppress the cultivation, since which it has been entirely an object of foreign commerce—a source of considerable revenue to the government, from the heavy duty, and the great staple of contraband trade for the same reason.

Those who, in our days, are viewing with alarm the progress it is making in public favor, have felt obliged to adopt a different strain, addressing themselves to our reason by the scientific demonstration of its noxious tendencies. Professor Johnston, for instance, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, has furnished an analysis of its constituent parts. These, he says, are three in number—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the smell of tobacco, and a bitter taste, producing on the mouth and throat a sensation similar to that which arises from the smoke. Applied to the nostrils, it provokes sneezing; and taken inwardly, gives rise to giddiness and sickness. The volatile alkali has, besides the smell, an acrid, burning, and long persistent tobacco taste, and is narcotic; and as a poison, scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog.

So irritating is the vapor of this substance, that it is difficult to breathe in a room where one drop of it has been evaporated. Well: as a hundred poundweights of dry tobacco yield about seven pounds of nicotin, it follows that in smoking a hundred grains, or about a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, there may be imbibed two grains or more of this nicotin, one of the most subtle of all known poisons. The empyreumatic oil has similarly acrid, narcotic, and poisonous qualities. One drop of it applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and death followed in two minutes. The Hottentots are said to destroy snakes in this way: they put a drop of this oil on the tongue of the reptile, and it dies as instantaneously as if struck by the electric fluid.

Mr. Johnston proceeds to show, that the cigar, especially if smoked to the end, discharges into the mouth everything that is produced by the combustion; that the more rapidly the leaf burns and the smoke is inhaled, the greater is the quantity of poisonous matter imbibed; and that, finally, when the saliva is retained, the nervous system of the smoker receives the fullest effect of all the three narcotic ingredients of the smoke. It is thus accounted for that the short cutty has come into favor among inveterate smokers; any other pipe would be tame and tasteless after a strong cigar.

The chewer of tobacco, it is shown, escapes the action of the poisonous oil which is produced in the combustion of the leaf; and the drug of the snuffer is still milder than that of the chewer. A large proportion of the nicotin escapes, or is decomposed, in the fermentation to which the tobacco is twice exposed in making snuff, and the drying or roasting carries off an additional portion, and also some of the natural volatile oil; so that even the rapces, which are generally made from the strongest leaf, containing five or six per cent. of nicotin, retain only two per cent. when the manufacture is complete.

Professor Lizars, of Edinburgh, has followed up these scientific expositions by some practical observations. He proves, by indisputable facts, some of which have come under his own notice, that excessive smoking produces the most direful consequences, both locally and constitutionally: locally, by occasioning cancerous ulceration.

tions about the mouth; and constitutionally, by inducing, among other effects, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, disease of the liver, congestion of the brain, loss of memory, amaurosis, generally confined to one eye, apoplexy, palsy, and even mania.

"When a youth commences his apprenticeship to smoking tobacco," says Mr. Lizars, "he suffers often the most inconceivably miserable sickness and vomiting—almost as bad as sea-sickness. It generally produces these effects so rapidly, that their production must entirely depend on nervous influence, as giddiness is almost immediately induced. The antidote or cure for this miserable condition is drinking strong coffee or brandy and water, and retiring to a bed or sofa. If he perseveres, he has just to suffer onward, until his nervous system becomes habituated to the noxious weed, and too often to the bottle at the same time. It is truly melancholy to witness the great number of the young who smoke now-a-days; and it is painful to contemplate how many promising youths must be stunted in their growth, and enfeebled in their minds, before they arrive at manhood."

Two cases only we shall notice: one of the local, the other of the constitutional effects of smoking. The former was the case of a captain in the Indian navy, who, from smoking cheroots, had contracted an ulceration of the mucous membrane of the left cheek, extending backward to the tonsil and pharynx of the same side, having all the characteristic appearances of cancer. Such was his condition when he applied to our author; but the disease resisted every mode of treatment, and he died the victim of the cheroots.

The other is the case of a man—an American, it would seem—who, according to his own statement, began chewing tobacco at seventeen years of age, swallowing the juice to avoid the injury he apprehended might accrue to his lungs from constant spitting. He afterward suffered much from gnawing at the stomach, a capricious appetite, nausea, vomiting of his meals, emaciation, nervous irritability, and palpitation of the heart. After seven years thus passed, he became the subject of *angina pectoris*. "One day after dinner," he said, relating his case to Dr. Corson of New-York, "I was suddenly seized with intense pain in the chest, gasping for breath, and a sensation as if a

crowbar were pressed tightly from the right breast to the left, till it came and twisted in a knot round the heart, which now stopped deathly still for a minute, and then leaped like a dozen frogs. After two hours of deathlike suffering, the attack ceased; and I found that ever after my heart *missed every fourth beat!* My physician said that I had organic disease of the heart, must die suddenly, and need only take a little brandy for the painful paroxysms; and I soon found it the only thing that gave them any relief. For the next twenty-seven years I continued to suffer milder attacks like the above, lasting from one to several minutes, sometimes as often as two or three times a day or night; and to be sickly-looking, thin, and pale as a ghost."

All this time the man had not thought of attributing his sufferings to the use of tobacco; but one day he took it into his head to revolt against being a slave to one *vile habit alone*, and after thirty-three years' use, he renounced it at once and forever. "Words," he said, "could not describe my suffering and desire for a time. I was reminded of the Indian who, next to all the rum in the world, wanted all the tobacco. But my firm will conquered. In a month my paroxysms nearly ceased, and soon after left entirely. I was directly a new man, and grew stout and hale as you see. With the exception of a little asthmatic breathing, in close rooms and the like, for nearly twenty years' since I have enjoyed excellent health."

On examination, Dr. Corson found the heart of this individual apparently healthy in size and structure, only irregular, intermitting still at every fourth pulsation. He is now, or was a few months ago, still living, a highly intelligent man, sixty-five years of age, stout, ruddy, and managing a large business.

Facts like these are worthy the grave consideration of those who use the noxious herb, if no better plea can be urged in its defense than that it passes an idle hour, and supplies the care-worn and depressed spirit with a gentle and soothing species of intoxication.

NEITHER fears nor favors can tempt the holily resolute: they can trample upon dangers and honor with a careless foot.—*Bishop Hall.*

CHEMICAL POWER OF THE SUNBEAM.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

IF we carefully examine the history of scientific discovery, it will be apparent that the progress of knowledge is regulated by a constant law. The time appears to be fixed when any new truth shall be born unto man. These laws are far beyond the reach of human intellect; but we are permitted to see that the Eternal One, who regulated the tides of the material ocean, has, in his infinite wisdom, fixed the extent of oscillation—the height and the depth of each mental wave—and commanded the great spiritual tidewave of knowledge to advance in obedience to an undeviating law.

From the earliest periods of history—since man clothed himself in dyed garments—it must have been observed that some colors were darkened, while others were bleached, by the sun's rays. To the philosophy of this, his mental eye was obscured—the fact was constantly occurring, (and a thousand facts are still forever presenting themselves to us, unnoticed or uncare for,) and man did not perceive the important bearing of the phenomenon.

Eventually, the alchemists, possessed with the idea that gold differed from silver in nothing but that it contained more of the sun's sulphur, were induced to present various compounds of silver to the sunshine, with the hope of obtaining this "*interpenetration of the sulphureous principle of light*," which was to change the baser silver to the royal gold. Thus they discovered a remarkable change which takes place in the sunshine on one of the salts of silver.

Eventually an Englishman, Mr. Thomas Wedgwood—the son of him who so greatly improved our porcelain manufacture—conceived it quite possible, since different-colored media were not equally transparent to the radiant chemical power, to copy the paintings on the windows of our old churches by covering white paper or leather with the nitrate or the chloride of silver. He succeeded in his experiments, and, with the assistance of Sir Humphrey Davy, extended his plan so far as to secure copies of images by the solar microscope, thus becoming the discoverer of the beautiful art of PHOTOGRAPHY. The pictures produced by Mr. Wedgwood

wanted permanence. They could only be preserved in the dark. Viewed by daylight they soon became uniformly black. A few years after this a French gentleman, M. Niepee, was induced to take up the inquiry, and he made the remarkable discovery, that the solar rays altered the character of all kinds of resinous substances. He therefore spread upon plates of glass and metal a thin coating of some varnish, and placing it in the camera-obscura, allowed the beautiful images of Baptista Porta's instrument to fall upon the plate.

These images, being the result of radiations from external objects, have relatively the amount of luminous and chemical power determined by the colors of their surfaces, and the quantity of illumination to which they are exposed. It was found, after exposure in this way, that some portions of the resinous surface were more soluble than others. The plates were consequently placed in some solvent, and thus was gradually developed "the clouded imagery" of the picture impressed upon the plate. The pictures thus produced are called by their discoverer HELIOGRAPHS. Niepee became acquainted with Daguerre, the dioramic painter. They were both engaged in the same line of inquiry, and it was agreed that they should continue their investigations together. It is not quite easy to trace the progress made by Niepee and Daguerre, as it was not until after the death of Niepee that Daguerre announced the discovery of the process which bears his name.

During this period Mr. Henry Fox Talbot was quietly working in the same direction, and he so far improved upon the process of Wedgwood, as to give permanence to the sun-drawn pictures. Since the publication of these processes, photography has made rapid advances.

A few of the more important processes must now be described. It is difficult, within the limits allowed, to make a selection from, or to enter into the details of, the various methods by which photographs can be obtained; the most satisfactory course will be to state those general principles by which the resulting photographic phenomena may be best understood.

If silver is dissolved in nitric acid we obtain a salt—nitrate of silver. When

this salt is dissolved in perfectly pure distilled water, it may be exposed to sunshine for any period without undergoing change; but add thereto the smallest portion of organic matter, and it is quickly decomposed, the silver being precipitated as a black powder. In paper we have the required organic principle, and if we wash a sheet with the solution of nitrate of silver, and expose it with any body superposed—say a fern-leaf—all the parts which are exposed will blacken, those screened will remain white, and thus there will be produced what is called a *negative* image. Chloride of silver, obtained by washing the paper, first with a weak solution of common salt and then with nitrate of silver, is a far more sensitive photographic agent, and is now commonly employed.

The Calotype process of Mr. Fox Talbot consists in washing paper, first with *iodide of potassium*, and then with nitrate of silver, by which process is obtained an *iodide of silver*. The paper should contain nothing but this iodide; therefore all soluble salts are removed by soaking in water. This pale primrose-color paper, which is not sensitive to light, is washed with a peculiar organic salt called gallic acid; and, to increase the instability of the preparation, a little nitrate of silver is added to it, producing what the inventor calls a *gallo-nitrate of silver*. Here we have a preparation already quick with chemical energy; this is applied to the iodized paper, and the chemical power of the sun, as radiated from external objects, instantly produces a change—that change bearing an exact relation to the intensity of the rays falling upon each portion of the light-created picture.

Presently a picture becomes visible, and it is increased in intensity by washing it, in the dark, with a fresh portion of the gallic acid solution. The picture thus obtained is fixed by washing it with a salt, which dissolves the iodide or the chloride of silver, which has not undergone change—the *hyposulphite of soda*—and subsequently soaking in clean water.

The Daguerreotype consists in producing an iodide of silver upon the surface of a polished silver-plate, and receiving the camera image upon this prepared surface. In both of these processes a decomposition of the iodide of silver results; but in Daguerre's process, the image is developed by exposing the plate

on which it has been impressed to the vapor of mercury.

Mercury combines with metallic silver, but not with the iodide; thus it is deposited over every portion of the plate on which the solar radiations have acted—the thickness of the deposit bearing a strict relation to the intensity of chemical effect produced. This picture is also fixed by the use of the hyposulphite of soda; as, indeed, are nearly all varieties of photographic pictures.

By modifications, which cannot be here detailed, these processes have been greatly increased in sensibility; the result which formerly required twenty minutes being now obtained in as many seconds.

A process more sensitive than either of those named has extended photography in a most remarkable manner—this is the *COLLODION* process. Collodion is gun-cotton dissolved in ether; to this is added some iodide of potassium dissolved in spirits of wine. This iodized collodion is poured over a sheet of glass—the ether evaporating leaves a beautiful film on the surface, which, upon the glass being dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver, becomes exquisitely sensitive. This prepared tablet being placed in the camera receives an image almost instantaneously, which is brought out in full vigor by pouring over it a solution of the proto-sulphate of iron or of pyro-gallic acid.

The exquisite perfection of the collodion pictures, dependent upon the rapidity with which the images are impressed, is mainly due to the peculiar conditions of this singular preparation. By a preparation in many respects analogous to the collodion, a degree of sensibility far exceeding anything which the most sanguine photographer dreamed of in his ardent moments has been obtained. A plate prepared with albumen, iodide of iron, and alcohol, and acetic acid, was placed in a dark room of the Royal Institution in a camera obscura; opposite to it, at the proper focal distance, was a wheel, which was made to revolve many hundred times in a second, and this wheel carried a printed bill upon its face. This rapidly-revolving placard was illuminated for a moment by a flash from a Leyden jar. When the prepared plate was examined by means of a developing agent, it was found, that notwithstanding the rapidity with which the image moved over the lens and the transient nature of

the light, a picture of the printed bill was clearly formed, with the letters perfect. This was an experiment of Mr. Fox Talbot's, and is perhaps the most remarkable of the many examples of natural magic with which photography has brought us acquainted.

It has long been a problem, the solution of which has been anxiously looked for, whether we might hope to obtain pictures in all the beauty of natural color. This has not yet been quite successfully accomplished; but the approaches toward it are so favorable that we may hope, in a few years, to find our photographic pictures colored by the agent which now draws them.

That the delicate and fading images of the camera obscura should be permanently secured upon plates of metal and glass, and on paper, was, at one time, beyond the dreams of science. We rejoice in the reality, and nature herself paints for us the portrait of a friend, or those scenes which are endeared to us by the tenderest and most refined associations.

We have now the means of obtaining the most truthful representations of the Pyramids and the tombs of Egypt. The Assyrian Excavation Society have realizations from the pencil of the sunbeam of all that remains of the great monarchies of the East. The traveler in Central America has secured, with his camera, pictures of the wonderful works of the Aztecs and the cotemporary races, of whom we know so little, but whose works remain to speak of a savage grandeur and an advanced state of art, rivaling that which we find in the palace of Sardanapalus and the temples of the early Pharaohs. The ethnologist rejoices in his collection of portraits from all parts of the world; in his quiet home he is enabled, by the aid of photography, to study the physiognomies of all the races on the face of the earth.

The natural philosopher uses the same art to register for him the variations of atmospheric pressure and of the earth's temperature; more than this, the alterations in the magnetic intensity of this terrestrial globe are now faithfully registered by photography. The microscopist makes the light draw for him the details of organization, which it would be impossible for the human hand to trace. The astronomer places a sensitive tablet in his telescope; and not only does the sun draw his

own image, but the milder moon traces out for him her mountains and her valleys, her beetling precipices, like old sea-coasts, and her dreadful volcanic craters, large and deep enough to swallow up all England.

What, then, may we not expect from photography, with the advance of science?

A few years since it was thought that two or three salts of silver and of gold were the only bodies which underwent any remarkable change when exposed to the action of the solar rays.

It is now proved that it is not possible to expose any body, whatsoever may be its character, to the action of sunshine without its undergoing a chemical or a mechanical change. For example, take a plate of glass, of metal, of stone, or a surface of leather, or resin,—in fact, any organic or inorganic body,—and placing a perforated screen above it, expose it for a short time to solar influence; then treating the plate as we do the Daguerreotype,—exposing it to the vapor of mercury,—we shall find a picture of the superposed screen most faithfully made out on the surface; proving thus that it is impossible to expose any substance to sunshine without its undergoing a change; and that constant sunshine would be destructive to the permanence of matter, as now constituted. It has, however, been found that Nature has a beautiful provision for restoring the deranged conditions. During darkness, by the action of some peculiar molecular forces, all bodies possess the power of restoring themselves to the state in which they were previously to the *destructive* action of the sunshine; and as night and repose are required to restore to the animal and vegetable economy the vital forces which have become exhausted by the labors of the day, and the excitements which depend upon light, so are night and darkness required to insure the permanence of the inorganic masses of the earth's surface.

Can there be a more beautiful provision than this? The laws by which the Eternal Creator works are indeed wonderful and grand; the study of creation's mysteries induces a refinement of the mind, and a holy tranquillity of spirit. No one can arise from reading a page of Nature's mighty volume without feeling himself to be

"A wiser and a better man."

SIR LOG AND HIS COUSIN.

I WAS sitting by my fireside, one evening in November, dreaming in the twilight; but whether they were sleeping or waking dreams in which I indulged, I shall leave it to those who may read my story to decide, without myself offering any opinion on the subject. A capital fire shone on the hearth, and lit up the walls of the antique library in which I sat, flickering among the carved work of the dark oak ceiling and wainscoting, and occasionally lighting up the lofty ancient mantelpiece, which was decorated with the heraldic devices of the former owners of the hall—men who had ages since moldered in the tomb. The wide, old-fashioned grate contained an abundant supply of fuel, part of it being filled with good Newcastle coal, throwing out plenty of fine rich fatty matter, from which issued at intervals, as from petty volcanoes, jets of gaseous smoke and flame; while in the arms of this mass of fire lay a huge oaken log, invreathed in its own brilliant flames, emitting from time to time showers of sparks, and as it were sportively darting long tongues of serpent-like blue and amber flame through every possible vent, now withdrawing them for a moment, and then pouring forth a fresh volume with renewed vigor and splendor.

As I sat, enjoying the warmth, and dreamily watching these evolutions, I began to trace a sort of understanding between the wood and the coal, as if they were getting into a chat, and by degrees to make out, or fancy that I made out, what they said to each other. How I came to understand the conversation, I cannot exactly explain; but it is no more wonderful that I should do so, than that the vizier in the eastern tale should be able to inform the sultan of the consultations which were taking place among the birds. It may be supposed, if the reader likes, that there is some affinity between me and a log of wood; and really I cannot say but that it may be so—all that I can do is, like a faithful chronicler, to narrate my tale, and leave others to draw their own deductions from it. I will therefore tell what passed that evening, not at my *fireside*, but in the very heart and depths of my *fire*.

"Well, my boy, how are you to-day?" crackled out the wood; "methinks, as we

are brought into such close fellowship, we may as well make acquaintance; and as there is no master of the ceremonies at hand, and I, as I take it, am the elder, I will just introduce myself to you as a branch of the Oak family—one of a very ancient and distinguished tribe—only some twelve or fourteen generations removed from the first of that noble family who flourished in the days of Adam and Eve, and of unbroken and untarnished descent—a true scion of an ancient stock. And now, my young friend, allow me to crave your name and history?" added Sir Log, in a patronizing manner.

A low murmuring sound, followed by a considerable ebullition of smoke and flame, burst from the offended coal. "*Boy*, indeed! *young friend*!" and something very like "*Upstart mushroom*!" fell on my ear, though luckily it did not strike on the auricular cavities of the wood.

"I beg your pardon, sir," responded Sir Log, with some warmth, "I meant no offense; but really, as the senior, and with *my* pedigree, I thought—. Perhaps you are not aware that I am some four or five hundred years old?"

"*Senior! pedigree!*" broke in the fiery old gentleman; "four or five hundred years old! why, I am more likely four or five hundred *thousand* years old; and as to pedigree, I am Lord Carbonius, one of old King Coul's family, as it were part and parcel of himself."

"O, indeed!" replied Sir Log, reverentially. "I have been used to the society of kings and great men, and know how to reverence them. I grew near a royal residence myself, and often have the kings and queens of England stood and sat under my spreading branches. Some of the greatest men of their day have given me their confidence, and held consultations under my shadow; and royal armies have been mustered, ay, and broken up and defeated, in my sight."

"And I grew and flourished ages on ages before that pigmy called man—whether king or boor, prince or peasant—was created, or had a name in the earth! Ages before his race was formed, I lived in majestic grandeur, and formed part of a stately pine, such as earth now knows not either in kind or size. Around me grew interminable forests of trees as splendid as myself, chiefly palms and pines; while club-mosses, horse-tails,

and other plants of quite different tribes from those which now decorate the earth, and of a size which would have pretty well choked up your kinds, surrounded me."

"But, if this is so, where have you been ever since, my lord?" asked Sir Log.

"Down, down in the depths of the earth, at rest," replied Carbonius. "How long I have lain there I know not; but this I know, that there I should have been to this hour but for the being you call *man*, who seems to have power to wrench all her long-hidden secrets from nature, and to apply all her long-hoarded treasures to his own special use and emolument. He, by his skill and wisdom, conquered all the defenses which have so long shielded me and my other mineralized friends from disturbance, overcame the many dangers and difficulties which arose from the deadly gases and devouring subterranean waters which guarded our dismal prison-houses, and brought us up once more to the light of day."

"And here we lie now, both together," responded Sir Log; "you of an ante-mundane, and I of a post-diluvian formation, fast dwindling away into dust and ashes; and so will end my pedigree and yours—my five hundred years, and your five hundred thousand."

"Not so," replied the old dignitary; "that is a youthful mistake on your part. I thought myself, when in that grand combustion of the elements which ended my then state of existence—when, with many thousands of my congeners, I vanished from the face of the earth, and was inclosed by the masses of matter which overwhelmed us—that there was surely an end of *me*. Who would have thought that, after unknown ages, (for none can number them; not the wisest among men, with all his learning, can answer the simple question, 'When and how was the coal formation deposited?')—who, I say, would have thought of *my* ever again becoming an inhabitant of the upper regions? of *my* going through a new stage of existence and of usefulness? of *my* being so important to man, that, without my help, many of his most noble works could not go forward? nay, more, of my becoming one of the brightest ornaments of his saloons, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes,' the center of attraction to all who enter my presence?"

"Very true, my lord, very true," obsequiously murmured Sir Log; "but I think you might say *we*. We are surely more attractive when combined, than either of us apart!"

"Well, well," quoth old Carbonius, "I have no objection—let it be *we* if you like; indeed, there is some little connection between us, though we are of different families. But there are other branches of the Carbon family beside myself who make no small noise in the world, both as useful and ornamental articles. There are my cousins *Jet*, a worthy family, though a little of the melancholy complexion; but the Diamonds! O, they are the most illustrious by far of our tribe; and they are sterling, sound-hearted creatures, too, and most intrinsically valuable, never ashamed to recognize an old friend; and never do they look more bright and attractive than when their brilliant countenances reflect a glance of recognition from *me*, comparatively humble as is the position in life which I now occupy!"

"You speak like an oracle, my lord," said Sir Log, who had become wonderfully respectful since he found "Old Ebony," as he had irreverently called his companion, was so highly connected: "but it seems to me that both you and I are fast falling to ashes, and in that state we are not likely to have 'greatness thrust upon us.'"

"Young again!" growled out old Carbon, rather snappishly; "why, my good friend, you are quite boyish. I maintain that there is not a particle of either you or me that falls from this grate that will not in some way or other turn to use. We must 'bide our time.' We have now had our day of brightness and honor, and next will come a time of apparent degradation; but do not be discouraged; it is all needful to prepare us for our future exaltation; even the fire which is now eating out our vitals is aiding in the work. We shall be cast out on the face of the earth; then by degrees will come a change—we shall be decomposed, as it is called; that is, all our component parts will be dissolved, separated, and each applied to its own special use in chemically altering the nature of the earth with which we are mixed, fitting it for the growth of vegetables, which will absorb, and feed on our different alkaline salts, &c.,—by this means we shall impart to them their va-

rious flavors and qualities; these vegetables in their turn will nourish man and beast, and thus we shall again have our day of honor; after which we shall return back to the lower stages of our existence, again hereafter to ascend; and so goes on the round of wondrous changes, every particle of created matter having its mission, and fulfilling it in its appointed course."

"But stay a minute, great philosopher," wheezed the now almost exhausted Wood; "as you talk, puff, puff, goes your breath up the chimney, and now and then, when you are especially emphatic, a portion of it escapes into the room, and deposits sundry black particles on the furniture and walls; you do not mean to say that those blacks and that smoke will ever turn to use."

"Every particle of it, every particle!" shouted old Carbonius, vehemently. "Did you never see heaps of soot placed on the fields, even within sight of the royal domain in which you say you grew? Well, this soot, like the ashes, is decomposed, and in the same manner supplies nourishment to the vegetable, and through it to the animal creation. Those particles of our life-breath which are not deposited in the chimney, float away into the air, or unite themselves with it; and they, too, have their mission. It is a wonderful thought, but follow it out, and you will find what I say to be true: that not one particle of matter has ever existed which has not had, and continues to have, some part to play in the cosmogony of this wide world; not one which does not avail for some purpose or other; nor one which has ever faded into nothing, or ceased, in some form or other, to exist. Infinite, wonderful are the changes which take place in their modes of existence: that which at one time forms an integral part of a solid body, at another becomes an invisible, ethereal fluid—one of the subtle essences which circulate in air, water, or some other portion of the material world; while that which was a mere floating gas becomes in its turn absorbed into a human or other living body, and for a time forms a part of its vital existence; but nothing utterly perishes, nothing ever *has* perished."

"One question more, my lord," said Sir Log. "Tell me who contrived this wonderful mechanism—who carries it on

from day to day? I used to think that *man* could do everything; and, to hear some of them talk, one would suppose that they thought so themselves; but as you say that you existed ages before man was formed, he can have had no hand in making *you*, or preparing you for your present uses."

"Man is very wise," replied old Carbonius. "He can rend her secrets from nature, and bend the stubborn materials which lie around him to his will. He can solve the deep problems of science, and speak of things long hidden; but ask him that question, and see what shifts he will be put to in giving you an answer. He will talk to you of 'the laws of nature,' of 'chemical and electrical agencies'—of anything or everything—but, alas! how seldom is he found ready to speak of the God of nature; to say, simply and boldly, 'Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory,' and 'there is no end of thy greatness!'"

"I am glad," sighed forth Sir Log, as, with a dying sparkle, his last embers fell on the hearth, "very glad that some day *we* shall be great again!"

[For the National Magazine.]

RAIN-DROPS.

SWEET visitants of earth,
From dark cloud chambers falling,
Again the glad earth calling
To music and to mirth.

Like brightly-sparkling gems,
Ye fall on leaves in motion;
And cling in true devotion
As pearls to diadems.

Or fall to earth unseen,
And sink to hidden fountains,
Then gaily from the mountains
Dance down to valleys green.

Where is the path ye go,
Up to your cloud pavilions,
Above the kindred millions,
That gem the seas below?

I saw ye yesternight
Upon the sunbeams dancing,
That down the west were glancing
In shafts of silver light.

But ye are wrecks to-day,
And fall in countless numbers,
To soothe my day-dream slumbers,
While showers soft anthems play.

D. WILLIAMS.

THE ELEMENTS, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS.

IN 1812, Michael Faraday, then a book-seller's apprentice, attended the lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy in the Royal Institution. Inspired with scientific ardor and enthusiasm, and eager to escape from the trammels of trade, the future *savant* took the bold and simple step of writing to Sir Humphrey. We need not detail his future career; suffice it to observe, that next year he became Davy's assistant at the institution, and subsequently his successor; having, by a series of splendid and beautiful chemical and electrical discoveries, taken a first place among the celebrities of science. He is now no less noted for the lucidity and grace of his expositions than for his deep prying into natural mysteries. In the course of his duties, Professor Faraday delivered, during the spring and summer of 1852, a course of six lectures, &c., on the non-metallic elements, to the members of the institution. These have been published; and while commending them to our readers as one of the most delightful and instructive chemical hand-books in our language, we would direct attention to a marvelous chemical phenomenon which is now attracting the attention of philosophers.

However eager for notoriety, no dandy has yet astonished us by appearing clothed in a dress that can change from sober drab to brilliant green. The chemical elements, nevertheless, have something of this magical property; for recent discoveries prove that in nature the same substance may be distinguished by distinctly opposite qualities, and may appear in the most diverse forms. This phenomenon has been called "allotropism;" or, as far as the Greek words may literally be rendered, "another state." We have been accustomed to think of the elements as resembling certain gentlemen clothed in unchangeable black; now, however, we may find them, according to circumstances, in all the colors of the rainbow.

If an observer, provided with slips of bibulous paper which has been dipped in a solution of iodide of potassium and starch, ascend a hill near the sea, while the wind is landward, he will find that the papers suddenly change their tint, becoming blue. This indicates a new chemical agent in the atmosphere, called ozone by its dis-

coverer, Professor Shönbein of Bâle, to whom we owe also gun-cotton. If the breeze be from the land, and has traveled great tracts of country, the experiment will probably fail, as ozone does not then show itself. This new substance has also been found identical with the peculiar odor called the electric smell, given off by an electrical machine in action. But strange as are some of its manifestations, Professor Shönbein shows it to be no new element at all; and to be, in fact, only oxygen, the chief of the elements, under a masked aspect. Chemists have found our terraqueous globe made up of sixty-three so-called simple elements; of these, thirteen are most widely distributed, and of the latter again, one—oxygen—composes about two-thirds of our globe. It is present as a gas in our atmosphere; we drink it liquid as water, and carry it about with us as part of our nerves, our muscles, and our clothing; it feeds our blast-furnaces and quenches our fires, while vast stores of it are locked up in the solid rock. In the varied properties of it and its neighbor elements, we see how, though seemingly most unmanageable and discordant, they are made to watch like ministering angels around us, each performing tranquilly its destined function, moving through all the various phases of decomposition, decay, and death; then springing into new life and assuming fresh forms. Allotropism brings out this in a most striking manner. The experiments by which we distinguish simple oxygen give with ozonized oxygen very different results. Ozone has a peculiar smell; oxygen none. Pour a blue solution, a solution of sulphate of indigo, into ozonized oxygen, and it is quickly bleached; in ordinary oxygen it remains unaltered. In ozonized oxygen, the effluvium of tainted meat is instantly destroyed; and sheets of silver foil, which remain unchanged in the ordinary gas, soon crumble into dust—the oxide of silver. Our knowledge of this mysterious substance has been too short to enable us to assign it its true place in the grand economy of nature. Doubtless it accomplishes most important purposes. And though the speculations as to its connection with health and disease, and as to its relations with certain great epidemics, both in the human family and the vegetable kingdom, are at present very wide and imperfect, busy *savans* are in this field

anxiously toiling for more positive information.

Many other bodies, besides oxygen, exhibit this change of properties in different phases of condition. Common sulphur, when placed in a Florence flask and heated to a certain point, fuses, and the liquid produced by the fusion is a thin pellucid body; applying more heat, it loses its transparency, and becomes thick and blackens; at which juncture the Florence flask may be inverted without the liquid coming out. Heated still further, a vapor is given forth, and the sulphur again becomes liquefied. Poured in this state into cold water, the liquid is no longer yellow and brittle, but has become a substance like India rubber or gutta percha, on which seals and impressions may be and are taken. In this condition it remains for days, and even longer. Professor Shröetter, of Berlin, lately astonished his friends by his temerity in wrapping some sticks of phosphorus in paper, and walking about with them in his pocket. Ordinary phosphorus we keep in water, for fear of spontaneous combustion; this, however, was allotropic phosphorus. This discovery has been of the utmost importance in connection with the arts, particularly as regards lucifer-match making, for the vapors of common phosphorus have a most prejudicial effect on persons subjected to their influence. They occasion a disease which corrodes, ulcerates, and destroys the bones, even sometimes producing death. Now, by the employment of allotropic phosphorus, this may be prevented; while at the same time it serves all practical purposes equally well with the ordinary description. Allotropism is thus no mere scientific nicety, but a trustful guardian of that which is of all earthly things most precious. Our next illustration of this transformation of the elements is a pleasing as well as pretty one. Let a sheet of paper, on which has been printed a St. Andrew's cross with the red iodide of mercury, be heated, and the redness will be immediately changed into yellow. Another experiment, and perhaps the most conclusive, was performed by Professor Faraday; but this, we fear, few of our readers will be inclined from its expense to make. A diamond held by a little platinum clamp, and ignited to whiteness in the oxy-hydrogen flame, was plunged while incandescent into a jar of oxygen.

It was speedily dissipated into gas, which, by means of the limewater test, was proved to be carbonic acid. It is even so; the glistening gem which monarchs strive after, and the black diamond which the miner disembowels far down below the surface, are but modifications of one and the same substance; yet how widely diverse in their practical bearings on humanity! In the deep laboratories of nature, during long ages, by unknown and mysterious processes, the wood of primeval forests has been successfully changed into coal, anthracite, plumbago, and the diamond. It would seem, too, that by excess of heat, we may bring back the gem to one of the antecedent stages of its formation. Thus Professor Faraday had on the lecture-table diamonds which had been exposed under peculiar conditions to an intense heat, and with the singular result of converting them into coke. The gems seemed to have lost their crystalline aspect, and to have opened out, forming a cauliflower-like exerescence, and assuming the aspect of coke.

Most interesting is it to mark how, after ages of speculation, the human mind reverts back in the train of old thoughts and ideas. It is a long time since men seriously professed to produce the nobler from the baser metals; but now it would seem as if this wild dreaming was not all a dream. It is surely interesting to know, that men like Faraday think that "the philosopher, once led into this train of speculation, ends involuntarily by asking himself the questions—in what does chemical identity consist? in what will these wonderful developments of allotropism end? whether the so-called chemical elements may not be, after all, mere allotropic conditions of fewer universal essences? whether, to renew the speculations of the alchemists, the metals may be only so many mutations of each other, by the power of science mutually convertible? There was a time when this fundamental doctrine of the alchemists was opposed to known analogies; *it is now no longer opposed to them, but only some stages beyond their present development.*"

In an age of so much sciolism and pretence, very instructive is it to see the deep religious spirit manifested by our profoundest inquirers into nature's mysteries. Our high-priests of science seem now most willing to proclaim the glory and the

majesty of that King whose tender mercy is over all his works. Again and again, in these lectures, are we reminded of the author and preserver of this wondrous universe; indeed, we are told that a main design of these prelections was "to deduce further evidence of the beneficence, power, majesty, and wisdom of the eternal Disposer of all."

CAN INSECTS TALK?

THIS may indeed seem a strange question to those who would limit the meaning of the word to the capability of expressing ideas by means of articulate sounds; nevertheless, a little reflection will convince any one who is conversant with the habits of these creatures, that, though they may have no tongues, they can express themselves in some way or other "with most miraculous organ." Various experiments might be quoted in proof of this; let us, however, select one or two which seem to leave no room for dispute about the matter. Any one who finds himself in the vicinity of an ants' nest, may soon be convinced that these industrious little laborers are by no means destitute of the power of communicating information to each other relative to the affairs of their commonwealth. Let him, for example, place a heap of food in the neighborhood of the ant-hill, and watch the proceedings of its inmates. A short time will probably elapse before the discovery of the treasure; but at length some wanderer, in his morning's ramble, has the good fortune to stumble upon it. What does he do? He does not, like an isolated individual, incapable of asking for assistance, begin at once the task of removing the heap, but, on the contrary, off he scampers with the glad intelligence, and running his head against that of every ant he meets, manages, in some mysterious way, not only to intimate the fact of the discovery, but also to give information relative to the locality where the provisions may be found, for speedily it will be seen, that troops of porters summoned at the call of the first finder, hasten to the spot, and all is activity and bustle, until the store is safely warehoused in the ant-hill. Another still more striking instance of the possession of a capability of spreading intelligence, and that of a somewhat abstruse character, is furnished by experiments that have been made by

Huber and others upon bees. Every one is aware that the queen-bee is an object of the greatest solicitude to all the workers of the hive; and yet among so many thousands, all busily employed in different and distant parts of the colony, it would appear impossible for them to ascertain, at least before the lapse of a considerable time, whether she was absent from among them or not. In order to see whether bees had any power of conveying news of this kind, the queen-bee has been stealthily and quietly abstracted from the hive; but here, as elsewhere, ill news was found to fly apace. For some half-hour or so, the loss seemed not to have been ascertained; but the progressively increasing buzz of agitation gradually announced the growing alarm, until shortly the whole hive was in an uproar, and all its busy occupants were seen pouring forth their legions in search of their lost monarch, or eager to avenge with their stings the insult offered to their sovereign. On restoring the captured queen to her subjects with equal secrecy, the tumult speedily subsided, and the ordinary business of the community was resumed, as before the occurrence.

[For the National Magazine.]

SOLACE IN GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TAUNER.

WHEN cares vex thee—woes perplex thee—
Wrestle, soul, till thou art free!
In God's bosom nestle thee,
Who for his own child elects thee,
Heals thy frame by wounding—makes thee
Great and strong through agony!
When cares vex thee—woes perplex thee—
Wrestle, soul, till thou art free!

Clouds o'er heaven in blackness sweeping,
Are but curtains of the light.
Onward, then, with steady sight!
Time's dark waves, now madly leaping,
Will soon be sleeping—soon be sleeping—
Sorrow lasteth but a night.
Clouds o'er heaven in blackness sweeping,
Are but curtains of the light!

TRUE SAFETY.—Would we be safe from evil, and quiet from the fear of it, let religion always rule us, and the word of God be our counselor. That is the way to dwell safely in this world, and to be quiet from the fear of evil in the other world. If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.

The National Magazine.

JULY, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER TO BISHOP SIMPSON.

STATE OF OPINION IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH RESPECTING ITS ECONOMY—REFORMS DEMANDED—WHAT ARE THEY?—THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP—ITS CAPACITY—TERM OF MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS—OBJECTIONS TO AN INDEFINITE TERM—ADVANTAGE OF THE ITINERANCY TO MEN OF TALENTS—HOW SHOULD THE CHURCH TREAT THE DEMAND FOR "REFORMS"—PROSCRIPTION: ITS BAD EFFECT ON THE MORALE OF THE CHURCH—REAL BASIS OF THE SYSTEM—LONGER TERM OF APPOINTMENT—LAY REPRESENTATION—THE ONLY TRUE BASIS OF IT.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—In a former letter I alluded to the discussions, in this vicinity, respecting the Methodist polity, and showed that the supposition which gave rise to the debate, viz., that Methodism is declining in our large cities, is fallacious. The discussion has lately been transferred from this false ground to more general, and therefore more reasonable ones, and I wish, in the present letter, to review the subject in its general aspects, giving you the results of the observations made upon it in my late travels through the Church.

I can throw my remarks together best, perhaps, in answers to three questions:—*What is the state of opinion generally in the Church on the subject? What are the specific points of reform most demanded? How can we best treat the demand?*

What is the general state of opinion in the Church on the subject? The Church is generally at peace respecting it. That is unquestionable. Throughout the West, except, perhaps, in the principal cities of the North-west, there can be found little or no disposition to sanction any important changes in our economy. The most militant plans of Methodism are seen to be as necessary there still, as they were in the Eastern States in the earlier history of the denomination; and one of the causes of the love of Western men for Methodism is its thorough militant characteristics—the heroism of its self-sacrifice, the rigor and energy of its regimen, whether among preachers or laymen. In the great cities along the lakes, there are, however, everywhere to be found leading laymen, who earnestly hope for economical changes in the Church. I have found much frankness among them in the expression of this sentiment. In the larger communities east of the lakes and of the Ohio the sentiment is much more rife. I do not hesitate to say that, whether for good or for evil, it prevails among a very considerable majority of the most intelligent and responsible of our laymen in the Atlantic, and also the interior cis-Alleghany cities. In Baltimore there is very little said on the subject—the disasters of a quarter of a century ago are still remembered. In Philadelphia, indications about the time of the last General Conference will be recalled by you. These indications, however, it

should be said, drove a large proportion of our leading laymen—some of the very best men in the Church—into closer sympathy than ever with the peculiarities of our system, and it is quite clear that no revolutionary or schismatic measures of "reform" can be effected there, however general may be the disposition of the Philadelphia laymen for some modifications of our economy. I give it as my opinion that such a disposition is, with this qualification, more extensive in Philadelphia than the Church generally supposes. The issue of the late movement there may have led to a wrong inference elsewhere.

In New-York, Brooklyn, and the neighboring Churches, the "reform" sentiment is still more common. Special causes have given it force within a couple of years. I have been surprised at its prevalence among our most responsible laymen. They are loyal to Methodism—they love especially its theology—it would not be easy for any man, however influential, to disturb the tranquillity of the Churches by open measures of insubordination; but I think I do not mistake in saying that there is among them a very general feeling that *some* changes ought to be made in our ecclesiastical scheme—what they should be seems not clearly defined in most minds—some propose one thing, some another; but the vague idea seems to be, that as Methodism has now attained such dominant importance in the larger communities, with such large material interests and financial responsibilities, the individual Churches—the laymen in other words—should have more to do with its general management. I make here no comment on these opinions—that will be appropriate hereafter—I wish now only to get at a clear statement of the actual state of opinion, in order to make the more relevant comments in the right place.

These "reformatory" opinions have had, as I have heretofore intimated, a remarkable manifestation among our brethren of the ministry in this section, at their Monday morning Preachers' Meeting. It is not too much, perhaps, to say that a majority—a majority by far—of the most commanding minds in our ministerial corps hereabouts have avowed them. The avowal has been so peremptory, that I suppose it would hardly be considered indiscreet for me to name some of them as a proof of the importance which now really attaches to the controversy; I shall not run that risk, however; it must suffice to say that the Monday morning debates at the Mission Rooms, for some months, have revealed a state of opinion among an important class of our ministry, respecting the economy of the Church, such as would take the Church, as it has taken your correspondent, wholly by surprise. Other meetings, likewise, for consultation with laymen, have been held; but as I have not personally participated in the discussions, either at the Preachers' Meeting or elsewhere, and have been able to be but once or twice present at the former, I am not able to speak of their results.

In respect to the large and substantial section of the denomination, which lies within the New-England States—the most advanced, in all material interests, such as churches, literary institutions, and finances, of our whole eccle-

siastical domain—I may venture to speak with some confidence. From long observation in New-England, I am convinced that no section of the Church is more loyal or more promising. I think that the general sentiment of New-England on the present subject is about this, viz.:—that, as we claim no divine authority for most of our economy, its *practical utility* must be its chief argument; that this argument is still a valid one;—that no important change, such as might risk its working energy, should be attempted; that there are changes, not involving this risk, which can be made, and that it is exceedingly desirable that the authorities of the Church should consider these changes with more courage—more confidence in the system and in the people. There are few leading laymen, I think, in New-England, who do not feel some sympathy with the sentiment in favor of some modification of our system, which I have attributed to other sections of the Church, and yet I can hardly recall one among them who would give countenance to any violent agitations on the subject. Such, then, in a very general view, is the actual state of opinion in the Methodist community respecting the Methodist economy. Summarily it seems to be the general feeling that a period of transition has come, or is near at hand, in the denser portions of our work, and that partial changes, not risking the fundamental energy of the system, not to be effected, too, by ecclesiastical demagoguism, but by the gradual and healthful developments of public opinion, must sooner or later intervene.

I am aware that such general estimates of a public sentiment cannot take into account individual and local qualifications, and may therefore be open to strong dissent from certain quarters; but I believe that brethren who have had a large opportunity, as I think I have had myself, of ascertaining the actual state of the Church will hesitate not to pronounce this view about correct.

When we consider the relation of Methodism to the moral interests of the country—that it not only numerically leads the van of the Protestantism of the nation, but, as we think, has a special responsibility for the vitality and power of religion through the land—no Methodist, no Christian whatever, can contemplate its prospects, in this or any other respect, without prayerful solicitude that no perilous event may overtake its hitherto triumphant march. The impressions I have received, in my travels over its territory, have not been discouraging. I have come to about the following inferences from these impressions:—

First. That the sentiment of loyalty to our cause is unabated, and that the alienations from our membership are comparatively fewer than they used to be when our social position was less elevated among the sects of the country.

Second. That the "reforms" discussed among us, are proposed from a loyal conviction that they would eventually promote, rather than revolutionize, the essential peculiarities of our system.

Third. That the people would, almost *en masse*, vote down any changes which should manifestly endanger the essential attributes of the system—choosing rather to endure local incon-

veniences from it than to impair its denominational efficiency.

Fourth. That no general outbreaks or agitations are probable, if even possible, hereafter among us, in matters of ecclesiastical economy, provided that nothing more questionable than our present system presents, is incorporated into it, (a danger which is hardly possible, as all our tendencies have been for years, and, in the nature of things, must hereafter be otherwise,) and provided, especially, they are not produced by heedless attempts on the part of the organs of the Church to fight down the frank but loyal expression of opinion on such matters.

Fifth. That the greatest evil we need fear from these "reformatory" sentiments and discussions, is the feeling of precariousness which they may produce respecting the future of the Church—the great interests now growing up within it—its colleges and academies, its expensive chapels and parsonages. A better sense of the settlement of our economy would produce more settled confidence and larger resources.

Sixth. That our safety is chiefly with the authorities of the Church—the frankness and confidence with which they shall treat its public opinion. Most of the changes suggested are such as a wholesome progressive legislation need not be afraid of; they can either be adopted, or the reasons against their adoption be so explained as to meet the loyal sentiments of the people.

Our chief danger is from our fears. We make difficulties dangers by exaggerating their importance. The outcry about perils ahead, confounds the self-possession of good men, and drives them upon the rocks. Let us not croak, whatever else we do; the Lord is with the Church, and there is good sense and piety with the people. If a steady hand is kept on the helm, the winds will only help the ship along her destined way.

I come now to state, more particularly, some of the changes which are demanded, preparatory to an answer to the question how the demand should be treated?

The peculiarity of our system most in question, just now, I think, is the *Presiding Eldership*, and it is beset with peculiar difficulties. The uniformity, if not the unity, of the Church seems to be in the way of any important change respecting this office. Throughout the West it is unquestionably still indispensable. It is indispensable, I doubt not, in at least three-fourths of our territory. Yet where it is not apparently so necessary, it is often heedlessly assailed as if the economy of the Church were a matter of mere local discretion—as if, in fact, the *general consequences*, which legislators consider the highest test of wise institutions, and some moralists the highest criterion of ethical right, had nothing to do with the question. Few things look worse for our loyalty to our common cause, than the indisposition to suffer local inconveniences, (and they are usually but *financial* ones,) rather than risk the general good. The practical question should be, whether the general necessity for this office could not be harmonized with local modifications of it—but of this more in the right place. Meanwhile, as a masterly agency of the Church,

let us speak worthily of it, and maintain its integrity and moral power. I hesitate not to say that there is no other function of our system, not even yours, sir, which has an equal capacity for usefulness. The Presiding Elder, traversing his district, urging forward the great interests of its Churches—discussing them in his sermons—calling out recruits for the ministry—directing the studies and molding the character of his young men—projecting new churches—adjusting local troubles—representing in his person the unity, and promoting the *esprit de corps* of the cause, and stimulating it by a commanding official influence—what officer have we who has an equally effective power? This is the *office*—but where is the *officer*? “There’s the rub.” No man in his senses can deny the potential capacity of the office, but its very capacity exposes it to unfortunate criticism by the incapability of its incumbent. Our wretched policy, in the appointment of Presiding Elders, has nearly despoiled the office of its importance in some of the Atlantic States—and the appointing power, whether in the Episcopacy or the cabinet, may hold itself responsible for much of the “radicalism” which prevails among us respecting it. We are redeeming ourselves of late years, I hope, in this respect. Perhaps, too, there is an apology, in part, for the evil; the fact is, our cause has grown so fast that it is almost impossible to meet some of its necessities. We have much talent; no American denomination, I soberly believe, has more; but we have not yet enough to work our system at its maximum power, or anything near it. The great cry of the Church is for master minds. The pulpits of the cities, our literature, and our educational institutions—so comparatively recent—make the demand ring incessantly in the ears of the Episcopal cabinet. Our prosperity is, in fine, our embarrassment. Let us thank God that the evil is so fortunate a one, and meanwhile press forward loyally and bravely through our difficulties. A large-hearted man, not to say large-minded, should blush to be heard croaking under such circumstances.

One of two things seems to be inevitable, respecting the Presiding Eldership in the Atlantic States—either the appointment to it of our most commanding talents, or a very thorough modification of it. On the latter point I shall venture to say something below.

Next to this question, there is a disposition among many in these regions, and, I think, throughout the Atlantic Conferences, to *extend the term of the ministerial appointments*. The question is very vague yet, but it excites no little interest, especially among an important class of ministerial brethren. Some propose a period of three years—others, four; I think the largest party would take off all restriction—leaving the appointment to the Episcopacy, and, of course, the concurrence of the people. The most emphatic criticisms upon our economy, that I have ever heard within the Church, have been upon this subject. There are superior men among us, and not a few, who consider the change a “*sine qua non*”; they doubt the further success of Methodism, in the denser communities at least, without it. It will not do to ascribe the zeal of these men on the subject to personal

motives—that would be unbrotherly, to say the least—but more egregious logical blunders could hardly be made, than I have heard in the arguments for this revolution (for such it would be) in our economy. I speak now, of course, of the demand for an *indefinite* term of appointment. The mere addition of one or two years is a very different question; it involves nothing not already involved and conceded in our present term of *two* years, instead of *one*; and when we come to consider the question of how far the Church can meet these “reformatory” demands, it will be seen that your correspondent has no alarming bigotry on the subject. The doctrine of an indefinite appointment, however, he hesitates not to pronounce a downright practical heresy, striking at the very constitution of Methodism; and one of its ugliest features is, that its extreme impolicy will be liable to render suspicious every other and more admissible “reform” with which it is associated. The design of this section of my letter is not so much to argue these questions, as to make explanatory references to them, preparatory to the more practical question that remains. Without, then, attempting to grapple with the discussion here, allow me merely to enumerate some of the objections to this extreme change.

First. It would take off one of the most important checks upon the appointing power. The present restriction, it is well known, was made purposely to qualify that power. The ministerial appointments were originally indefinite—being discretionary entirely with the bishop; but they were attended with unmanageable difficulties. They included not only two years or one year, but often, even in large cities, but six months. Few things contributed more to the settlement of the Churches than the introduction of the present restriction. It was found necessary as a relief to both the bishops and the Churches.

Second. It would inevitably “congregationalize” our system. Can any thoughtful man doubt it? And can any man persist in this demand among us, unless it be from the conviction that the time has come when we *ought* to be congregationalized? With the latter assumption we must meet him on general grounds; we must prove to him, as we most certainly can, that the new regions of the country, needing the Itinerancy, are now larger than they ever were in our history; that in all the settled portions of the nation, not excepting the large cities, like Boston, New-York, &c., every condition which called for the peculiarities of our economy half a century ago, exists *now*, only with fourfold more urgency; that in our large communities Methodism (as proved in my late letter) has worked better than any congregational system; that in the denser population of England, with the restriction of three years on its appointments, and a universal itinerancy, (the old circuit system being kept up even in the cities,) it has outworked all congregational or localized systems except that of the national Church, and in a certain sense even that.* Against congre-

* It should be remarked that the disastrous troubles in the Wesleyan body have not once involved the question referred to; both parties have the good sense to hold fast to the Itinerancy.

gationalism, as sustained by our Congregational brethren, I have nothing to say—it has its place in the great providential system of religious provisions for the salvation of the country, and its Churches are distinguished for zeal, beneficence, and success; but Methodism has also its place, and our sister Churches hold us responsible for it; we cannot be congregationalists.

That the proposed change will congregationalize us, I will not delay to argue. It would be superfluous to do so. The only motive for the change would be that the preacher might retain longer the appointment, the people retain longer the preacher. The concession once made, every day would make it less and less possible to disturb the relation, unless where mutual discords intervened to demand a change; the discontents—the mutual quarrels of Churches and pastors—must then become the rule of our itinerant changes, not that mighty motive, of the best distribution of the best energies of the Church, which has hitherto regulated our policy and made it everywhere to triumph. This would do well enough for Congregationalism, but not for a militant system like ours, around which we have all joined hands with the voluntary pledge of sacrificing the smaller advantage for the greater.

Third. By localizing the higher talents of the Church, in given places, it would prevent that distribution of our energies which we now secure. Methodism does not ignore the claims of genius or of talent for befitting posts; that would be as absurd as to attempt to neutralize a natural law—it proposes only to *regulate* the natural tendency of talent in this respect. And in doing this, it offers special facilities to talent; a young man of genius in most other Churches, after graduating at the theological school, must find the *vacant* place, wherever it may be—perhaps in the obscure mountain village; while self-respectable and well-fed mediocrity often retains, by mere right of long pre-occupation, the great city positions. He may be hid in his obscurity, year in and year out, until his chance comes. Mere accident is almost his only hope of getting recognized, and at last called into a more prominent place—the accident of an occasional journey beyond his parish, of a visit to the city, &c. A young Methodist preacher of talents cannot, on the other hand, escape general recognition, did he even wish to; he is whirled about by the Itinerancy in such manner that he cannot but be quickly seen by the general Church, and his chief danger is that he shall be prematurely promoted to responsibilities which may break him down for life. Congregationalize us now, and what follows? Why, on the one hand, that the men of talent, in important places, are kept there, instead of being transferred to other posts which they might soon make as important; and on the other, that men of no special claims, who through any cause (and there are causes various enough) get into strong positions, will be very likely to hold them to the exclusion of better, but less fortunate men; and we shall soon have, like other denominations, a host of unsettled, disappointed men, hanging about the connection, with talents and domestic necessities justifying important ap-

pointments, but with no suitable opportunity for them.

But not only this. If it were the case that talent could easily find its legitimate place in such a state of things, and were concentrated in the important stations, your feeble posts would suffer in a manner which is not possible now, with your incessant redistribution of men.³ I doubt not that under any congregational arrangement, Methodism would fall away one-fifth in five years. Your poorer Churches would fail—your poorer preachers would retire. And is this a consideration to be disregarded by devout and generous men, who have been providentially placed under our effective system?

Fourth. The proposed arrangement would open the flood-gates of unceasing discord between the appointing power and the Churches. The only hope of peace would be the succumbency of the former.

Fifth. The great and noblest economical principle of Methodism—that of seeking the general, instead of local advantage—would be sacrificed.

Such is but a glance at the argument against this most preposterous design.

The most important remaining project of "reform" is *Lay Representation*. Some propose it on grounds of expediency, as a source of energy to the system. Others claim it on grounds of abstract, of "mutual rights." I shall refer to the question at length directly. The Church is familiar with its outlines from old controversies.

One of my questions remains yet to be answered—*How are we to treat these demands?*

First. Let me say, and with all possible emphasis, that the time has passed (and forever passed, I hope) in which we should treat the men who propose such changes with *proscription*. I do not say that we have ever done so in any judicial manner; but I think there has been a somewhat general disposition among us to tacitly proscribe them as disloyal and dangerous. It has done us much moral harm, I doubt not. It has made our ostensible men, who are fitted to lead us through desirable experiments, over-cautious; and thereby given to inferior and dangerous leaders the control of public opinion, in times of agitation. Look at the anti-slavery movement among us, if you want proof of the fact. Nearly all our northern men—the leading men, and the mass of the conferences—stand to-day where the first leaders of Methodist abolitionism stood. Yet the latter, under the Rev. Mr. Scott and his associates, were left to rush on impetuously into ultraism and schism, and to drag large portions of the Church after them. It may certainly be said, that if the commanding minds of the Church had taken, in those disastrous days, the stand which they now take, on slavery and its relative questions, incalculable mischief would have been averted from us. I know that this intimation will not be very acceptable to

* Dr. Wayland said in his anniversary sermon at Rochester, that there are now *four thousand* Churches in the Baptist denomination destitute of pastors—a number equal to nearly two-thirds of the whole Methodist ministry. The statement implies that there must be, also, a very large number of pastors destitute of Churches.

some estimable brethren; I nevertheless utter it, respectfully but unhesitatingly. The prevalent over-cautiousness among us must be characterized as timidity, because it is unnecessary. It is not only unnecessary, but very impolitic. It is not the best way to meet public difficulties. It is not what the people have a right to expect of those to whom it confides its fate. My own sympathy, my ultraism, if you please, in favor of the specialities of Methodism, is, I believe, not denied. Yet I must insist that we are too fastidious in our judgment and treatment of brethren who suggest changes. We are still too much disposed to characterize them as "Radicals," a term which, however good in its etymology, is a synonym of proscription in our ecclesiastical vocabulary. Let us have done with this. It is out of season. It harms us not only by intimidating the prudent men who should be our leaders, but by giving to imprudent and dangerous would-be leaders the energy that comes of a sense of persecution or desperation. Let it be conceded among us that good men—our best men—may loyally conceive that changes are desirable in our system—that their very loyalty may lead them to propose such changes, and demonstrate itself in the interest, yet prudence and magnanimity with which they may be advocated. How much better this, than for such men to be compelled always to feel that they are thrown, by the severity of a limited and vague public opinion, into a posture of antagonism to the Church? "But this has always been conceded," it will be said. Yes, it has, hypothetically, but not practically.

Second. Let us place the vindication of our ecclesiastical system on its true basis—*on utilitarian grounds alone*—for it has none other, and needs none other; and let me say further, it can stand on none other. This is a genuine sentiment of Wesleyanism. Excepting the admitted doctrine of the divine authorization of the Christian ministry, John Wesley, after reading Lord King, threw to the winds—whether rightly or wrongly—most pretensions to divine authority in matters of ecclesiastical economy; and this, whatever others may think of it, was in the estimation of the Methodists one of the noblest demonstrations of his practical good sense and progressive intellect. Southey justly says that he devised nothing in his scheme, *a priori*; he adopted whatever God sent in his providence. He was turned out of the churches, and thence came *out-door preaching*. Maxwell exhorted in his absence, and spoke well, and did good, and thence came the *Lay Ministry*—the greatest fact in the Church since the Reformation. Local religious interest, in places apart, required him and his laborers to travel to and fro, and thence came the *Itinerancy*. Little gatherings at Bristol to procure funds for the church debt, were found profitable for religious conversation, and thence arose the *Class Meeting*. The untrained character of his ministerial recruits rendered it necessary that he should assemble them together at times for counsel and redistribution, and thence came the *Annual Conference*. The withdrawal of the English clergy of this country during our Revolution, deprived the people of the sacraments in the middle and western states; Wesley pro-

vided for the exigency by the ordination of Coke; and thence came the *Methodist Episcopacy*. A few men were ordained by the new bishops to traverse sections of the Church for the purpose of administering the omitted sacraments; they were found useful in other administrative matters, and thence came the *Presiding Eldership*. In fine, the whole organic system of Methodism arose thus from adventitious, or rather providential circumstances; and this is the secret of its practical effectiveness, notwithstanding its undeniable and almost untraceable complexity. And this is the only way that a good constitution for either Church or State can arise. There never was a practicable one constructed *a priori*; and hence the failure of the constitutions of the late European revolutionists. Our own federal constitution is no exception to the remark, for it was but a reconstruction and generalization of the colonial constitutions under which the people had been educated.

What then is the summary doctrine of a genuine Methodist, regarding Church politics? It is this, viz.:—That the ecclesiastical system which *works best*—which best accomplishes the mission of religion, the spread of holiness over the world—is the best one, and therefore the right one. There is but one qualification that a genuine Methodist Churchman will want to attach to this postulate, and that is the proviso that the system enforces no duty or disability on clergy or laity, which a good man cannot admit without wronging his conscience.

Now precisely here does Methodism theoretically stand; and here only, I repeat, can it stand one hour under the scrutiny of sensible men; and here, to such men, it stands altogether triumphant. We have erred egregiously in our attempts to defend it on abstract political grounds—to find in it justificatory analogies with systems of civil polity. I plead guilty to no little vexation at hearing good Methodists belabor their opponents with proofs that the system is *republican*! It is *not* republican. But is it aristocratic then? No. Is it monarchical? No. What is it then? Why, it is *Methodistical*. And there is no evasion whatever in this reply. Are our corporate companies democratic, aristocratic, monarchic? Do we require that every combination for a given practical purpose should be studiously modeled after the type of your political scheme? We have a military and naval regime, and it requires the patriotic citizen to obey unto death at the cannon's mouth; but does the citizen, who voluntarily enters the army or navy, cease to be a citizen and a republican? No, he is under the broad constitution of the State, and under that protection he can safely put himself to any special privation or responsibility for any special end that utilitarian reasons may justify, and conscience not deny. What follies should we perpetrate if the demand for a *republican* type of government were made in all our voluntary and business combinations—banks, manufacturing companies, army, navy, &c.?

Let us away, I repeat, with such blundering logic; we injure our cause by it, for by it we concede to our assailants the very vantage ground from which they attack us. We must

not allow them to enter on that ground. Our system ignores entirely the very proposition they would put in debate. When, therefore, a man rises up within or without our pale, demanding a change in our system, we have but one summary argument for him, and it is in the old Socratic form—*Will the change make the system work better?* If it will, then it is from God, and "let God be true, but every man a liar;" if it will not, away with it. We are under this system for a given practical end; we stop not for any fine theorizing about political forms; we have secured our rights and those of our children, under the guardianship of the State; in this religious movement, called Methodism, we have placed ourselves under a quite *militant regime*, to be sure, but we have done so because there is evidently yet some hard fighting to be done in the moral world, and because evidently this system is doing it better than others; and because, further, its sacrifices are reciprocal between preachers and people, and offend not the conscience; and because, finally, we submit to them voluntarily, and can withdraw from them when we don't like them.

Thus viewed, the concessions of a Methodist to his Church economy are not slavery, but *heroism*; and every Methodist should so assert them.

I have dwelt the longer on this generalized view of the subject, because I think it is comprehensive of almost every point in debate about our system, and will, therefore, save me the delay of more particularized reasonings.

First. It throws down almost every barrier, founded on "divine rights," or traditional authority, against useful changes.

Second. It vindicates our honor as men and citizens, for submission to an ecclesiastical system which we approve, notwithstanding we may admit many of the objections of our opponents.

Third. It implies the right, and even the duty of loyal Methodists to seek such changes of their economy as may be recommended by utilitarian reasons—but none other.

Fourth. It justifies the Church against reproach for declining to risk the efficacy of its system by changes demanded merely on theoretical grounds—grounds of "abstract rights," or "mutual rights;" or by any other logic than that of a sheer utilitarianism.

Fifth. It requires the Church to stand in a favorable attitude for improvements—leaning forward ever—backward never. She is not shackled by unalterable precedents. Her now stupendous interests and responsibilities should never be risked by whimsical experiments, but the highest wisdom of her policy—the only stability of her power—will be, under God, the good sense with which her leading minds shall comprehend the public opinion of her people, and the wants of the times, and meet them by changes so continuous that they shall never have occasion to become convulsive or revolutionary.

I will venture, my dear sir, still farther in these concessions; for I believe that it is by wise forbearance, by the settlement of a wise policy respecting changes in our system, that we are to secure it against those ever-recurring

troubles which have agitated it from the days of O'Kelly down to our own.² I will admit, then—

Third. That we should hold it as a subject *open to discussion*. This is an inevitable result from the fundamental view of our economy just stated. Nothing but practical expediency can be a good argument in favor of such changes, and nothing but the same argument can be relevant against them; any such utilitarian expediency must be a matter of progressive development in the history of the denomination; it must, therefore, be revealed by the changing circumstances of the Church, and these circumstances can be ascertained and appreciated only by observation and discussion. A large liberty of discussion is then, I repeat, a necessity of our cause; in no other denomination should it be more freely accorded. The whole genius of our system presupposes it. Its healthfulness depends upon it.

And I have no vague meaning when I thus, from my loyalty to our common cause, demand *open discussion* of these subjects for it. I mean that its *official organs* should be open for such discussions. The inquiry, how can its practical system be made more and still more effective, is one of their most legitimate topics, and one that would subserve greatly the welfare of the Church. It would keep up a lively interest for it among the people. It would bring out the vindication of it, and make, therefore, more secure what is really important in the system, while it would lead to a more ready rectification of what is defective or obsolete. It would keep the popular mind more fully acquainted with and therefore better contented with its peculiarities—a matter rendered necessary by its unquestionable complexity. It would preserve the loyalty of many good but dissatisfied men, who, seeing the system habitually open to scrutiny and discussion, would feel assured that what they deem exceptionable in it, must sooner or later be made right, or shown to be so already. It would take away the provocation for separate movements and separate papers, and keep such discussions under the control of the Church. But would it not lead to unhealthy agitations? No. And let me say that such a question deserves something different from a respectful negative. It is an obsolete question in our age. It is against all the conditions of healthful inquiry and progress that characterize the civilization of our times. We have editors, and they certainly have powers enough. They alone ought to be held responsible for any excesses to which they may allow such discussions to go. I believe that most of the evils which beset such controversies come of the peculiar provocations which a timid and proscriptive treatment of them produces. Any man who should write an able article through our papers, on the means of rendering our missionary schemes more effective, could hardly fail to deepen the interest felt for that cause, however impracticable his suggestions. No such writer would be deemed

* There have been at least five secessions, more or less strong, from the Methodist Episcopal Church, within eighty years, averaging one to every sixteen years. All, except one of them, were accompanied with agitations respecting our Church polity.

disloyal; quite otherwise: "he is actively interested in the good cause," would every one say. Why then, in the name of all logic, should we treat differently the discussion of our ecclesiastical system; a system confessedly founded in expediency, and therefore subject to the influences of time and place? Personally I am the more solicitous that we should right ourselves in this respect, because I consider our fears a species of cowardice, and believe that they do us harm among valuable men within our pale, and the religious public without our pale. We need not these fears; our system, so literally magnificent in its results, may challenge any tests—especially while we vindicate it on the genuine Wesleyan ground of practical utility, stated above.

Our New-England brethren remember an experimental proof of the view here given. There was a time when their atmosphere was rife with agitation, and scarcely an altar was there among them that did not tremble with the shock. The anti-slavery excitement was transferred to the arena of Church politics. Our fundamental economy was in question, and the question was exasperated beyond any precedent in our history, by the fact that it was complicated with slavery—a great problem that touched the humanity and conscience of the people. The Churches were tried as by fire in that memorable day. How did they treat the subject in their organ, *Zion's Herald*, the paper that Dr. Dixon's book says has done more than any other in the country for the development and demonstration of Methodism? Did they fear and evade the discussion? Not at all; they affirmed that their system could stand any scrutiny. They opened a department on the fourth page of their paper for discussions *pro* and *con* respecting it; and prescribed but two conditions for these discussions: the first was, that no *personal vituperation* should be used—the editor having power to expunge it, became responsible for it. The second was, that nothing should be admitted which was not in a *spirit of loyalty to the common cause*—designed not to injure it, but, by supposed amendments, to help it. Exterior enemies, they remarked, had their own organs; they accorded them the right of assailing the Church to their hearts' content, but the Church's own columns were sacred to its own use; any genuine Methodist had, however, the right of free speech within them, subject to these two conditions. What was the result? The truth came out, as it always will in fair debate. The agitation subsided; the people were confirmed in their Methodist fidelity, and are more so now than any other section of the country; as there was no unreasonable restraint on discussion, the strongest usual provocation to it was gone; the disputants fell off one after another to attend to better things; by and by an occasional shot was faintly heard—and then came unbroken calm.

This was the legitimate result of the policy pursued.

Let us then cease to fear in this respect. The Church is safe, so far as these questions are concerned, if our editors only lead us wisely. Allow me most respectfully to say, that I think the discussion of *practical Methodism* a want in our papers generally. The people will love

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it, and stand firmly by it, if they comprehend it; but it is a complicated machinery—wheels within wheels—thence comes its effectiveness, but thence also comes the liability of misapprehensions respecting it. Our official organs have the best power to maintain for it a popular sympathy by giving it popular expositions.

I am aware, dear sir, that there are some rather delicate implications in the preceding remarks. There are good men in the Church who will not readily admit that there is any such tacit disability among us, in the discussion of these questions. There are others, of different mettle, who would like, perhaps, to resent the implication. Both must accord me the privilege of differing from them. If they believe that the writer respecting the improvement of our Church economy fares no worse than he who, as above supposed, writes in the same manner about our missionary plans, I have only to assure them that I should heartily rejoice to share their comfortable views of the case, but have failed so to observe the tone of opinion among us.

I consider the above topic a fundamental one in the discussion, and therefore worthy of this distinct and special notice. I have long despaired of the settlement of the main questions involved, unless some of these incidental ones could be first cleared up.

Thus far, we have considered some of the proposed "reforms" of our Church economy, and the manner in which the demand for them should be treated. I have been the more anxious that a clear and prudent word should be uttered on the subject, because I think that, though the disposition for such changes is gradually and surely extending in the Church, it is so tranquil and considerate that now is precisely the time for such an utterance—that such an utterance, especially if it could come from higher authority than in the present instance, would tend much to avert the agitations which may yet proceed from these "reform" questions, should the guides of public opinion among us treat them imprudently. I am tempted, therefore, to venture in this letter a little further, and, having shown the general treatment which these questions should receive at the hands of the Church, dismiss the subject with some more specific references to the points of "reform" in question—gathering up and reporting the best sense of the Church respecting them, as far as my late travels have made it known to me. I wish the task I have attempted had been undertaken by any one more authoritative than myself; but as it has not, my brethren generally will forbear with me. I shall constrain them at least to admit that my remarks are candid, and in the spirit of a genuine loyalty to our common cause.

I need say but little respecting the question of *prolonging the time of our ministerial appointments*, as I have discussed it at some length. An indefinite term (the favorite plan, I think, of many in this section) is, as I have shown, altogether inadmissible. Allow me to say even that the proposition is a blunder, and in that sense unfortunate for the advocates of "reform," as it tends to excite among the conservative friends of the Church apprehensions at any more reasonable change. Nor should the ad-

vocates of a four years' term be too persistent; if their proposal were even a salutary one, still it asks too much for the present state of opinion among us. Methodism has worked so well, and is, unquestionably, still working so well, that there is an almost tremulous fear of changes among us. It is impolitic to challenge this feeling exorbitantly. The addition of one year to our present term is all that can be expected till at least that addition itself has been thoroughly tested, and found to be successful. While there is no urgent demand for even this change, I think our city Churches generally wish it, and a large and important class of preachers advocate it, and look for it as the next modification in Methodism. Meanwhile there are good brethren in the conferences who resist the suggestion with quite superfluous proofs of their anti-radicalism. I have known at least one excellent man who lost his election to the General Conference, because he was considered an "innovator" in this one respect; and were not your humble servant as resolute against receiving any such honor as his brethren can be against giving it to him, it might be well for him to guard a little his pen here. But he ventures to say that he sees nothing very appalling in the proposal—nothing at all so formidable and scare-crowish as would be any magisterial protestations made against it in the name of "old-fashioned Methodism." It happens not to be a "radical" point in Methodism. The period of appointment has already been subject to change. Wesley thought he could not well preach longer than a year or two to the same congregation. Wesleyan Methodism, however, wisely thought otherwise, and adopted three years: the arrangement works well; it could not work as well with a two years' appointment, as every man who has seen its working must be convinced. Wesleyan Methodism keeps up, however, the circuit system, even in London and Liverpool; we erred sadly when we gave that up. If we could restore it with a three years' appointment, I should "thank God and take courage" for our cause.

The period of appointment was quite an indefinite matter in American Methodism originally; practically, however, it varied from six months to one year; leading preachers were sometimes removed at the end of half a year from Baltimore to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New-York, from Newport to Boston, from Boston to Lynn.

The present definite law on the subject was, as I have said, an *innovation* rendered necessary by the continued uncertainties which beset both the administration of the bishops, and the calculations of preachers and Churches.

The change to two years is a justificatory precedent for any other similar change which the circumstances of the Church may render necessary.

We all admit that one year or six months would be absurd in our present appointments, owing to the changed circumstances of the Church; and I think that few reflecting men will tremble at the possible consequences of the addition of another year to the present term. Its indirect effects upon our Itinerancy cannot be important; the "Itinerancy" is maintained

more thoroughly in England with three years than in this country with two. Our only policy about this question should be, I think, that when it becomes manifest that the public mind among us generally desires it, we should grant it without fear. But enough on this point.

The most important of these proposed reforms is what is called *Lay Representation*. And here comes into play especially the great summary principle of Methodist Church polity discussed above, viz.: that expediency, *utilitarianism*, is the basis of the whole structure. Lay representation then is an unfortunate phrase: it presupposes a *theory of rights* as applicable to the system; it would require the system to take an abstract, a philosophical form, instead of its present purely practical and militant one. This its whole history ignores, as we have shown: it does not deny that there are such abstract rights—"mutual rights," as they were called in the controversy of 1825—far otherwise; but it *claims the right to waive an abstract right*. It denies such rights no more than the republic denies that a citizen when he joins the army or navy possesses inherent rights. He puts himself under the military or naval regime voluntarily, except in extreme cases; and even then he puts himself there indirectly, for he adopts the law by which the government *compels* his services, even if he had nothing to do with originating it, as in the case of all citizens born after the adoption of the constitution or the law. So with the Methodist: his Church, when he enters it, shows him, on the whole face of its organization, that it is thoroughly *militant* in its economy, and is so because it finds that militant system the most successful. All Churches are militant; but this professes to be so in a special sense, and in respect to the very matters in question. The ministry tell this to the people; the people tell it back to the ministry. Its self-denials are common to both, save that the ministry, with more responsibilities of power, have also more real grievances from the system.

We are a thoroughly militant Church, let it be repeated, and let us boast of the fact. We acknowledge no "divine right" in Church organizations, but practical expediency. We compromise our abstract rights for the common good, as the patriotic citizen does, in the wars of his country. We profess not to be democratic, or aristocratic, or monarchic, but Methodistic—and we mean by that phrase, that in these economic matters practical utility is the "divine right" with us—that upon this we concentrate all our energies; for this sacrifice anything and everything except what conscience itself interdicts.

Hence, then, follows this important conclusion, viz.: that no change in our polity can be demanded, on the ground of abstract rights, except we upset the whole virtual compact, and transfer it from its present utilitarian basis to one purely philosophical—one that would have to be contrived *a priori*, and introduced by a revolution. And then, one party claiming its rights on ethical grounds alone, another can of course do the same; the layman claiming his abstract rights, the clergyman can do so too. What in the end becomes of your Itinerancy—of everything now at once onerous and effective

in Methodism? Is it not manifest that nearly everything now distinctive of it must "go by the board?"

I have dwelt on this summary view of Methodist Churchmanship in a former part of this letter, but it cannot be too clearly and emphatically presented. I insist upon it as the solution, and the only solution of the peculiarities—the problems—of the system.

But this does not invalidate the claim for what is called "lay representation" (let me rather call it lay cooperation) in the higher counsels of the Church; it only puts it upon another basis, the basis upon which the whole system rests—*practical expediency*. Will the system work better with such cooperation than without it? That's the question. And let me exhort all lay brethren, who favor the demand, never to allow it to be complicated with abstract theories. Here has been the mistake of our former controversies on the subject; abstract "rights" were demanded, and the phrase "mutual rights" adopted as the device of the insurrectionary banner; as well might a patriotic soldier pause in the midst of battle and refuse to advance, till he could be accorded his abstract right of electing his commander and legislating the "orders of the day." What a waste of breath had we in the controversies of 1823 by this preposterous blunder?

I think the demand for the introduction of laymen into the conferences (whether Annual or General) is now usually made as a matter of expediency, and on this ground it will receive more consideration and respect than on any other possible to the controversy: for on this ground alone will it be practicable. Claimed on any theory of rights, it could only be met by a readjustment of our entire economy, in such manner that the whole question of relative rights shall be met. This, as we have said, could be done only by a revolution, and a remodeling of the system; it is, therefore, perfectly hopeless. But claimed on considerations of expediency alone, the change can be graduated to the actual necessity or propriety of the case. It can be begun as a cautious experiment, and in a small degree, whereas on any theory of abstract rights the whole extent of the right claimed must be granted, and granted at once; for if you admit an equitable claim at all, you admit an unequitable, that is, an unrighteous deficiency on the part of the Church, so far as she comes at all short of the whole claim.

With this view, what can be done regarding this particular question of "lay representation?"

It strikes me that the plan adopted by several annual conferences within a few years is a safe and satisfactory beginning, and in accordance with the above doctrine of Methodist Churchmanship.

It is no "representation" founded upon a numerical ratio, as any abstract theory would require; but the appointment of one or more laymen from each Presiding Elder's district, by the District Stewards, meeting to attend the annual conference, and assist, in committee, the financial business of the conference. This plan has been sufficiently experimented to demonstrate not only its safety but its utility. It began in one or two conferences at the South,

and has been adopted, I suppose, by this time, in nearly all of them. Every conference which adopted it, advanced immediately, and some of them surprisingly, in their finances. Alabama was one of the first. The lay delegates took an active part in not only the committee business, but the anniversary celebrations, and gave them new interest and importance. The Southern Church is, I think, universally convinced that it took a great step forward when it received this suggestion. The Alabama Conference now reports \$20,000 for missions, and settles with its conference claimants at ninety-two per cent.—extraordinary facts in the history of Southern Methodism.

So well has this experiment worked that the last General Conference of the Church, South, took action in its favor, and thus gave the highest constitutional indorsement to it. That fact forms, itself, an epoch in the annals of Methodism.

This arrangement has been introduced into several of our Western Conferences. I was present at the Pittsburgh session, where it was, I think, unanimously adopted; and a remark of the chairman of the committee, Dr. Clark, of the *Pittsburgh Advocate*, viz., that it would be the safe beginning of further modifications, which time and the experiment might suggest, was approvingly received.

This is the way to meet the demand. And beginning in this way, we shall see how much further and when to advance. "Do the duty nearest to you," says some one, "and all others will come in their time and place." I believe that most of our laymen who wish "lay representation" would be satisfied with it as an experimental initiation of the whole question. Even with the present organization of our conferences it would not be difficult to manage this change. There is but one class of business pertaining to an annual conference in which our laymen could not well assist us, viz., its *judicial* proceedings. I include in this class not only regular "trials," but the usual *examination of character*. On the maxim that a man should be tried by his peers, these proceedings should be limited to the ministry. Besides these, we have only *executive* business, in almost every item of which laymen could do as well, if not better than ourselves.* After an hour or so, per day, spent in its judicial proceedings, the conference could resolve itself into a committee of the whole, for its other business, and thus admit the laymen to a full participation (even as far as voting) in most of its transactions for each day. A similar course has been adopted in some Southern conferences—the conferences meeting, in committee of the whole, in the afternoon.

Here then is not only a *practicable*, but an unquestionably *useful* plan, which, as an experimental one, would be safe, and at the same time satisfactory, nay, I am certain, highly

* Of course I do not include the Appointments in "Conference business," for they belong solely to the Episcopal cabinet, and could be made and published independently of the session, and are in fact only announced before it, on its termination—usually after the minutes are finally read and signed, if not after the formal adjournment. As to legislative powers, the Annual Conference has none whatever, properly.

gratifying to many of our best laymen throughout the country. If it should be found to work well, no one doubts that it would lead to still more satisfactory changes.

I am extending this letter, my dear sir, too far; but let me summarily say that this arrangement would have the following advantages among many others:—

First. It would powerfully promote the success of our conference finances, and other business, by giving us the business talents of our ablest laymen.

Second. It would help the great interests of our work, in the interim of the sessions, for these laymen would carry to their respective districts a better knowledge of and a profounder interest in our affairs. They would stimulate them everywhere. We have a great deal of lay zeal now. Give this opportunity to our laymen, and you will see what will come of it—see it to the joy of the whole Church.

Third. It will meet the growing desire for lay cooperation in the higher responsibilities of the Church, even should it not be all that is asked for at once. It would thus quiet dissatisfactions, prevent alienations, and especially would it forestall those outbreaks for hypothetical innovations, which occasionally occur under our present economy, and which assimilate so readily with all other public disturbances among us.

Fourth. It would save us much reproach. Our system is now undeniably a very anomalous one. The most striking feature on the very face of it, is the organic isolation of the clergy in the midst of the people, as the official conductors of the system. This fact does not look well; it is folly for us to affect to say that it does. Our congregations, now filled with as capable laymen as can be found among American citizens, cannot contemplate the fact with indifference—much less can the public at large. It is only the historical origin of the fact that vindicates it. Thus considered, it is no disparagement to us. Our ministry came here a corps by themselves; they formed classes and then societies, mostly of untutored people, (and the fact was much to their evangelical honor, Matt. xi, 5;) they passed along over circuits of hundreds of miles, affiliating these small untrained societies. It was a necessity that they should discipline and govern them. They assembled among themselves periodically to report their success, re-distribute their labors, and revise their disciplinary methods; thus they grew into a consolidated and isolated body of ecclesiastics—necessarily and without ambitious design. The history of the fact, I say, excuses it. But now that our thoroughly organized Churches dot every village and city; now that we report hundreds of thousands of talented laymen—men who rule in the business and municipalities of the country, and are equally competent to do so in the affairs of the Church—should this peculiar state of things be continued, if there is any modification of it possible? I will not reason with any man who says it should. The reason why it has been maintained thus far has, I am grateful to say, been a common one to both preachers and people—a fear lest by altering our economy we should impair its energy. So long as there is reason

to fear this result, let us not touch it; let people and preachers unitedly forbid any interference with it. But the above modification is found not only *a priori*, but experimentally feasible. It seems to me to be unexceptionable—even its possible results as a precedent, I think, can only be good, if there is any truth in the most primary maxims of the political and business prudence of the age; and happy shall we all be if, in addition to the other advantages enumerated, it shall tend to suppress the misapprehensions and impeachments which our brethren of other denominations utter so incessantly against us.

I trust, my dear sir, that I shall not be misconstrued. I have uttered in another form and with the indorsement of the Church, decided objections to the theoretical doctrine of "lay representation," chiefly because of its impracticability. I have done so in this article; but I argue now for another thing, and one that I hail with inexpressible interest as a providential development in our history. I treat of an experiment which has already been initiated under high sanction, and I do so from as warm and loyal a heart as beats for Methodism in this land—one that owes its hopes of salvation to it, and therefore looks with filial solicitude to its future.

Another topic remains—the *Presiding Eldership*. I have little room for it, and I confess that I refer to it with reluctance; after what I have said above on the subject, you will believe that I regard it with much more than its usual estimation among our people. It would be a mighty arm of power, if rightly used. Let me throw my necessarily brief remarks upon it into a few propositions.

First. If we would keep it intact, we must man it with our best talents. But how shall we spare them? The Lord raise us up men!

Second. To make it elective would, I believe, help it. I confess I belong to the old school of "election," in this respect. The "reform" movement of 1825 alone defeated this improvement. Bishop Hedding was elected to the Episcopate as the representative of the change in contrast with Bishop Soule, who represented the opposite opinion. Bangs, Emory, and, in fine, the Northern delegations generally were for it; but the agitation of the "reformers" coming on, drove them to other matters, and it has since been a neglected question.

Third. The question, could we have a local Presiding Elder, having charge of a station, with a suitable number of Churches under his presidency, to be visited mostly on week days? is worthy of consideration. At least, could not this arrangement be left to the option of the Annual Conferences? They now have, virtually, by their Episcopal cabinet, the determination of how many Districts or Presiding Elders they will have. Why could they not also determine whether the Presiding Elder shall have a local appointment or not; or on what District he shall travel, and on what not? This "legislative" power, if such it should be called, would be analogous only to what the Annual Conferences already exercise in many cases.

Three-fourths of our work, as I have said, need the office as it is; but if any Conference

does not need a traveling Presiding Elder, could he not be stationed? The District chairmanship of the Wesleyan Methodists is an example of what I mean. All along our northern line, in the British Provinces, it works well; the itinerancy suffers no harm from it. Could it not work as well a few miles further southward? It would supply at least two hundred more men to our pulpits. Let me add, that the experiment has actually been introduced by one of your Episcopal collaborators. He thus arranged the Liberia Conference appointments, and, I doubt not, exercised his usual good sense in doing so. After all, may we not find that our alarms about this "vexed question" are mostly imaginary, and that a little more courage in its practical solution will overcome its seeming difficulties?

I have thus, with what clearness and force I can command, reviewed these important questions. I have studiously avoided hypothetical opinions. I have recommended nothing but what has already been indorsed, though not sufficiently experimented. I believe that Methodism is on the safe route in those continual changes (much more extensive than usually supposed) which it has adopted. This, under the blessing of God, is the only safe policy for it. A former distinguished senator, the elder Bayard, who was familiar with the Church, from intermarriage with a Methodist family, predicted that Methodism would spread over the continent and become the religion of the masses, but only to break to pieces

at last with a proportionate ruin. He judged from a view of its original ministerial powers, and the supposition that men having power would not consent to new limitations on it. But he judged amiss. We have been incessantly conceding, and we shall always do so when expediency demands it. Let us only keep two things—the favor of God, and the favor of our devoted people—and the mighty mission begun by our fathers can never be defeated.

While I have taken only loyal, and what may be called, I trust, Methodistic views of these questions, I know I may be liable to misapprehension and even hostility from some of my brethren. Let me say, however, in conclusion, that I proposed no controversy, and shall have none. I have stated my honest convictions, and here drop these questions to proceed to others. I am conscious that they will commend themselves to many, though not to all frank and thoughtful men. I acknowledge the right of any one to discuss them; but I must be excused from replying. Besides my indisposition to do so, I shall, by the time this article can appear, be temporarily absent from the country—a fact that must be my excuse for any apparent disregard of opposing opinions, and at the same time my claim upon the courtesy of any opponent, so far as personal reflections are concerned.

In my next I shall treat of a topic of more general interest, if not of more importance.

I am, &c.,

A. STEVENS.

Editorial Notes and Gleanings.

In our last *Letter to Bishop Simpson* we dealt largely in statistics. It must be understood that all our figures and the deductions from them were given on the authority of the report of Dr. Bangs, referred to in the letter.

We give in our present number the remainder of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," with the illustrations of the "London Etching Club." The original plates, by this club, were, as we stated last month, destroyed after a limited edition; these cuts are exquisite copies of them. The poem itself will never grow old; we should be glad to re-insert it every year, if we could as often present it with as new and as good illustrations.

BIBLICAL PAPERS.—We complete in this number the article on the Dead Sea and its Explorers. In our next will be commenced a learned and interesting paper on Nineveh and its Story, as shown by Layard, Rowlinson, and other discoverers. It is designed that these papers shall comprise the best results of the latest discoveries, in illustration of Biblical criticism.

WEST ENDS.—Most persons think that the reason why the west-end of London or New-York is more fashionable than the east, is no-

thing more than the topographical figuration of the capital. But the Academy of Sciences at Paris has pronounced this opinion to be a delusion, as we learn from an article in the *London Athenaeum*. In the first place, it appears that it is not only at London, but at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Turin, St. Petersburg, and almost every other capital in Europe—at Liege, Caen, Montpellier, Toulouse, and several other large towns—wherever, in fact, there are not great local obstacles—the tendency of the wealthier inhabitants to group themselves to the west is almost as strongly marked as in the "great metropolis." In the second place, at Pompeii and other ancient towns the same thing may be noticed; and in the third place, where the local figuration of the town necessitates an increase in a different direction, the moment the obstacle ceases, houses spread toward the west. This last fact may, it is stated, be particularly observed at Rome, and, to a certain extent, at Edinburgh. When, then, all cities and towns have their best districts in the west, it is pretty clear that the cause of it must be some general law entirely distinct from local situation. What is that law? "It arises from the atmospheric pressure," answers the Academy of Sciences. "When," it continues, "the barometric column rises, smoke and pernicious emanations rapidly evaporate in space. In the

contrary case we see that smoke and pernicious vapors remain in apartments and on the surface of the soil. Now, every one knows that of all winds, that which causes the greatest ascension of the barometric column is that of the east, and that which lowers it most is the west. When the latter blows, it has the inconvenience of carrying with it to the eastern parts of a town all the deleterious gases which it meets in its passage over the western parts. It results from that that the inhabitants of the eastern part of a town have to support not only their own smoke and miasma, but those of the western part of the town, brought to them by the west winds. When, on the contrary, the east wind blows, it purifies the air by causing to ascend the pernicious emanations which it cannot drive to the west. Consequently, the inhabitants of the west receive pure air from whatever part of the horizon it may arrive; and it may be added that, as the west winds are those which most frequently prevail, they are the first to receive the air pure and as it arrives from the country." After thus explaining why the western parts are the best, the Academy makes these recommendations: 1. That persons who have the liberty of choice, and especially those of delicate health, should reside in the western parts of towns; 2. That all establishments from which emanate pernicious vapors and gases should be placed to the east; 3. That in building a house in a town, and even in the country, the kitchens and other dependencies from which pernicious emanations may arise should be placed to the east. The members of the Academy who have announced the preceding discovery, and made the preceding recommendations are Messrs. Pelouze, Pouillet, Bousingault, and Elie de Beaumont—all of them of European reputation as *scouts*.

An important project is on foot in England, for "Exploring and Evangelizing Central Africa by means of Native Agents," and it is rapidly gaining a solid basis of strength, says one of our transatlantic journals. The object seems to be, to dispute the possession of Interior Africa with the followers of Mohammed. "No obstacle," says the prospectus, "exists among any of the Arab tribes, or the Twareg, 'the lords of the Sahara,' to induce them to oppose or impede the circulation of the Bible, since every Moslem has the highest respect and veneration for Torat, Elanbeyne walangeel Saidna Asia, 'the law, the prophets, and the testament of our Lord Jesus.'" We can also mention the name of a Mohammedan prince and that of a cadi, residing in an oasis of the desert, who have actually already done much toward so desirable an object. Mr. Richardson, previous to his departure for Central Africa, in 1849, drew up a paper in which he says:—

"While endeavoring to excite the Christian Churches to dispute Central Africa with the Mohammedans, I would not assert that Africa has not benefitted by the introduction of Mohammedanism. I would not be guilty of such injustice, even to the followers of the false prophet of Mecca. The Mohammedans have introduced deism in contradistinction to fetishism, and the worship of many gods. They have abolished human sacrifices. They have limited and regulated polygamy, and so protected the rights of widows and children. They have introduced principles of abstinence and moderation in living by the Ramadhan. They

have also introduced reading and writing with the Arabic language, besides many other things which have raised the Africans from mere brute existence to social and political confederacies. But they have failed in teaching the knowledge of the true God, as revealed in the Christian Scriptures."

The committee add:—

"Ignatius Pallme, a Bohemian, who traveled in Kordofan in the years 1837 and 1838, strongly urges European societies to direct their attention to Central Africa. 'If they delay much longer,' he says, 'it will be too late; for when the negroes have once adopted the Koran, no power on earth can induce them to change their opinions. I have heard,' Pallme continues, 'that there are but few provinces in the interior of Africa where Mohammedanism has not already begun to gain a footing.'"

WOMAN AND HER POSITION.—The authoress, Mrs. Jameson, has recently published in England a brochure, entitled *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, Abroad and at Home*. It is a lecture which she has delivered in several private circles, on the question "Whether there be any hope or possibility of organizing into some wise and recognized system, the talent and energy, the piety and tenderness of our women, for the good of the whole community." She takes the largest views of the subject without, however, the extravagances which have been broached upon it in this country. Her arguments are drawn chiefly from statistics and matters of fact. She says:—

"In the last census of 1851 there appears an excess of the female over the male population of Great Britain of more than half a million, the proportion being one hundred and four women to every one hundred men. How shall we employ this superfluity of the 'feminine element' in society—how turn it to good and useful purposes, instead of allowing it to run to waste? Take of these five hundred thousand superfluous women only the one-hundredth part, say five thousand women who are willing to work for good, to join the communion of labor, under a directing power, if only they knew how—if only they could learn how—best to do their work, and if employment were open to them—what a phalanx it would be if properly organized? Everywhere I find the opinion of thoughtful and intelligent men corroborative of my own observations and conclusions. In spite of the adverse feeling of 'that other public, to which we the sensible reflecting public are not in the least degree related,'—in spite of routine and prejudice,—the feeling of those who in the long run will lead opinion, is for us. They say: 'In all our national institutions we want the help of women. In our hospitals, prisons, lunatic asylums, workhouses, reformatory schools, elementary schools,—everywhere we want efficient women, and none are to be found prepared or educated for our purpose.' The men whom I have heard speak this, seem to regard this infusion of a superior class of working women into our public institutions as a new want, a new expedient. They do not seem to feel or recognize the profound truth, that the want now so generally felt and acknowledged arises out of a great unacknowledged law of the Creator—a law old as creation itself—which makes the moral health of the community to depend on the cooperation of women in all work that concerns the well-being of man. For as I have said before, it is not in one or two relations, but in all the possible relations of life, in which men and women are concerned, that they must work together for mutual improvement, and the general good."

We give one passage more, which is as appropriate to our own country as to Great Britain:—

"We require in our country the recognition—the public recognition—by law as well as by opinion, of the woman's privilege to share in the communion of labor at her own free choice, and the foundation of institutions which shall train her to do her work well. I am anxious that you should not misunderstand me

at the outset with regard to this 'woman question,' as it has been called. I have no intention to discuss either the rights or the wrongs of women. I think that on this question our relations across the Atlantic have gone a mile beyond the winning-post, and brought discredit and ridicule on that just cause which, here in England, prejudice, custom, ignorance have in a manner crushed and smothered up. It is in this country, beyond all Christian countries, that what has been called, quaintly but expressively, the 'feminine element of society,' considered as a power applicable in many ways to the amelioration of many social evils, has been not only neglected, but absolutely ignored by those who govern us. The woman cries out for the occasion and the means to do well her appointed and permitted work, to perform worthily her share in the natural communion of labor. Because it is denied to her she perishes, 'and no man layeth it to heart.'

SLAVERY—A NEW IDEA.—It would not be contrary to the history of Divine Providence if the great problem of American slavery should, after all, receive a solution which has never been anticipated by agitators on either side of the question. Our new access to China by way of California, and the new changes taking place in that ancient empire, may yet afford us a peaceable relief to the perplexities of the controversy. A writer in the *National Intelligencer* has advocated the introduction of Chinese laborers at the South, to supply the place of the negro, whose labor, it is said, is unproductive to the planter. The subject has for some time engaged the attention of individuals in the Southern States, and also in Cuba and England. A project was started, says the *Boston Journal*, some time since, for the introduction of six thousand coolies into Cuba, and English capitalists were to furnish them; but the demand for transports by the British government rendered it difficult to obtain suitable ships for the enterprise. Lately, however, the project has been revived, and a vessel fitted at New-York for China to return to Panama with a load of Chinese laborers, from whence they will be transported to the Atlantic side by the Panama railroad and thence to Cuba.

The writer in the *Intelligencer* is an advocate for slave labor, and recognizes servitude as a blessing conferred by Heaven upon the inferior races of men. But in regard to the present condition of slavery at the South he makes admissions in accordance with the views of other Southern gentlemen, which from time to time have been expressed, and which conclusively show, that slavery begins to yield to the pressure of public sentiment. He says:—

"But African slavery has become more and more unproductive, and has gradually been running out in every section of Northern and Southern America. An agitation, most unjustifiable, it is true, yet not the less effective for evil, has been prevailing for years at home and abroad, which is making the system of African slave labor more and more repugnant and unproductive in our Southern States.

"It may be that, in the orderings of that Providence which is so much more benign and gentle and beneficent than man to his fellows, a gradual introduction of Asiatic laborers is to take the place of the Africans in our sunny South. Their habits, and the climate and productions of their country, specially fit the Chinese to be hardy and efficient tillers of the soil for Southern planters, and active and intelligent porters for New-Orleans and Charleston merchants."

In conclusion, the writer asks, whether any other New-York shipping merchant has thought of bringing a cargo of coolies to other markets than Cuba?

Once in a while we hear something like primitive Christian sentiments from Catholic prelates; lately the Archbishop of Lyons, Cardinal de Bonald, has rebuked the common vices of the French in an uncompromising manner. In his Pastoral Letter for Lent he declared the cholera was sent as a punishment for the eagerness with which the ladies of Paris run after pleasure, "joining in a certain lascivious dance called polka, suffering every man but their own husbands to clasp them in the waltz, which latter dance may be considered the last sigh of expiring virtue." His Eminence then goes on to say that "the only way to induce the Almighty to sheathe the sword of vengeance, which he has drawn from the scabbard to punish our sins, would be to abstain from all balls, reunions, theaters, and promenades. Then his wrath may be appeased. Let us, therefore, seek no other remedy than this against the epidemic diseases which at this moment are destroying, without mercy, men, plants and animals."

The Pastoral Letter of the cardinal would not have had much effect had not Count Montalembert and Father Ravignan taken up the subject against the Archbishop of Paris, who loudly condemned the sentiments of his colleague, asserting that display at balls, theaters, and promenades kept up the industry of France, and gave labor to the poorer classes.

WIGS—THE PURITANS.—An American correspondent of the *London Notes and Queries*, represents that our Puritan fathers entertained a very devout abhorrence of periwigs. The fashion of wearing wigs, from its first introduction, was strenuously opposed, especially in Massachusetts; and there were not wanting those who looked upon it as "a sin of the first magnitude." The following notes from the diary of Judge Sewall (Chief Justice of Massachusetts) prove with how jealous eyes the progress of innovation was watched:—

"1685, September 15. Three admitted to the Church; two wore periwigs."

"1696. [Rev.] Mr. Sims told me of the assaults he had made on periwigs; seemed to be in good sober sadness."

"1697. Mr. Noyes of Salem wrote a treatise on periwigs, &c."

"1704, January. Walley appears in his wig, having cut off his own hair."

"1708, August 20. Mr. Cheever died. The welfare of the province was much upon his heart. He abominated periwigs."

The Society of Friends, at their monthly meeting in Hampton, Mass., December 21, 1721, voted that "ye wearing of extravagant superfluous wiggles is altogether contrary to truth."

WHAT IS POETRY?—Professor Scherb remarked in a late lecture in the New-York University Chapel, that, many years ago, when a boy, he asked the German poet, Goethe, What is poetry, and how can one become a poet? And he laid his hand upon the boy's heart and told him that poetry was not the exclusive possession of a few strong individuals; it was not a handicraft's knack; it belonged to all men and women who earnestly and with all their heart and soul yearned for it. It was the pure ether; the kernel of life; yea, life itself. And what

was the kernel of life? He repeated from Plato the story of Glaucus, the young and beautiful fisherman whom the sea nymphs carried down to their crystal home to live with them, and how after he had lived there for many years, his body became incrustated with shells and pebbles, so that he was not the same Glaucus that he was before; and Plato went on to say that it was just so with the soul of man, when it fell from its home in heaven down upon this exiled earth. So it was. And faith alone assured us that beneath all these shells and pebbles, these marks and conventional disguises, there was yet a kernel of life. To that, poetry spoke; from that, poetry spoke. In every human soul there was a yearning for something higher than the enjoyments of mankind; a yearning for endless bliss, for infinite happiness. Poetry was the manifestation of the higher life in the human spirit, revealing itself through the medium of the imagination. They were all one and the same; the good, the true, and the beautiful.

MARIOLATRY.—The new step forward in heathenism, taken by Rome in the doctrine of the immaculate conception, is having its heathenish results. The following (the italics its own) is an extract from an editorial in the *Pittsburgh Catholic*:—

"The beloved Son, the Man-God, had to pass himself through 'the valley of the shadow of death;' so had his dearest, his chosen saints; and *her* example of dying was also needed for us. But her death, if death it can be called, (for it was only a passing away, *a languishing into life*), was the easiest, quietest, smoothest passage of any saint whatever; and it is called by the Latin fathers *dormitio*, or the *sleep of the virgin*, and by the Greeks *koimesis*, repose or passage. 'Death,' says Liguori, 'being the punishment of sin, it would seem that the divine mother, all holy and exempt from every strain, should not be subject to death, nor suffer the same misfortune as the children of Adam, who are infected by the poison of sin. But God, wishing Mary in all things to be like to Jesus, required that as the Son had died, the mother should also die; and because he wished to give to the just an example of the blessed death prepared for them, he decreed that the virgin should die, but by a sweet and happy death.'

The *Catholic Herald* gives its readers the following translation of a Prayer, which has been extensively circulated in France, for the conversion of "heretics." It informs us that "the Bishop of Mende especially recommends it, and attaches to the devout recital of it by the faithful of his diocese an indulgence of forty days."

"I know, O Immaculate Virgin, that thou lovest thy children, and that thou art pleased to yield to their desires. Full of a sweet and tender confidence, I dare to beg a favor of thee, O benign mother. Thou wishest to be importuned; thou lovest to see thy children press around thee. Then, O holy virgin, by that triumph which our devotion has applauded with fervent joy; by that last title, the most glorious that remained for us to claim for thee; by that redoubling of love for our mother, of veneration for our queen, grant to those who have the misfortune not to love thee, to all those who do not pray to thee, O Mary, the grace to know thee, and to embrace the doctrine of thy divine Son. Yes, I conjure thee, O best of mothers, to make them know that thou art the dispensatrix of the treasures of Jesus. Soften his wrath by thy prayers. Thou canst do everything: the compassionate heart of Jesus can refuse thee nothing. Ah, merciful mother, immaculate virgin! deign to look upon our wandering brethren; touch their hearts in order that they may participate in the immense joy which we experience, and that for them, as for us, it may be a foretaste of the ineffable delights of a blessed eternity. Amen."

The first of these extracts will answer those "heretics" who ask how the virgin could die without sin—the cause of death. The second upsets the pretension of intelligent Catholics, heretofore so commonly asserted, viz.: that they only venerate not worship the saints and images. Mary is here certainly made a deity.

A Dr. Davy has recently published a work in England, in which he advocates "fish diet" as the very pabulum of human vigor. "There is," he says, "much nourishment in fish, little less than in butcher's meat, weight for weight; and in effect it may be more nourishing, considering how, from its softer fiber, fish is more easily digested. Moreover, there is, I find in fish, in sea-fish, a substance which does not exist in the flesh of land animals, namely, iodine: a substance which may have a beneficial effect on the health, and tend to prevent the production of scrofulous and tubercular disease, the latter in the form of pulmonary consumption, one of the most cruel and fatal with which civilized society, and the highly-educated and refined, are afflicted. Comparative trials prove that in the majority of fish the proportion of solid matter, that is, the matter which remains after perfect desiccation, or the expulsion of the aqueous part, is little inferior to that of the several kinds of meat, game or poultry. And if we give our attention to classes of people—classed as to quality of food they principally subsist on—we find that the ichthyophagous class are especially strong, healthy, and prolific. In no class than that of fishers do we see larger families, handsomer women, or more robust and active men, or a greater exemption from the maladies just alluded to." Owing to the absence of iodine in fresh-water fish and its presence in sea-fish, there can be no doubt but that the latter are more nutritious. It is the iodine in cod-liver oil which renders the oil so efficacious in arresting the progress of consumption.

The survivor of the Brothers Cheeryble of Dickens, Daniel Grant, Esq., of Manchester, died lately.

A LITERARY SCREW.—An English paper says that Sharon Turner, author of the History of the Anglo-Saxons, who received three hundred pounds a year from government, as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his Sacred History of the World upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, gray, drab, or green, written in thick round hand, over a small print; of shreds of curling paper, unctuous with pomatum of bear's grease, and of white wrappers, in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanished in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of that paper

that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy. What an inveterate miser this old scribbler must have been, notwithstanding his pension and his copyrights!

The very rare and interesting spectacle of solemnly "crowning" a poet has been witnessed in Madrid the present year. The Spanish poet, Quintana, was taken in procession to the palace of the senate, where he found the queen, the king, the members of the royal family, the ministers, the members of the Royal Academy of History, and a vast number of personages of distinction, assembled to receive him. After the delivery of a speech setting forth the history of his life and works, and the singing of a hymn in his honor, a crown of gold, representing leaves of laurel, was handed to the Queen by the Duke de la Victoria, President of the Council of Ministers; and Her Majesty, amid shouts of applause, placed it on the poet's head, saying, as she did so, that she felt pride and pleasure, in her capacity of the Queen and Spaniard, in honoring a man who had distinguished himself by his genius and patriotism. An ode, written by a lady, and exalting the poet to the skies, was then recited. He was afterward entertained at a banquet, and was then conducted home in a grand procession—the crown of gold being borne in a triumphal car before him.

INSANITY AND IDIOCY.—The Legislature of Massachusetts appointed a commission to report on the condition of the insane and idiotic in the State. They have produced a very interesting document, the outlines of which are given in the *Boston Journal*:—"There were in the State of Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1854, 2,632 lunatics, and 1,987 idiots—making a total of 3,719 of those persons who need the care and protection of their friends for their support, restoration, and custody. Of the lunatics, 1,522 were paupers, and 1,110 were supported by their own property or by their friends. Of the idiots, 670 were supported by their friends, and 417 by the public treasury. The lunatics comprised 2,007 natives, and 625 foreigners; and there were among the idiots, 1,043 natives, and but 44 foreigners. Of the independent lunatics, 387 are in hospitals, 7 in prisons, and 716 at home. Of the pauper lunatics, 954 are in hospitals or places of custody, and 568 at home. The commissioners state that idiocy and lunacy predominate among the poorer classes of society, where there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill-health, and more weakness, than in the higher classes. In Massachusetts, the pauper class furnishes, in ratio of its numbers, sixty-four times as many cases of insanity as the independent class. About eighty-six per cent. of the pauper lunatics are incurable, and of the independent class seventy per cent. are returned as beyond hope of restoration. Among the lunatics there is a larger proportion of foreigners than of natives. In 1854 the native insane

were as 1 to 445 of the whole native population, and the foreign insane were as 1 to 368 of the whole number of aliens. The State treasury supports eighty-seven per cent. of all the foreign lunatics in Massachusetts, and fifty-seven per cent. of the native lunatics. Without doubt, much insanity is occasioned by intemperance. The printed reports of the hospital in Worcester show that seventy-two per cent. of the cases are produced by religious excitement; seventy of those caused by ill health, fifteen of those occasioned by epilepsy, and only eleven per cent. of those occasioned by the lowest sensuality are cured. The State pays annually more than \$146,000 for the support of insane paupers.

A depository for Bibles and other religious books, in various languages, has been opened in the Frank quarter of Constantinople, as a branch of the similar establishment existing in Stamboul. A committee has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements, and a room has been engaged in the main street of Pera, near the British Consulate. In connection with the book-store, it is proposed to provide accommodation for reading a few of the principal English and American newspapers, one or two of the French and Italian journals, and some of the religious and secular periodicals published in Great Britain, America, and on the Continent. Although pecuniary help is expected from one or more of the religious societies at home, whose publications will be offered for sale in this new depository, yet the founding and support of the whole institution must chiefly depend upon local resources.

The latest, and apparently the fairest, estimate of the population of the world, makes it eleven hundred and fifty millions; viz.: Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mohammedans, 140,000,000, and Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, the Church of Rome numbers 170,000,000, the Greek and Eastern Churches, 60,000,000, and Protestants, 90,000,000.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.—The total number of commitments to the City Prison of New-York during the last year was 30,691; of whom 6,966 were natives, and 23,725 foreigners. The whole number of criminals convicted in the United States was 26,547: native, 12,856; foreign, (about one-fifth of the population,) 13,691.

Mr. M'Gee, editor of the *American Celt*, (Romanist,) was this spring on a visit to Ireland, and delivered in Cork a lecture on "Society in America," in which he advised such of his countrymen as could live at home, to stay at home. In the course of his remarks he stated that in the United States "the Church (Roman) loses sixty per cent. of the children of Roman Catholic parents."

The *Boston Transcript* gives the following as the newspaper issues of the three great Atlantic cities:—Boston, 113 papers, circulation 54,000,000; New-York, 104 papers, circulation 78,000,000; Philadelphia, 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000. It is observable, if these

figures are correct, that with more than twice the number of papers in Boston, their circulation is not so very much greater than that of the Philadelphia press. "This," says the Boston Register, "may be owing to the fact that we have a larger variety of *items* with their 'organs,' and also a larger number of literary weeklies. The disparity between Boston and New-York as to the ratio of the journals to the copies sent out is also note-worthy."

It is singular that the *name of God* should be spelt with four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East India, Esgi, or Zeni; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn, or Zent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doga; Margurian, Oese; Arabian, Allah; Dalmatian, Rogt.

A curious sect of *religionists* have arisen in England, called the *Disciples*. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864; that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians; the latter event to happen in just ten years' time, when the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the rest of the righteous Jews of old, with a few elect among Christians, will arise from the dead and live in Palestine; but the heathen and the wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternally.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL.—We learn from *The Churchman* that at a meeting of the Ecclesiological Society in this city, held at St. Paul's Chapel, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins read a report on the Cathedral system, proposing certain changes in the social and educational arrangements of the Protestant Episcopal clergy. We copy from *The Churchman*:—

"Every bishop should have his see, which should be the chief city in the diocese over which he presided. Here, of course, was the cathedral, and the proper place for the meetings of conventions, &c. The bishop and clergy (of the cathedral) should live together, eating at the same table, and living a common life. By this means a home would be provided for the country clergy who should visit the bishop, and a closer bond of union and intercourse established between the bishop and his clergy. It might be objected that the clergy generally being married men, this arrangement would not work; but this need not be a very great obstacle; if the clergy must marry, their wives could act as housekeepers. The Eastern Church required that the bishops should be widowers or unmarried men. The Scripture says that it is not good for man to be alone, and bishops are no exception to the rule. They, too, need a help-meet for them; and what better help-meet can they have than a band of young unmarried, self-denying priests and deacons? There should also be schools; a theological training school attached to the cathedral; a boys' school, to furnish choristers, (boys' voices only being proper for Church music,) and to prepare them for the ministry; and a girls' school, to make good clergymen's wives. Then we should have a cathedral like that of St. Basil in the East, with bishops and priests living together in holy harmony. It would also be a real center for the organized and missionary labors of the diocese, and a modified form of itinerancy might be adopted, which would relieve the country clergy, and give the Church health and life. If it should be objected that the dioceses are too large—and they are—let them be broken up. The way has been opened by county convocations, and the

Church is gradually growing up to the cathedral system of the primitive Church. No diocese should be more than forty miles long. There need be no revolution of any kind, no alteration of canons, nothing is wanted but action."

There has been no little discussion in the Protestant Episcopal Church for a year or two on "reforms." Most of the proposed changes look to the combination of more of the ancient usages with more of the modern practical enterprises. The introduction of a sort of lay-preaching, like the Methodist "local ministry," has been urged, and also a sort of "itinerancy." It is a striking fact, that while Methodism is imprudently abandoning (in some quarters at least) these usages, other denominations are attempting to adopt them. The only itinerancy now in this city is that of old Trinity—the richest parish in the city. Its three or four preachers minister from church to church every Sabbath.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.—It is said that two large and beautiful houses have been built adjoining that which he occupies now in Salt Lake city, to accommodate his increasing family. He now rejoices in between fifty and sixty wives, and from forty to fifty children. Elder Kimball, one of the Mormon apostles, has between sixty and seventy consorts.

Lenardo Da Vinci, the famous Florentine painter, expired in the arms of Francis the First. His last descendant, a traveling glazier, the present year died in the neighborhood of Roane, from the effects of a fall from the roof of a hot-house he was repairing.

The Boston Transcript has collated quite a curiosity of literature, founded on certain coincidences noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States:—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson. First. Four of the seven were from the same State, (Virginia.) Second. Two others bearing the same name (Adams) were from the same State. Third. The remaining one of the seven, (Jackson,) being particularly tenacious of his opinions and ways, came very properly from Tennessee. Fourth. All of them, except one, were sixty-six years of age on retiring from office. Fifth. All these last-mentioned served two terms. Sixth. The one who served one term only, had he served two terms, would also have been sixty-six years of age on retiring. Seventh. Three of the seven died on the fourth day of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Eighth. One only of the seven had a son, and that son was one of the seven Presidents. Ninth. Two of them were of the sub-committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two were they that died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half century from the day of the Declaration. Tenth. The names of three of the seven end in *son*, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a *son*. Eleventh. One difference as respects the elder Adams and the younger, (not worth noting on any other occasion,) was that the latter sported a Q in

his name; but the elder the cue on his back, as an appendage to his head-dress. Twelfth. In respect to the names of all, it may be said, in conclusion, that the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular—stands alone also in the admiration and love of his countrymen and of the civilized world—
WASHINGTON.

Several of the minor sects of this country are preparing to consolidate themselves by a thorough union—a happy idea in more than one respect. At a late conference of "Wesleyans" the following resolutions, looking to the combination of at least three sects, were passed:—

Resolved, That the subject of union is one of deep interest to every follower of Christ. And we would hereby express our satisfaction at the evidence furnished recently in the columns of the *Wesleyan* that there is a growing spirit in favor of union with other religious bodies of like principles of reform and articles of faith.

Resolved, That, as far as may be practicable in harmony with the fundamental principles of Christianity, we shall favor a union with the United Brethren, the Evangelical Association, and other bodies of similar character, either by way of co-operation in carrying forward the work of God, or by becoming directly identified as one united people throughout this nation.

Resolved, That we hereby recommend to the next General Conference of the Wesleyan Connection that there be appointed a standing committee on *Christian Union*, with power to confer with similar committees from other Reformatory Churches, and conjointly therewith to call a General Convention for the discussion of a plan of union, to be submitted for final adoption to the General Conference next ensuing.

The Boston *Christian Register*, (Unitarian,) says it has no fears for the stability of any of the doctrines essential to Unitarian Christianity, but expects that some of those doctrines will meet with large modification; among others, that Christ will be regarded as a higher being than Unitarians have generally hitherto viewed him to be, and that an efficacy will be attributed to his work of atonement beyond what has been usually assigned to it.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL AND METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—The Protestant *Churchman* gives the following contrast:—

"According to the last census, the number of Methodist Churches in the United States is 13,338; the value of Church property, \$14,836,148; and the amount of accommodations, 4,354,101: the number of Episcopal Churches, 1,461; the value of the Church property, \$11,384,210; and Church accommodations, 644,528. Thus it appears that while the Methodists have nearly twelve thousand more Church buildings, their property exceeds only by three and a half millions. Deducting say two millions for Episcopal Church property not represented in buildings, the average cost of our churches is nearly \$7,000 a piece, and that of the Methodist edifices a little over \$1,000 each. While ours cost seven times more, they have nine times as many, and seat seven times the number."

It is known to those who have read Josephus, that that author, narrating the destruction of the cities of the plain, says that he himself saw the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was changed, and adds that "it remains at this day." It is now believed, however, that the foundation for the assertion of Josephus, as

well as the popular belief on the subject, lies in that remarkable geological formation which is found at the southwestern extremity of, and adjacent to the Dead Sea—the Salt Mountain of Uzdum, or "Khashm Usdum," the knowledge of the existence of which, in modern times, dates only from the early part of the present century. In our article on the "Dead Sea and its Explorers," we give an account and a picture of this "Mountain of Usdum."

GRIMM, the distinguished German philologist, says:—"The English language possesses a veritable power of expression, such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men. ○ ○ ○ Its highly spiritual genius and wonderfully happy development and condition have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romanic. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying in far larger proportion the material groundwork, the latter the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry, (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare,) may with all right be called a world language, and like the English people appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first shake off many defects before it can enter boldly into competition with the English."

A writer in the *Evangelist*, dating from London, says that the Irvingites are beyond question one of the most remarkable and interesting sects which have made their appearance in Church history since the Reformation. They believe their Church to be nothing less than the restoration of the true apostolic Church, with all the supernatural powers and offices. They have twelve apostles for the various parts of the world, a corresponding number of prophets, evangelists, angels, elders and deacons. London is their head-quarters, where they have seven Churches, and a most magnificent cathedral, built at enormous expense. There is one church of this order in the United States, at Potsdam, N. Y.

Bishop Meade of Virginia speaks of the immense disproportion between the number of male and female professors of religion in the Episcopal Churches, it being often double, treble and quadruple in the case of females over the males. He says he has administered the rite of confirmation to thirty persons, only one of whom was a male, and has often done it to a smaller number, when there was not one male. The bishop expresses the fear that the disproportion between the professors in the two sexes is but a just representation of the difference in religious character.

Book Notices.

We have repeatedly spoken of the almost continual reproduction of the old sterling theological works, by *Carter & Brothers*, of this city. We doubt, indeed, whether any other publishing-house in the country is doing more for the "diffusion of religious knowledge," than these publishers. Their editions, too, are excellent; many of them in old-fashioned octavoes, stout and brave, like their redoubtable Puritan authors, the "Greathearts" of their day. The last work of the kind which we have received from them is *The Select Works* of good Thomas Watson. He was a famous divine of the times of the Commonwealth, and was ejected for Non-conformity. The present volume (a substantial octavo of nearly eight hundred pages) comprises First: his famous "Body of Divinity," in a series of lectures on the "Smaller Catechism;" Second, *Select Sermons*; Third, *Treatises*—five in number. The type is liberal, and in double columns. The old divines of the Puritan times were the richest thinkers in the history of our theological literature, albeit they were the most outrageous sermonizers, so far as the technicalities of homiletics are concerned, in the history of the pulpit. The present volume is a mine of gold—notwithstanding the rigors of Puritanic thought which the reader meets on almost every page.

Carlton & Phillips, New-York, have published for the author, a "queer" book, entitled *The Patent Hat*. We hardly know how to describe it—it is such a compound of good and bad things. It contains an abundance of doggerel, no small amount of drollery, and a still greater amount of good sense and pertinent hits. It begins with an unceremonious anatomization of clerical characters; then makes a slashing onslaught on the prevailing faults of the Church membership; then sweeps, as with a besom, down the centuries of ecclesiastical history, from the apostles to the seventeenth century, and "winds up" with a deal of plain talk to "professors" and preachers about charity and good works. It is the product of some *sui generis* mind, and will be chiefly interesting to readers of that character. The cuts are well done, and not a little humorous.

A very valuable little work, entitled *Christianity, viewed in some of its Leading Aspects*, by *Rev. A. L. R. Foot*, has been republished from the English edition, by *Stearns & Poe, Cincinnati*. Though small, it is pregnant with good thought—a "suggestive book." It treats of Christianity as "A Life," "A Work," "A Reward," "A Culture," "A Discipline," and "A Fellowship." It was issued some time ago by another American house, and noticed by us at the time.

We have lives of pastors, missionaries, and almost all other classes of public laborers, except "Teachers." It has struck us, as a noticeable fact, that a sphere so abundant in opportunities for instructive examples, and the development of personal character, has yielded so few "Memoirs." *Gould & Lincoln, Boston*,

have recently given to the public one good example from it, entitled *The Teacher's Last Lesson*. It is a Memoir of Martha Whiting, late of the Charlestown (Mass.) Female Seminary, by Catherine N. Badger, an associate teacher. If not remarkably entertaining for its narrative of incidents, it is, nevertheless, rich in two important respects—its example of genuine Christian experience, and its lessons in the duties and habits of an instructor.

Rev. J. C. Ryle's Rich and Poor, and other *Tracts for the Times*, have been published by the *Carters*, in their best style. Ryle is one of the most interesting of the present religious writers of England. His productions are succulent, rich in thought and piety. They are exceedingly suggestive, enabling the reader to think beyond what the author expresses. Besides "Rich and Poor," this volume contains "Peace, be Still!" "Do you Pray?" "Have you the Spirit?" "Christ is All;" "A Word to the Churches," and "What is the Church?" We are indebted to the same house for a reprint from the third English edition of Mrs. Mackay's "Family at Heatherdale." It is a tale illustrative of Christian principles in their application to common life. The illustrations are very fine; the type too close. *Emily Vernon*, a capital story in illustration of filial piety, by Mrs. Drummond, is got out in beautiful style—as grateful to the eye as the narrative of the author is to the heart. Messrs. Carters have also sent us the "*Young Communicant's Catechism*," published by *Rev. John Wilson*, at Dundee, Scotland, more than one hundred years ago. It is brief, making a 32mo. pamphlet of less than fifty-five pages; but it is thorough, and to the point.

Peterson, of Philadelphia, is publishing a cheap but good edition of Dickens's works, in a series of numbers, at 50 cents each, making but \$6 for the whole twelve volumes. The volume containing the "New Stories" is embellished by a fine portrait of the author.

Præces Pauline; or, the Devotions of the Apostle Paul, is the title of a new reprint by *Carter & Brothers*. It treats first of the "Historic Notices," and second, "The Epistolary Records" of the Apostle's prayers. The first consists of examples of his prayers in the temple, in prison, &c.; the second of the characteristics and subjects of his prayers, their catholicity, thankfulness, fullness, &c. Thus the writer ingrafts a variety of rich topics upon his leading subject, and he treats of them in a style of much richness and force.

Professor Vail, of Concord, N. H., has given to the public a brief but very interesting *Memoir of Rev. Z. Caldwell*, first principal of Maine Wesleyan Seminary. Mr. Caldwell has been dead nearly thirty years; but such was the special excellence of his character, such the peculiarity of his example as a young, aspiring and developing mind, that this record of his brief and uneventful career will be prized be-

yond the circle of his remaining friends. He was a class-mate of Professor Stowe, President Pierce, and other noted men, at Bowdoin College, and was the room-mate of Mr. Pierce. *Magee, Boston.*

Grace Kennedy, the authoress of "Anna Ross," "Father Clement," &c., is a favorite of juvenile readers, wherever the English language is spoken. *Messrs. Carter* have issued her *Philip Colville, a Covenanter's Story*—a work of deep interest. It is not, however, in the usual good style of the publishers. They have so accustomed us to a clear, liberal type, that we are disposed to grumble at straining our eyes over this close solid print.

The *American Baptist Publication Society* has given us another addition to our "missionary literature," entitled *Memoir of Mrs. Lucy T.*

Lord, of the Chinese Baptist Mission. It contains a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Lord. The sketch of her personal history, down to the time of her foreign voyage, is rich in illustrations of Christian character; and the narration of her missionary career, extending through more than half the volume, is replete with information respecting the Chinese.

Stray Arrows is the title of a collection of fragmentary articles, from the pen of Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New-York. A large portion of the volume was published some years ago, in a work now out of print; among the additions in the present edition are some of the most interesting articles, such as the "Two Hours with Dr. Duff," "The Flowers of Culloden," &c. The contents of the book are very miscellaneous, and its style vigorous and spirited. *Carter & Brothers, New-York.*

Literary Record.

Carlton & Phillips are about to issue in a volume the articles on "The Preaching required by the Times," which were given in this Magazine last year. The volume will also contain a series of articles on "Methodist Preaching," from the same pen, which were published in the Methodist Quarterly Review in 1852. Portions of these articles were extensively copied in periodicals of both this country and England. The demand for them has been such that the publishers have been induced to give them a more substantial form. They have been thoroughly revised, modified, and enlarged; and though not professedly a system of "homiletics," they treat of the art of preaching with considerable detail, and are especially minute in rules for extemporaneous speaking. The title of the work is "Lessons on the Preaching required by the Times, and the Best Methods of obtaining it, with Reminiscences and Illustrations of Methodist Preaching, including Rules for Extemporaneous Speaking, and Characteristic Sketches of Olin, Fisk, Bascom, Cookman, Summerfield, and other noted extemporaneous Preachers." It is understood that Dr. Bond, of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, will introduce the work by a preliminary essay.

It is now believed that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS. of the *Emperor Bonaparte*, collected by Louis Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the emperor, are in a text hardly legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

To give some idea of the diversity of idioms prevailing among the peoples which form the Russian Empire, it may suffice to state that the Bible Society has had to furnish them with Bibles in the following languages:—Slavic, Russian, Hebrew, Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, German, French, Polish, Finnish, a variety of the dialect of Dorpat, a variety of the dialect of Revel, Lithuanian, Georgian, Armenian, Samoyede, Carelian, Ichermessian, Mordovain, Osset-

mian, Moldavian, Bulgarian, Zyperian, Persian, Calmue, Bouziat-Mongol, Turco-Tartar, Tartar of the dialect of Orenbourg and Tartar-Hebrew. At present, translations of the gospel are being made into the languages of the Votaks, Vagoulitches, and Kirghians. According to a Russian work, there are 937 Asiatic languages and dialects, 587 European, 22 African, and 1264 American.

It is well known that since the discoveries of Champollion there has been a great difficulty in respect to the name of the Egyptian conqueror of Central Asia, whom Herodotus and all the Greek historians call *Sesoios* or *Sesostris*, while the Egyptian monuments designate him as *Ramsès Meimoun*. The text of Tacitus bears out the reading of the monuments. In the royal list of Manetho, too, the name is that of Ramsès, and not that of Sesostris. In his twelfth dynasty there is the name Sesostasen, also a conqueror, but he cannot be the true Sesostris. In a communication to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of October 20, the Viscount of Rougé proposes a settlement of the difficulty on the ground of decipherings from the papyri of the British Museum, from which it appears that *Ses* or *Seson* was a popular abbreviation of Ramsès: it sometimes appears, too, as *Seson*, which would give the form *Sesoios* of Diodorus.

The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences offered a prize of ten thousand francs for the best "Manual of Moral and Political Economy, for the Use of the Laboring Classes." Cousin, Dunoyer, Count Portalis, L. Faucher, Minnet, and the Duke de Broglie, were the judges. Thirty-four essays were sent in; but the prize was not adjudged to any one, and it is continued for the next year. One "memoire" was esteemed the best, but not sufficiently matured. The author begins it by a narrative of scenes in a village, with all the circumstances and incidents of ordinary life, and from this

starting point deduces the rules and maxims of moral and political economy. A prize of three thousand francs is to be decreed in 1856 for the best work on "Pauperism in France, and its Remedy;" one for a history of the "Arabic Philosophy in Spain;" one for an essay on the "Relations of Ethics and Political Economy;" one for "History of Marriage Contracts;"—in 1857, one for "History of International Maritime Law."

The Cardinal Secretary of State at Rome is about to publish, in two large volumes, all the Pontifical acts of *Pope Pius the Ninth*, from the beginning of his reign to the close of the year 1854.

A large number of *Greek and Latin MSS.* has been found in the Ottoman Empire by a company of gentlemen, who have been deputed by the French government to make literary researches wherever opportunity was afforded by the passage of the armies. The precise number of Oriental MSS. in all the libraries of Constantinople has been ascertained, and the whereabouts of a valuable treatise on Ancient Egypt, by one Ald-al-Lathif, who lived in the middle ages, has been discovered.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, is greatly improved in health, and is now enabled to take carriage airings daily. The venerable poet enters on his ninety-third year the present month.

At a late sale of *Autographs* in London were several valuable and interesting literary relics. Among them were letters of Lord Bacon, £15; Sir Isaac Newton, £4; Washington, £5; Sir Christopher Wren, £3; Nelson, £4; Chatham, £13 10s.; Garriek, £4 4s.; Boswell, £3; Robert Burns, £4 15s.; Addison, £2 8s.; and two of Oliver Goldsmith, £15 12s. One cannot help wishing that poor Goldsmith could have sometimes commanded, during life, half the money which his posthumous autographs now bring. Yet probably what could be thus easily got, would have even more readily gone.

A *St. Petersburg* letter-writer relates as a remarkable fact, that since the commencement of the existing war, all the French and English journals, which in former times were forbidden to be circulated unless first examined by the censors, have been allowed to lie freely upon the tables in the *cafés* of the city. Nicholas, a short time previous to his death, ordered the free admission of all foreign journals without distinction, and Alexander continues the order, believing, probably, that the harsh words and sneers of the English and French journalists will have the effect of increasing the anger and hatred which the Russians entertain against the people of those nations.

Dr. Sprenger has published at Calcutta, India, under the auspices of the government of India, a Catalogue of MSS., Arabic, Persian, and Hindostanee, which he has examined in the "Libraries of the King of Oudh." It is surprising how abundant this almost unknown oriental literary material is. Dr. Sprenger remained eighteen months at Lucknow, and during that time examined about ten thousand volumes. His Catalogue, to judge from the volume now published, which runs to six hundred and forty-

five pages, and contains notices of seven hundred and thirty-two manuscripts, will probably extend to seven or eight volumes. Of course, it would be premature even to hazard a conjecture of the worth of what is to follow; but we may, at least, predict that it will equal or exceed in interest what has now been given us, as all the prose works are yet in reserve, and all the Arabic writings, whether in prose or verse. The present volume is divided into three chapters, in the first of which "Tazkirahs," or Biographical Memoirs of Poets, are noticed; in the second, Persian; and in the third, Hindustani Poets. There are lists here given of more than three thousand poets, the majority of whose names are altogether unknown in Europe, except to Baron Hammer-Purgstall and Mr. Bland. Among the works thus brought to light are some which cannot fail to prove of value; as, for example, the "Díwán" of Ghazzáli, a poet of Akbar's reign, whose talents, we are told, were of the highest order, and whose writings throw much light on the philosophy of that age. There is also the "Tazkirah," of Iláhi, which furnishes the biography of about four hundred Persian poets of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, and which till now was entirely unknown. Some compositions, too, would seem to be of interest, as diverging, if we may judge by their titles, from the hackneyed and monotonous path of the Eastern Muse. Such we can imagine to be the Thug story by Khushdil, called "The Soldier's Child."

The *American Messenger*, the monthly paper of the American Tract Society, circulates two hundred and four thousand in English and twenty-five thousand in German. Of the *Child's Paper*, published by the same Society, there is a monthly issue of over three hundred thousand.

Among new works announced in England, as lately or about to be issued, we observe the concluding volumes of the Duke of Buckingham's "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.," and three new books of Arctic travels—"The Last of the Arctic Voyages," a narrative of the expedition of the *Assistance* and *Resolute*, by Captain Sir Edward Belcher; "Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage," by the *Jeuneuse*, Captain McClure, edited by Commander Osborn; and "Memoirs of Lieutenant Bellot, with his Journal of a Voyage in the Polar Seas," of which the editor is not named. A new work by Captain Chamier is announced, entitled, "My Travels; or, an Unsentimental Journey through France, Switzerland, and Italy;" and one by Leigh Hunt, of which the title is not yet given. "A Memoir of the Rev. Sidney Smith," by his daughter, Lady Holland; a "Campaign in the Crimea, including an Account of the Battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann;" and the tale of "Moreduin," about which so much controversy has arisen as to whether it is from the pen, or not, of Sir Walter Scott.

Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter, of Edinburgh, have completed an edition of the works of the great English theologian, *John Owen, D. D.*, in twenty-one volumes. The same publishers issue a prospectus of a similar edition of the works

of John Howe, second only to Owen as a divine, and his superior in eloquence and accomplishments as a writer. A biographical memoir of Howe will be supplied by Henry Rogers, the Essayist. From the cheap rate at which these valuable works are offered to subscribers a very large sale is expected, and it is gratifying to find that there is so great a demand, in these times of superficial theology, for the massive works of the old Puritan divines. The chief sale of Owen's works has been in Scotland, where perhaps, alone, the publication could have been attempted with reasonable hope of success; but the works of Howe may find large circulation in England also, where his writings are better known than those of Owen, and some of them have been frequently reprinted. Both ought to be welcome in this country.

The *Imperial Library of Paris* is stated to have received five hundred donations of books, manuscripts, medals, antiquities, &c., in the course of the past year. Among them were several Russian and Armenian books and manuscripts of considerable value; some old Greek medals; a number of the coins put into circulation by the Crusaders; and several stones

containing inscriptions and mosaics from the ruins of Carthage. The library also exchanged surplus copies of books for other works, with the British Museum, the Royal Asiatic Society, the Smithsonian Institute, the Academies of Munich, Stuttgart, Christiana, &c.

Among the recent publications in Paris, we notice a new volume of the works of Arago—"A History of Washington, and of the Foundation of the Republic of the United States," by M. De Witt, son-in-law of M. Guizot, and preceded by the "Etude" on Washington, of that eminent statesman; and a series of "Etudes" on Menander and the Greek comedy and society, by M. Guillaume Guizot, the statesman's son—a work which some time ago carried off a prize given by the French Academy, and to which we may hereafter refer. We may also mention the second and last volume of the "History of the Commercial Reform in England," by M. Richelet, of the Ministry of Commerce; two additional volumes of the unpublished letters of the Princess Palatine, mother of the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, by M. Brunet; another volume of the new edition of Henry Heine's works.

Arts and Sciences.

THE *New-York Evening Post* says the success of explorers for gold in California and Australia has led to a minute examination of the geological formations in other countries, with a view of discovering auriferous veins, and in one instance at least, in Germany, these examinations have resulted successfully. A letter from Professor Zell, an eminent botanist of Carlsruhe, states that Professor Frederick Walchner, berg-rath of Baden, has found a rich gold mine a few miles from Heidelberg, in the mountainous country which, in that region, overlooks the plains bordering the Rhine.

The largest and finest diamond which has as yet been found in Brazil has recently been imported into Paris, and has received the name of the "Star of the South." In its rough state it weighs 807.02 grains, or 254½ carats. When cut it will be reduced to about 127 carats, and will therefore exceed the Koh-i-noor in size. Independently of its magnitude, it possesses much scientific interest from the regularity of its crystalline forms, and the indications it affords of the mode in which the diamond occurs. The gem has been examined by a committee of the French Academy of Sciences, who have reported on the best mode of cutting it. This is now being performed; after which it will be shown at the *Exposition*, but it will then have lost its scientific interest.

The British Museum has just received a fresh importation from *Nineveh*, filling one hundred and fifty-nine cases. It comprises a miscellaneous collection of small slabs, seals, pottery, and other objects, bearing more upon the domestic life of the ancient inhabitants of Meso-

potamia than the pieces hitherto received. This is what is wanted. "We possess," says the *Athenæum*, "already as many of the large historical slabs as we know what to do with. We have acquired a tolerably clear idea of the king and the warrior; what we now want is to see the Ninevite in his home."

Very great attention is beginning to be paid to the science of *meteorology* on the Continent of Europe. In France arrangements have been made for taking observations in different parts of the country, and transmitting them without delay to Paris; in some cases the electric telegraph is to be employed. In Belgium, Holland, and Germany, meteorological stations have been established, and persons have been charged to record all that may occur worthy of notice. Within the last few weeks, too, a meteorological observatory has been established at Madrid, and a great many stations have been formed in different parts of the provinces of Spain.

German papers state that Dr. Kreil, formerly director of the observatory at Prague, has invented an ingenious instrument to measure the force, duration and direction of *earthquakes*. It consists of a pendulum so contrived that, while it can move in any direction, it cannot return. A perpendicular cylinder is attached, which, by means of clockwork, turns on its vertical axis in twenty-four hours. A pole, with a thin elastic arm, is fixed near the pendulum; this arm points toward the cylinder, and presses on it gently a pencil, by which means an unbroken line is formed on the surface of the cylinder as long as the pendulum is

at rest; but if it is put in motion by an earthquake, the pencil makes broken marks, which show the strength, direction, and period of the earthquake.

The *Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Monastery of St. Dominico in Milan, is being restored to all its original beauty. So far back as 1821 Barezzi tried his novel plan on a very small portion, and with great success. In 1852 he made a request to the Imperial and Royal Academy to be permitted to engage on this work. Three or four trials were made, which were examined by the Academy, by a commission from Vienna, and another from Florence. The result was that full permission was given, and for eight months he has now been engaged on this work. What his secret is, is not known; he uses no brush, nor is there any retouching, but the change is miraculous. The surface is smoothed down as though it were of marble, and the blistered or broken excrescences are firmly attached to the wall—by means of chemical agents, too, the colors have been revived in great beauty. The figure of the Saviour is nearly completed, as indeed is nearly one half of the picture. In the middle lunette above are discovered the arms of Ludovico il Moro and Beatrice d'Este, his wife. Four several strata of lime and color having been removed, paintings, it is said, of a surpassing beauty have been discovered, and so highly finished as to give the appearance of having been executed on ivory.

The French Académie have portioned their Lalande prize among the six discoverers of the last installment of small planets. English observers come in for a share.

An Extraordinary Metal.—The attention of the Paris Academy of Sciences was, some months since, directed to a discovery made by M. Sainte-Claire Deville, Professor of Chemistry at the Superior Normal School, in conjunction with M. Wohler, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Göttingen, of the metal called *aluminium*. The Emperor, on hearing of it, ordered that every encouragement should be given to utilize the discovery, and some manufactured specimens of this metal will appear at the Exhibition. In a report made to the Emperor by the Minister of Public Instruction, proposing that the two above-named savans shall be promoted to the rank of officers in the Legion of Honor as a reward for their scientific skill, we find the following:—"When this extraordinary metal, light as glass, white and shining as silver, almost as unchangeable as gold, malleable and ductile in the same degree as these precious metals, strong as iron, and which is capable of being worked into any form by casting, by the hammer, and by the file; when this metal, which is found in abundance in the commonest clay, shall have taken its place in the domestic economy and the arts, no astonishment will be felt at the encouragement which your majesty has given, in order to render its extraction easy and less costly. Once more it will be admitted, that everything is connected in science, and that the same wonderful discovery of the decomposition of bodies by the pile, which procured for Davy the grand prize founded by Napoleon I., has led to this not less wonderful discovery of the conversion of potters' clay into

a metal which may rival gold and silver in its unchangeableness, and iron by its abundance on the very surface of the ground." The report is followed by a decree making the appointments proposed.

Astronomers are to be on the alert during the present year, to decide, if possible, an important question that has lately arisen with respect to *Saturn*—namely, the collapsing of its rings. Compared with drawings made two hundred years ago, a considerable difference is now perceived, as though the rings were gradually falling in upon the body of the planet; and if such be the fact, these remarkable objects will some day disappear. This, it must be admitted, is an interesting inquiry—one worthy of the science of the present day; and as the planet for the present year will be particularly well situated for observation, an attempt is to be made to verify the change. Huyghens made his observations with a tubeless telescope, and the Royal Society of England being in possession of his glasses, contemplate the erection of an edifice, with the necessary apparatus, at Kew, for applying those glasses in a series of observations on the planet and its rings, as the same favorable circumstances will not again occur for fifteen years. In any case, the results will be valuable.

The notion started by a French astronomer, that the *temperature of the earth* varies according to the meridian of the sun which is turned toward us, has been inquired into by the astronomer-royal of England, and found to be a mistake. Another notion, thrown out by an eminent German astronomer, remains under discussion. He concludes, from long study, that the center of gravity of the moon is sixty miles on one side of the center; the effect of which would be that the side visible to us may be regarded as a vast mountain sixty miles high, while the other side—that which we do not see—may have all the water and all the atmosphere. Hence our satellite may not be so devoid of these two elements as is commonly believed; but to determine the question will involve investigations of the profoundest character.

Home-made Guano.—S. B. Halliday, of Providence, R. I., has a process by which he can convert the fish which swarm our coasts every season into an article like guano, at less than half the cost of the Peruvian article, and Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, thinks it equally valuable. Mr. Halliday says:—

"I am able to say very confidently that this product can be afforded at \$25 per ton, and pay the manufacturers more than 50 per cent. The oil (according to Drs. Jackson and Hare) being almost valueless for fertilizing purposes, it is first taken from the fish, and they are then converted into guano. The first cost of the fish is about \$2 per ton, and containing nearly three per cent. of oil, the oil will pay for the fish and nearly for the labor in manufacturing. By my own experiments I thoroughly demonstrated the rendering of fish into a guano. I then consulted Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, who, I ascertained, had experimented extensively and successfully. I obtained from him his processes, and have received considerable instruction from him on the subject. I have also consulted Dr. Jackson more recently. These gentlemen, and all with whom I have consulted, agree as to the great value of this fertilizer."